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W. Arthur Lewis

Beyond African Dictatorship

The Crisis of the One-Party State

SINCE 1957 thirteen new countries have gained independence in West Africa, four former British colonies (Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Gambia) and nine former French colonies (Mauritania, Senegal, Mali, Guinea, Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, Togo, Dahomey and Niger). A fourteenth country, Liberia, has been independent for over a century. Portuguese Guinea is now the sole remaining colony in West Africa. In 1957 each of the countries now independent had at least two substantial political parties, except Ivory Coast and Liberia. Now the situation is reversed, for they are all single-party states, whether in law or in practice, except Nigeria and Sierra Leone. My purpose here is to analyse the single-party system in the West African context, and to assess its relevance to the problems of a developing society.

We must first note that West African politicians can not all be painted with the same brush. The fourteen countries are led by men who vary widely in character, from men of the highest integrity to men who are merely self-seeking rogues. Their administrations equally run all the way from nearly the most corrupt to nearly the cleanest in the world. There are serious arguments for the single-party independently of the character of the politicians. But it would also be mistaken to forget that much of what is going on in some of these countries is fully explained in terms of the normal lust of human beings for power and wealth. The stakes are high. Office carries power, prestige and money. The power is incredible. Most West African Ministers consider themselves to be above the law, and are treated as such by the police. Decision-making is arbitrary. Decisions which more advanced countries leave to civil servants and technicians are in these countries made by Ministers, often without consulting expert advice. The prestige is also incredible. Men who claim to be democrats in fact behave like emperors. Personifying the state, they dress themselves up in uniforms, build themselves palaces, bring all other traffic to a standstill when they drive, hold fancy parades and generally demand to be treated like Egyptian Pharaohs.

Actually, only a minority of West African Presidents or Premiers have wide charismatic appeal in their own countries. The prevalence of suppression is due to the hostility which most of them arouse—indeed glory in, since the language of the West African political leader breathes hatred and violence towards political opponents, rather than the conciliatory wide appeal which is the basis of charismatic leadership. Charismatic figures do not need the oppressive tactics which so many Presidents use.

More relevant than charisma is the fact that most of the new politicians have no commitment to democracy, have never experienced democracy, and know neither its philosophy nor its history. Fifteen years ago, when politics was confined to a few people, the leading politicians were mostly highly educated men, who had been through British or French

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universities, had travelled in Europe, and knew something of the history and philosophy of democracy. Such men are now relatively rare in West African politics. The new politicians come mainly from the primary schools, have little acquaintance with European history, and have never been outside their country, until elected to office. For most of them independence means merely that they have succeeded to the autocracy vacated by British and French civil servants. They model themselves on the arrogant and arbitrary pattern set by Governors and district commissioners, if only because they know no better.

One can only be amused by people, including African politicians, who present the single-party state to us as a specifically African creation, emerging out of the African personality and the African social system—as if the single-party state were not one of the commonplaces of the twentieth century, to be found in nearly every continent. In my experience, the main effect of people persuading themselves that Africans are different from other peoples is that they abandon normal standards of decent human behaviour and end by thinking that anything is good enough for Africa, even though they would not for one moment consider it for Europe or North America.

Many West Africans have resisted the single-party state, and been killed or jailed or exiled for doing so: let us not forget them. Many others, of equal courage and integrity, have accepted the single-party state because they consider it to be at present the best way of handling their country's affairs. The best way to make progress with this subject is to consider the arguments on their merits.

The Argument in Favour

Democracy means that people are willing to accept the results of fair elections; the will of the masses of the people, fairly ascertained through the ballot box, is supreme in determining who shall govern.

Now willingness to accept the results of the ballot box requires consensus. This will not be found where the contenders for power disagree so sharply on matters which they consider fundamental that they are not willing to allow their opponents to govern, whatever the ballot box may say. Labour and Conservative or Republican and Democrat accept a verdict of defeat only because they believe that the other chaps will not do anything very dreadful. If this consensus did not exist, the ballot box would not be accepted.

We are often told that strong government is needed in under-developed countries to bring about economic progress. This is true of class societies. In those parts of Asia and the Middle East where landlords take half the peasant's output as rent, land reform is necessary to create economic incentives. Equally, in parts of Latin America where large landowners hold fertile acres idle, while the peasants are driven to scrape a living in the hills, political action must lay the basis for economic progress. West Africa is different. It has no landlords, and no white settlers. The major constraints on economic development are not political.

West African governments do not need to coerce their peoples into modernisation. The key to modernisation is education, and here it is the people who embarrass the governments by sending more children to school than the schools can hold. Some governments may be tempted to try to coerce the farmers to adopt better practices: use fertilisers or better seeds; cut out diseased trees; or even to join co-operatives and collectives. They would not be wise to do so. The U.S.S.R. and China have both tried this, and have both failed. Increased agricultural productivity is absolutely essential to economic progress, but it can be achieved only by the normal means of education, example, and economic incentive.

The only important coercion which is crucial to development is taxation. West African governments need to raise 15 to 20 per cent of national income in taxes in order to provide adequate public services and contribute towards financing capital formation, but the majority now raise less than 10 per cent. If the single-party system could effect a swift increase in the share of taxes this would indeed be a powerful argument in its favour. However, swift change is not possible. Economic development depends on incentives. This means that per capita output cannot be raised much faster than per capita income, after payment of taxes; any attempt to raise the share of taxation rapidly kills off incentives, and prevents growth. It is also about equally unpopular in a single-party as in a multi-party system. When tried recently in Ghana, it led to strikes and riots, and the taxes against which the workers were protesting had to be repealed.

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Then there is the claim that the single-party is essential to cope with the turbulence created by economic development. Change necessarily creates tension. Farmers organise to demand higher prices; workers to demand higher wages. The primary school leavers are crowding into the towns, and the unemployed are looking for relief. There is plenty of incendiary material which unscrupulous men can use as an ambitious base for personal power. The single-party tries to contain these tensions; trade unions must belong to the party, and be subservient to its functionaries; farmers' groups, women's councils, youth organisations, and all other potential sources of tension are brought within the party framework. Thus it is hoped not merely to keep track of all dissension, but also to force dissident groups to accept what the party leaders consider to be reasonable solutions.

Success is only partial. Genuine trade unionists resent party control, and demand the right of independent action; farmers feel the same way. The party cannot prevent people from being discontented with their lot. The amount of social tension is a logarithmic function of the rate of change. At one end of the scale, as in Salazar's Portugal, one can have stagnation and peace; at the other end, as in Stalin's Russia, one has rapid change, "contained" only by imprisoning and "liquidating" millions. Given rapid change, the single-party cannot prevent tension; all it can do is to suppress open agitation. Discontent is then all directed inward upon the party, where, as we shall see in a moment, it adds to the instability of the party. This increases the effort to stamp out resistance, driving it underground, whence it breaks out from time to time in violent demonstrations.

THE CASE FOR DEMOCRACY is not that it prevents tensions, but that open discussion creates a healthier society than is achieved by suppression. The diffusion of responsibility diffuses conflict. Each of us belongs to several groups with different interests, and the fact that we are opposed to this man on this issue but allied to him on the next issue prevents our conflicts from running away with our emotions. Bottling up conflict, or concentrating it in and on the single-party, is undesirable. Besides, given the low quality and the inexperience of so many West African politicians, independent sources of political thought and criticism are vital to West Africa. To survive, these politicians feel that they have to destroy the independence of the farmers, the unions, the churches, the universities, and all other social institutions, by bringing them under party control. They make a desert of democracy, and then call it social peace.

In sum, much of the case for the single-party system rests on its claim to accelerate development, and to contain its tensions. The first half of this claim is bogus, and the second half is both doubtful and undesirable. The single-party system is largely irrelevant to the current economic problems of West Africa.

THE FUNDAMENTAL political problem is neither economic policy nor foreign policy, but the creation of nations out of heterogeneous peoples. Each country contains several tribes, living at different economic levels, and tribal consciousness and economic difference combine to produce mutual antagonisms which menace the unity of the state.

The result of these mutual antagonisms is that every political party has a geographical base. Some tribes support it; others are hostile to it, or at best indifferent. A single-party supported equally by all the tribes is an impossible dream. Houphouet-Boigny's party comes closest to this, but even this party has not eliminated tribal divisions. The tribe is the basis of its organisation, so even in Abidjan, the capital, where live men from every tribe, the party is organised not by street or by district, but by tribe. Family, village, and tribe are West Africa's primary social units. The norm in these countries is two or three political parties, each with a different geographical and tribal base. They will not necessarily be hostile to each other, but the minimum conditions for tolerating each other are two-fold: first, they must share the central government, and secondly, the richer areas must not be taxed heavily to subsidise the poorer. The first of these conditions requires coalition government; the second requires a federal constitution.

Some kind of coalition is indicated because no numerous and politically conscious group is willing to be ruled by the others. Government involves differential taxation, jobs, and decisions where to spend money on public works, schools, hospitals, industries, and other services. To be in the opposition is to be deprived of participation in these decisions, and almost certainly to suffer economic loss. A merger of the parties is an alternative to coalition. This is feasible if

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the different areas are at about the same economic level. If they are not, the richer area has to maintain its political identity in order to protect itself, and is not likely to agree to a merger. It was feasible for the parties to merge "voluntarily" in Mauritania or Mali, but was not feasible in Ghana or Dahomey.

The richer group calls for a federal constitution so as to limit the extent of its contribution to the rest of the country. It can afford to spend much more per head on public services than they can. Uniform public services mean that its standards must be kept down to theirs, or that it must subsidise their services, or both. If the poorer areas have only a small minority of the population, these results may pass; but if, as is more usual, the richer area is the minority, it can be expected to resent uniformity.

When the economic differences are too great for merger of the parties, the only alternative to coalition within a federal framework is political warfare. Advocates of the single-party system do not accept this conclusion. They argue exactly the opposite case. To make a nation, they say, one must minimise tribal differences; modernisation means rising above tribe to a higher order where tribe, language, religion and geographical origin have no political significance, giving place to a common nationality as the highest loyalty. Federalism is an obstacle to this goal, because it recognises and crystallises internal differences, and the multi-party system is even worse, because each separate political party has a continuing interest in emphasising the differences on which it is based. Only a single nationwide party, operating through a central government, can ignore tribalism and emphasise national unity.

These are grand words. Their validity depends on the assumption that the single-party really can rise above tribalism. It can do this if the economic differences between the tribes are small, but not if they are large. Economic interests are, alas, more powerful than grand ideas. Even the single-party cannot persuade the richer region to carry the poorer regions on its back.

A single-party operating within a federal framework could be a logical compromise, but only if the centre of gravity were in the richer area. If the centre of gravity of the party is in the poorer areas, the temptation to increase federal at the expense of provincial resources must prove irresistible. Since the poor are more numerous than the rich (otherwise the problem would be trivial), the centre of gravity is almost certain to be in the poorer areas, so even a single-party federal system would be unstable.

The problem is more acute in some West African countries than in others; generally speaking more acute in the southern than in the northern countries. The northern countries are more homogeneous geographically, they are poor all over; whereas in the southern countries the rainfall may range from 100 inches in the south to thirty inches in the north, creating enormous economic disparities. Differences in mineral wealth also cause trouble, though less so than agricultural differences, because the mines benefit fewer people directly. Regional economic differences are an acute political factor in Nigeria, Dahomey, Togo, Ghana, Liberia and Sierra Leone, and are not without significance in the politics of Guinea, Senegal or any of the other states.

In countries like Britain and France, which have several centuries of homogeneity behind them, there is instinctive resistance to the federal solution. People protest that African countries are too small for federalism, or that they do not have enough political and administrative ability to man two levels of government, or that they need the experience of common purpose and action in a central government if they are to hang together.

IT IS NOT TRUE that they are too small. If they were small the problem would not exist; it is only because the countries are large that there are these enormous geographical differences. However small the population may be, largeness of area creates special problems. A large country with widely differing regions cannot be governed well from one town which monopolises decision-making. Even if political considerations are excluded, good administration requires decentralisation of decisions to persons on the spot. Most West African governments are now over-centralised. Britain and France failed to develop local government because they were themselves interested in keeping power in their own hands. The tribal and village councils had no experience of the services which modern local governments have to provide, and it was easier to add these services to the machinery created by the central government. Quite apart, therefore, from any question of federalism, a redistribution of functions between central and subordinate authorities is much to be desired.

Federalism is a wide term. Outside Nigeria,

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formal federalism on the American pattern is not required or sought. All that is asked is a reasonable degree of provincial devolution. Countries with this kind of problem need both a strong centre and strong provincial governments; and this is not a contradiction, since government functions are now so numerous that there is plenty of room for both. It is quite true that a country needs a strong central government to hold it together, meaning by this a government which acts boldly in all spheres which are of common interest. But it is equally true that a country with sharp regional differences needs to give its provinces the opportunity to look after their own affairs, if they are to feel content with the political union. Whether one calls this federalism or provincial devolution makes no difference.

The Argument Against

THE SINGLE-PARTY fails, then, in its biggest claim—that it is the appropriate vehicle for resolving regional differences. But it would fail anyway, even if regional differences were minor. The human race has had plenty of experience of this system; there is no reason why it should bring less unhappiness to West Africa than it has brought to the other countries which have tried it.

Single-parties are not homogeneous. From the philosophical standpoint, one must make at least two distinctions: between totalitarian and limited parties; and between ideological and open parties.

By a totalitarian party we mean in this context a political party which claims to be the supreme instrument of society. In Ghana, Guinea, and Mali the party is elevated above all other institutions, which must look to it for leadership.

The ideological origins of this are thoroughly familiar; it is the basic stuff of European totalitarianism. The single party representing all the people is the Fascist branch; the single party representing only the oppressed is the Communist branch. Its adherents in West Africa picked it up during their journeys through the Communist movement. Why have they retained it, while repudiating the international Communist movement, as they have done?

Part of the answer, of course, is that it suits their authoritarian personalities; but this is not the whole answer. Equally important, in practice, is their strong hostility towards the African middle classes. A modern state cannot be run by uneducated persons. It has to be run by trained civil servants, professional men, independent businessmen, and others who live by their brains. The party is hostile to these men but has to use them. It appoints such men to be Ministers, civil servants, and managers of state enterprises, but it does not trust them. So control is kept tightly in the party executive, and party philosophy extols the party as the one source of authority.

The other philosophical distinction is between a party which is committed to a particular ideology or programme, and a party which claims to include all interests and provide a forum in which all ideas can be discussed freely. The leaders of an open party claim to recognise that opposition is inevitable, because people have different interests and attitudes, and also desirable, since this is the only way to ensure that proposals are examined properly from every angle. They, in effect, invite the opposition to join the party. To read some of these accounts, the single-party is really a grand free-for-all political seminar.

All over Africa propagandists for the single-party tend to make a good deal of its open character, but the conditions which are required for a party really to be open cannot be fulfilled. It is not enough to demonstrate, as is easily done, that two or three of these parties have a fair amount of internal democracy, good lines of communication between leaders and the rank-and-file, some members of all races, tribes, and regions, or stern codes of public morality—all this has been typical of many ideological parties: "democracy" is maintained, but only for members of the party (outside critics will find the police or party hustlers on their doorstep), and even for members of the party only if they keep within the rigid framework of the party's presuppositions. Any dissenter from these presuppositions is expelled.

The party cannot be identified with the people, and does not want to be. However popular the party leader may be, the rank-and-file of the party are something apart. The most active are the hooligans, who keep the public in line; but even the more respectable are conscious of their superiority, and their tendency to arbitrary action makes them feared. People say one thing in the presence of a party member, or even a suspect, and something quite different when they feel safe. The party is something you have to fear, and something that wants you to

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fear it, since this is the basis of its power. Hence when the day comes to get rid of it, few tears are shed. The funeral of the party leader who dies in office is attended by hundreds of thousands, but let that same man be put away by his colleagues, and nobody even whispers his name.

As for democracy inside the party itself, a party which expels its dissenters is not an open party, since by definition the purpose of an open party is to contain and utilise dissent. Also an open party must have no pre-determined goals, since the formulation of goals must be open to continuous argument. A socialist party or a liberal party cannot claim to be an open party. For the same reason an open party must have neutral leaders, willing to listen and be guided by dissent; and they must be easily removable, since one of the important questions which dissenters may raise is whether the particular leader is the right man to do what has to be done. A party created around a particular leader, to support his policies (as are most African parties) is not an open party.

One of the odder claims made for the single-party system is that it offers stable government; more so, for example, than coalition government. This is not so. West African single-party government is highly unstable. Where opposition is illegal, governments can be changed only by *coups d'état*. An efficient government can prevent *coups d'état* by building up an extensive secret police, which roots out opposition groups before they are ready to move, but no West African government can aspire to this degree of efficiency. Keeping an eye on the avowed opposition is fairly easy. All that then happens is that opposition builds up inside the party itself, where plots are easier to manufacture and carry through because of the prestige and freedom of movement of the high party functionaries who organise them. All the tensions and conflicts of the society come to be concentrated in the struggles of the upper hierarchy of the party, whose members become identified with conflicting interests and policies. When these tensions become too great, the leaders turn upon each other, with deadly violence.

In the course of 1962 and 1963 Ministers were arrested and imprisoned in Senegal, Ivory Coast, Mali, Ghana, Niger, and Liberia, and military *coups d'état* succeeded in Togo and Dahomey. In the early days the jails were filled by the opponents of the party; they have long been reduced to insignificance; now the violence is wreaked by one party leader upon another. This is inevitable. Opposition cannot be eliminated from any society in which men have different interests and ideas, and are affected differently by social change. The only question is whether it will have democratic outlets, through which it can express itself peacefully, or whether it will be driven to successive acts of violence, first against the party, and then within the party. Any claim that a single-party system brings political stability can be rejected outright.

The single-party thus fails in all its claims. It cannot represent all the people; or maintain free discussion; or give stable government; or, above all, reconcile the differences between various regional groups. It is not natural to West African culture, except in the sense in which cancer is natural to man, since what would be natural in these countries would be two or three parties representing different regions. It is partly the product of the hysteria of the moment of independence, when some men found it possible to seize the state and suppress their opponents. It is a sickness from which West Africa deserves to recover.

The Plural Society

To say that the single-party system is inappropriate is not to say that West Africa must pattern its political institutions on those of Britain and France. Britain and France are class societies, and their institutions and conventions are designed to cope with this fact. West Africa is not a class society; its problem is that it is a plural society. What is good for a class society is bad for a plural society. Hence to create good political institutions in West Africa one has to think their problem through from the foundations up.

The word "democracy" has two meanings. Its primary meaning is that all who are affected by a decision should have the chance to participate in making that decision, either directly or through chosen representatives. Its secondary meaning is that the will of the majority shall prevail. These two meanings do not overlap, since it is normal in European Parliaments to institutionalise the minority in an opposition party or parties who are excluded from decision-making; this is justified by saying that when heads were counted in an election one set won,

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and the other set lost. Europeans try as hard as they can to confine this secondary meaning of democracy to the political sphere. In all other institutions—business, sport, the family, the church, the university, and so on—committees are expected to ensure that all interests and points of view are fully represented in their membership and their deliberations, and are expected to try to reach agreement by compromise, rather than by voting. Once a committee begins to divide into factions, and to make decisions by voting, we expect its legitimate business to be neglected. The good chairman's main task is to keep his people working together as a team.

The doctrine that the majority shall have its way has become central to the political institutions of class societies. In the definition of democracy that it is "government of the people by the people for the people," the "people" does not mean all inhabitants. It means the great mass of the inhabitants—the poor and middle people—in contrast to the handful of aristocrats, landowners, and big capitalists who have hitherto monopolised political power. The doctrine asserts the right of the poor to liquidate the rich. Politics is what the mathematicians now call a zero-sum game: what I win you will lose. You have the wealth, I have the right to take it. European politics has been operating in this mould for the past three hundred years.

Translated from a class to a plural society this view of politics is not just irrelevant: it is totally immoral, inconsistent with the primary meaning of democracy, and destructive of any prospect of building a nation in which different peoples might live together in harmony. Are we, on counting heads, to conclude that the Catholics may liquidate the Protestants, the Indians of British Guiana may liquidate the Negroes, or the Negroes of some southern countries may liquidate the whites? In a plural society the approach to politics as a zero-sum game is immoral and impracticable.

PLURALITY IS THE principal political problem of most of the new states created in the 20th century. Most of them include people who differ from each other in language or tribe or religion or race; some of these groups live side by side in a long tradition of mutual hostility, restrained in the past only by a neutral imperial power. French writers use the word "cleavage" to describe a situation where people are mutually antipathetic, not because they disagree on matters of principle, like liberals and socialists, or because they have different interests, like capitalists and workers, but simply because they are historical enemies. Cleavage cannot be overcome merely by argument and economic concessions, as in the traditional British manner, because it is not based on disputes about principles or interests. Hence it is the most difficult of all political problems.

The democratic problem in a plural society is to create political institutions which give all the various groups the opportunity to participate in decision-making, since only thus can they feel that they are full members of a nation, respected by their more numerous brethren, and owing equal respect to the national bond which holds them together. In such a society a slogan that the will of the minority should prevail would make better sense than the slogan that the will of the majority should prevail; but neither slogan is appropriate. It is necessary to get right away from the idea that somebody is to prevail over somebody else; from politics as a zero-sum game. Words like "winning" and "losing" have to be banished from the political vocabulary of a plural society. Group hostility and political warfare are precisely what must be eradicated if the political problem is to be solved; in their place we have to create an atmosphere of mutual toleration and compromise.

THE BETTER ADVOCATES of the single-party state, notably that outstanding East African statesman, Julius Nyerere, claim for it that it is superior to the multi-party wranglings inherited from European political systems, because it eliminates a kind of political warfare that could only be dangerous. In a plural society, a single-party which included representatives of all the various groups, and encouraged full discussion within the party framework, would be superior to a competition for power between parties representing different tribes or races or religions. Not all single-parties are of this type; some are totalitarian, some are ideological, and some are both. Nyerere's party is neither totalitarian nor ideological. On the other hand Nyerere's country, Tanganyika, is also one of the few new states in which cleavage is not much of a political problem. He has no powerfully organised tribes, traditionally hostile to each other, and by comparison with Ghana or Togo, not to speak of Kenya or Uganda,

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there are not wide economic differences, because the tribes are just about equally poor. In a society which has no economic classes, no cleavage, and small regional economic differences, there is virtually no political problem, and virtually no need for political parties, single or multiple. A good free-for-all seminar is very welcome. Once one gets away from these ideal conditions into countries where the people are divided into mutually suspicious groups, the claim of the single-party to be able to bridge the gulf fails. Each group wants to be represented by its own party, and no single-party is accepted everywhere. As we have already seen, the solution is not the single-party, but coalition and federalism. Any idea that one can make different peoples into a nation by suppressing the religious or tribal or regional or other affiliations to which they themselves attach the highest political significance is simply a non-starter. National loyalty cannot immediately supplant tribal loyalty; it has to be built on top of tribal loyalty by creating a system in which all the tribes feel that there is room for self-expression.

Anybody who has seen what a mess party politics can make of a plural society must find himself hankering after a primitive kind of democracy, in which people elect their representatives without the aid of parties, and run their affairs much as other democratic institutions are run. The single-party appeals to this longing; if everybody belonged to the same party, and could discuss issues freely, the situation would be the same as if there were no party. The main purpose of political parties is political warfare, which is tolerable in class but not in plural societies.

Myths about Politics

THE POLITICAL PARTY is one of the more recent inventions of the human race, and is not obviously our most attractive product. Yet it cannot be avoided in any mass democracy. If the masses of the people are to vote, they have to learn how to use their vote, and to band together with other people whose interests and opinions are similar. Political parties are particularly necessary in West Africa, where most of the electorate know little about the major issues (apart from cleavage), and have therefore to be educated. Good leadership and good party organisation are needed even more here than in countries with a longer voting record, where members of the electorate learn about the major political issues from their adolescent years.

What is wrong with the parties in new states is not that they exist, but that their inheritance from European political philosophy is the language and tactics of the class war, rather than the language and tactics of groups whose problem is to learn how to live in coalition with each other.

INSTINCTIVE REACTIONS to the idea of coalition illustrate how far apart are the plural society and the class society. The coalition idea is obvious to anybody who thinks about a plural society; whereas in a class society coalition is almost a bad word, regarded as a second or third best solution in a democracy which is not working very well; something to be avoided if at all possible, even, as we shall see in a moment, at the cost of faking the electoral system. And yet, even in a class society, anybody who ignores the slogans and grapples with reality sees that all good government is coalition government. The idea that democracy is effective only when there are only two parties, one in the government and the other in opposition, is an Anglo-American myth. The great majority of the world's democracies have more than two parties, and the majority of Western European democracies have coalition governments. Even where there are only two parties each of them is a coalition, overlapping very considerably with its rival (Labour and Conservative or Democratic and Republican). Democracy could not otherwise function. If the two parties really stood for principles so sharply opposed that one would be certain to undo the work of the other in office, neither party would be willing to accept the decision of the ballot box. Even in a class society, if democracy is to be preserved, the difference between a government consisting of one party and a government consisting of a coalition of two or more parties is not that the latter has to compromise while the former can act on pure principle. Both are coalitions, and have to compromise. The difference is that in the former men of different opinions and interests form a coalition before going to the polls; while in the latter the coalition is not formed until after the voting has taken place.

The difference between the plural society and the class society has a fundamental effect on the choice of electoral and parliamentary systems.

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The plural society goes back to the primary meaning of democracy, according to which all those who are affected by a decision should have a chance to participate in making that decision. This leads to proportional representation, with all parties offered seats in all decision-making bodies, including the Cabinet itself. The class society takes off from the secondary meaning of democracy, whose emphasis is on winning and losing. The political process is here required to produce a government with a decisive mandate to benefit one class of persons at the expense of some other class or classes. Parliament must therefore be so organised that the government can act decisively. If proportional representation does not have this result, it must be rejected, and some other system chosen which will frustrate the will of the electorate by giving to one party a comfortable majority of seats in Parliament even though it has won only a minority of votes. Since the system known as first-past-the-post (or the "plurality" system) tends to have this effect, British and American political texts are full of praise for this system, and have nothing but scorn for electoral systems which would really ensure that different opinions were adequately represented.

THE SUREST WAY TO KILL the idea of democracy in a plural society is to adopt the Anglo-American electoral system of first-past-the-post. Under this system any party which won 51 per cent of the vote in each constituency would win all the seats in Parliament. Some of the French West African states (Guinea, Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Dahomey, Niger) have carried this to its logical conclusion. In their constitutions the party which wins the most votes gets all the seats in Parliament. Minority parties are thus absolutely excluded from Parliament. (The fact that the administration does not permit other parties to exist only adds to the constitutional joke.) First-past-the-post does not even require 51 per cent of the votes in each constituency to give one party all the votes. If there are three parties it can be done, theoretically, with only 34 per cent; or if there are four parties, with only 26 per cent. Governments can get away with this in secure democracies without destroying faith. But if you belong to a minority in a new state, and are being asked to accept parliamentary democracy, you can hardly build much faith in the system if you win 30 per cent of the votes and get only 20 per cent of the seats, or even no seats at all. If minorities are to accept Parliament, they must be adequately represented in Parliament. It is not even meaningful to offer the consolation "your turn will come," which sustains parties in a system where two great coalitions (Conservatives and Whigs) alternate in the government. Members of a minority may have no chance of ever forming a government, and even if they had, what they want is not the opportunity to run things their way every ten or twenty years, but the opportunity to participate in decision-making now and every year.

IN A PLURAL SOCIETY, proportional representation with a few large several-member constituencies is better than electoral systems with many small single-member constituencies, not only because it gives more satisfaction to the minorities, but also because it reduces the geographical conflict, and the racial, religious, or other differences which go with geography. In a single-member constituency system, persons of one persuasion must live in the same areas if they are to have political influence, so the geographical concentration of different persuasions is emphasised. Suppose, for example, that there are equal numbers of yellow and purple, but while all the yellows live in one part of the country, half the purples live there and the other half live in the rest of the country. Proportional representation gives equal seats to yellows and purples. A single-member constituency system might give (according to its type) one-quarter of the seats to purples, and three-quarters to yellows. The country then becomes divided into purple-land and yellow-land. Since the result is obviously unjust, purple-land may well demand to secede, as the Muslims of India did in such circumstances; the single-member constituency system is much more likely to break up the country than is proportional representation. The single-member constituency system also encourages parochialism. Leaders of the purple party can forget the purples who live in yellow-land, because their votes are useless. Under proportional representation, the purples living in yellow-land would have equal weight in the purple party with those living in purple-land, and this would almost certainly have a moderating effect on the party's policy. The single-member constituency system also hardens the geographical difference. Those purples who live in yellow-land find that the only way to advance politically is to join the yellow party; if any yellows lived in purple-land, they would

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have the same political incentive to ally with the purples. So yellow-land becomes increasingly yellow, and purple-land increasingly purple, and the danger of secession increases cumulatively. Political differences are exacerbated, instead of being diminished.

Different electoral systems serve different purposes, and suit different conditions.[1] A system which suits homogeneous class societies should not be expected to function well in non-Marxist plural societies. Where cleavage is a problem, one needs a system which will give minorities adequate representation, discourage parochialism, and force moderation on the political parties. The electoral system most likely to have these effects is the type of proportional representation known as "the single transferable vote." The list system of proportional representation protects minorities and discourages parochialism, and is therefore better than single-member plurality systems; but it requires the elector to choose only between parties; whereas the single transferable vote, permitting the elector to choose also between candidates, is likely to favour the candidates who are most widely acceptable to persons of different persuasions, and therefore forces the parties to be more tolerant. Political parties prefer the list system to the single-transferable vote because it strengthens their hold over the candidates. Either of these is better for a plural society than first-past-the-post.

THE ELECTORAL SYSTEMS which West Africa inherited from Britain and France were so unsuitable that it is no surprise that they were soon rejected. These systems are undemocratic even in the countries where they originate. Excuses can be made for them in the context of a class society. In a plural society they would serve only to discredit the democratic ideal.

Democratic Difficulties

THE PRIMARY MEANING of democracy is the opportunity to be represented in decision-making. European practice has not only transformed this into a division between winners and losers, but has also added that political health requires that the winners and losers should alternate. Thus by a series of illogical steps we reach the conclusion that the ideal democracy is a system of ins and outs: your turn to-day, my turn next time.

Following this system of thought (or non-thought) democratic Parliaments are expected to polarise into a Government party or parties and an Opposition party or parties. Whips are put on, and Parliaments whose members refuse to be completely disciplined by party leaders, like the United States Congress, are regarded as somewhat inferior. Many of the ground rules of European political thought derive from the idea that the proper way for democracy to work is to have a swinging pendulum which causes two groups to alternate in office. Thus we hear that the main function of Parliament is to prepare and hold in readiness an alternative government (not to make policy or effectively criticise or challenge the administration). Or that it doesn't matter how grossly unrepresentative the electoral system is, provided that it gives a government an adequate majority, and provided that it permits this alternation to occur at not too infrequent intervals.

But polarisation into Government and Opposition is not an essential part of democracy, and is in fact unsuitable to West African conditions, for several reasons.

The most fundamental reason is that the West African elector votes for a representative, and not for an issue. If you vote for a party with an issue (*e.g.*, to nationalise the mines), you can afford to wait when your party loses the election, in the hope that you may win next time. But when an African living 300 miles from the capital sends a representative to Parliament, the only issues he is thinking about are those which arise in his daily life. The party affiliation of this representative, and the question how many other members have this affiliation, are of minor relevance. The elector expects his representative to play a full part in decision-making, to have access to all Ministers, and to be able to battle for his district and his constituents. These basic needs and expectations remain the same whether the representative is in the winning or the losing party. This is especially the case if the elector belongs to a minority (*e.g.*, religious or tribal) which has no chance of winning an election and forming the Government, and to which therefore the game of ins and outs is completely irrelevant.

The elector's need is also the country's. What any West African country needs is access to all the available expertise, which is, alas, meagre. Division into those who help and those whose

[1] See the excellent discussion by W. J. Mackenzie in *Free Elections* (London, 1958).

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official duty it is to hinder is a waste of scarce resources.

BOTH THESE POINTS are recognised to be valid even in mature democracies. Though members of the Opposition have lost the election, they are treated with respect. They play some part in decision-making. They are represented on all important committees, and participate in all important delegations. They have the same access to Ministers as anybody else, and expect their arguments to be considered on their merits. Their constituencies are not penalised for having given the majority of their votes to the wrong party. No democracy achieves perfection in these respects, but no modern democracy would survive if the political parties were not agreed that this is the desirable standard of behaviour.

NOW THIS AGREEMENT does not exist in West Africa. For one thing, the parties have been reared on an erroneous definition of democracy, by which it means that the majority is entitled to rule over the minority. The divine right of majority rule has played such an important role in the struggle for independence that many people have come to believe in it. The idea that the quality of democracy is to be tested rather by the extent to which the rights of the minority are respected is novel. Elections are a zero-sum game. Those who vote the wrong way are penalised; the roads in their area are left to deteriorate; contracts are placed elsewhere; and so on—even where physical violence is not employed.

The crudity of the government has been matched by that of the opposition parties in West Africa, which translate the duty to oppose into a licence to defame. In a secure democracy unreasonable opposition is ineffective. There is a large independent public opinion, including an independent press, which criticises and disciplines those who oppose unreasonably, exposes lies and ridicules improper behaviour. This is not the case in West Africa, where the middle class is small, the press inexperienced and uninfluential, and the electorate uneducated. Here politicians (Government or Opposition) lie quite openly, and oppose policies which they know to be good solely for the sake of political advantage.

A venal press is a danger to democracy. West African newspapers have a long history of publishing statements which they know to be dangerous and untrue. The law of criminal libel has rightly fallen into disuse in England, but insecure democracies cannot afford this luxury. Newspapers which publish lies, knowing them to be lies, must run the danger of being suppressed by the courts and having their printing presses seized.

Sedition has also to be defined more broadly than in a secure democracy, especially to prohibit attempts to inflame one group (tribe, religion, race, etc.) against another, or the advocacy of secession, or of the violent overthrow of democracy. "Preventive detention" without trial of persons who are endangering the state is unacceptable in a democracy, but the problem with which it is meant to deal must be faced. Preparing to do things which endanger the state is treasonable; one cannot wait for the violent act. The courts must have power to deal with those who carry their rejection of democracy to the point of preparing to overthrow it. If democracy was threatened in West Africa by the fact that the electoral practices inherited from Britain were undemocratic, it was equally threatened by the fact that the laws relating to sedition were too democratic. A young democracy can preserve itself only by suppressing persons and parties who threaten to overthrow it. These exist in plenty. The case against the single-parties in West Africa is not that they have imprisoned some people and suppressed some parties (for many deserved what they got), but that they claim for themselves a monopoly of political discourse and organisation.

MUCH OF the unreasonable behaviour of government and opposition parties towards each other at the time of independence was due to the heat of the moment. For it is one of the unfortunate legacies of an independence struggle that politics acquires an aura of importance which it does not have in stable societies. As Nkrumah put it, "Seek ye first the political kingdom, and all other things will be added unto you." This adolescent attitude to politics has long been abandoned in mature societies, where men know from experience that politics is not the whole of man's life, and will poison society if not kept in its proper proportions. Mature societies rely for good government on having a trained civil service rather than on the vagaries of politics. West Africa will not begin to make real progress until its

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peoples realise that politics is marginally important to the quality of government; reduce the political temperature; debunk the pretensions of politicians; and establish good administrative frameworks. Too much politics is the curse of West Africa.

But this is not all. The unreasonable behaviour of the government and opposition parties to each other has sprung also from the fact that so much hangs on who is in and who is out. If the polarisation did not exist, and all members of Parliament had equal duties and responsibilities, irrespective of party, the political atmosphere would be quite different.

On a lower, but still important plane, another obstacle to working the ins-and-outs system in West Africa is that it depends on having a class of politicians with independent means. Democracy began as a disputation between rich men. Most members of the British House of Commons are independent professional men, trade union officials or company directors, and have something to fall back on if defeated at the polls. Most Ministers save more when out of office than when in office. Not so in West Africa. Most Ministers and Members of Parliament earn several times as much in office (not counting illicit earnings) as they could in the open market. Politics is their career, and they cannot afford to let themselves be driven out of it. Their position is similar to that of trade union officials in Europe or North America: not many men of quality would compete to be secretary of a union if they really could be dismissed by elections every two or three years. Union democracy has therefore to be organised in such a way that it does not interfere with continuity of office.

Towards a Coalition

THESE ARGUMENTS lead away from the ins-and-outs system of Western Parliaments. But they lead not to the one-party state, but to coalition government.

One of the advantages of proportional representation is that it tends to promote coalition government. This is a frequent, but not a necessary outcome.

The chief fear of theoretical writers is that the system may produce many small parties who refuse to collaborate; they therefore advocate devices to reduce the number of parties, such as stipulating that a party gets no seats if it wins less than two per cent of the total vote. Small parties do not necessarily refuse to collaborate. If they do, the sickness of the nation is something much worse than deficiencies of an electoral system; the sickness is that no nation exists; the groups are so hostile that they will not collaborate. Democracy is impossible. The country needs a dictator, and no doubt if the parties squabble for long enough, some army general will take over.

A lesser fear is that though some parties may collaborate to form a coalition, the participants may shift continuously. This is not such a bad outcome. The United States Congress depends on such shifting coalitions. *A* unites with *B* and *C* in opposition to *D* and *E* to pass one measure, then joins with *D* and *E* to pass a second, and then joins with *E* in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent *B*, *C*, and *D* from passing a third. This makes for a good atmosphere among Parliamentarians, instead of personal hatreds, because you never know whom you will be working with to-morrow or against the day after. Philosophers of the class society dislike this game, partly because it substitutes negotiation for warfare, and partly because it throws decision-making into Parliament instead of leaving it to the Cabinet. The government is therefore weak, whereas the class society demands that its governments should be strong. Philosophers of the plural society cannot but think well of a system which would substitute negotiation and compromise for war. Historians have taught us to admire the strong men of history, the Napoleons and the Churchills, but in the inflamed atmosphere of the plural society the unspectacular Prime Minister, who shuffles along, but somehow manages to keep things going on an even keel, may build a permanent community, where the strong man may leave only fragments behind. Patient and tolerant leadership in the last ten years has helped to knit Sierra Leone together, whereas in the West Indies in the same period the confrontation of "strong" men served merely to destroy a hopeful federation.

We have no reason to expect that proportional representation would produce a lot of small parties in West Africa. The 1950s showed no tendency to fragmentation. Two, three, or four substantial parties are the most probable outcome in West Africa, whatever the electoral system.

NOW WE ARE ARGUING not only that some parties ought to form a coalition, but that all the major

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parties ought to form a coalition. The big parties should form a coalition, but minor parties need not join if they do not wish to. To have a small party in opposition is good, since organised criticism of policies, inefficiency, and corruption, coming from outside the government parties, is much needed. Given decent treatment of opposition parties, such as we have been indicating, some small parties may well prefer to stay out of a government coalition; and given decent laws of subversion and criminal libel, they cannot endanger the democracy.

Herein lies the essential difference between a single-party and a free coalition. The single-party imprisons those who oppose or criticise its policy, whereas a free coalition respects the rule of law and the right of free criticism, leaving individuals and parties free to oppose if they so desire.

THE SITUATION in Nigeria illustrates why the public interest requires the big parties to work together in coalition.

Nigeria has three main groups of people, apart from innumerable small minorities. About half the people live in the Northern Region, under powerful and conservative Muslim Emirs, who have created a monolithic party, the Northern People's Congress (N.P.C.). Economically this is a poor region, with low rainfall. The southern part of the country is dominated by the Ibos in the East, and the Yorubas in the West. The Eastern region was also poor at the time of independence, but the discovery of oil now seems likely to enrich its government. The Ibos are pretty solidly behind the National Council of Nigerian Citizens (N.C.N.C.). The Yorubas in the West had much the wealthiest region, but divided their support between the Action Group, and the N.C.N.C. In terms of policy the two southern parties are almost indistinguishable; they are moderate, while the Northern party is conservative.

When Nigeria was on the verge of independence, the leader of the N.C.N.C., Dr. Azikiwe, foresaw that a coalition of southern parties against the north would endanger the federation, by producing head-on collision. He therefore entered into alliance with the northern party, under its leader, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, who became Prime Minister. The Prime Minister wanted a coalition of all three parties, but the leader of the Action Group, Mr. Awolowo, preferred to go into opposition. His lieutenant, Mr. Akintola, disagreed. So in 1962 the Action Group broke into two parts, for many reasons of which this was the most important, and Mr. Akintola allied his faction with the North. This would have brought all-party coalition very close, but for the simultaneous falling out of East and North. For Dr. Azikiwe's lieutenant, Dr. Okpara, became increasingly dissatisfied with his Northern partners in the coalition, not least because of the obstacles which the Emirs placed in the way of his party's operations in their territory. He therefore decided to break the N.C.N.C. alliance with the N.P.C., and to ally instead with the remnants of the West's Action Group.

So the elections of December 1964 saw that head-on collision between North and South whose consequences Dr. Azikiwe had so dreaded in 1959. The result was near-disaster. The federation was nearly destroyed, and is bound to be destroyed unless the three major groups can co-operate in a coalition. Their tragedy is that their inheritance of the political ideas of the class society makes them think in terms of "I win and you lose," terms which should be banned from the political vocabulary of every plural society.

WE ARE ARGUING that the big parties ought to form a coalition, but this cannot be ensured by constitutional rules alone. One can alter the constitutional rules for forming a government: for example, instead of the President sending for the leader of the largest party to form a Cabinet, the rule may tell him to send for the leaders of every party which has received more than twenty per cent of the votes, and divide the Cabinet seats between them, or such of them as will co-operate. Law is not without moral influence; it sets a standard for both the public and the politicians, and in moments of crisis can be enforced upon reluctant politicians by an outraged army. So to write the coalition idea into the rules for forming a government in place of the present government versus opposition idea would itself be quite a step forward.

However, we must face the fact that no institutional gimmick can be devised which will automatically make big groups collaborate instead of fight. If their interpretation of democracy is that it is an opportunity to exclude rather than to collaborate, they will want to

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exclude. The American philosopher, Theodore Riker,[2] has made the point that, if politics is viewed as a zero-sum game, a leader will always form the smallest coalition with which he can get by, for the more parties he brings into his coalition, the more concessions he has to make, and therefore the less of his own programme he can achieve. If the politicians' approach to politics is to capture the government in order to benefit one group at the expense of another, a coalition of all the major parties is impossible. One is therefore seeking a fundamental change in the political philosophy of those who wield power in a plural society.

The Prospects for Change

ANYBODY who wishes to change men's ideas is an "idealist," and is therefore fair game for "realists," historical determinists, and others who want us to believe that man is nothing but a product of circumstance. Yet in politics the conventions are as important as the institutions. Conventions are rules of good behaviour; and good behaviour is founded not on interest or circumstance, but primarily on the fact that man is by nature a moral creature. Political scientists cannot foretell how a society will react to any given set of circumstances, because what determines social behaviour in the last analysis is the set of moral standards which the community has taught itself to respect.

The prospect of stable coalition government depends in the last analysis not on the politicians but on the decision of the public that this is what it wants. Politicians will always seek personal advantage; the object is therefore to create such public understanding that a politician's success comes to depend on his willingness to co-operate with other politicians. This task is difficult but not impossible; difficult, because the public must erase from its mind the heritage of the idea that democracy means the ins-and-outs system; not impossible, because it is obvious that the coalition system is what the plural society requires. Given time and opportunity, the merits of a coalition system will seem as obvious to a new generation of West Africans as the merits of an ins-and-outs system now seem to Englishmen. They will then re-write the rules of the political game in such a way that only the coalition-minded politicians can succeed.

How one predicts the future of West African politics depends on how one accounts for the current dominance of the single-party system. We have been considering three alternative explanations.

THE FIRST EXPLANATION is that the system has been adopted because it is the best way of meeting the area's present needs. This is the explanation offered by the politicians themselves, and embellished by most Western political scientists. We have devoted most of our attention to this explanation, and have rejected it.

The second explanation is that it is normal for power to be grabbed by self-seeking bosses, and that only highly sophisticated societies can hope to escape this fate. The departure of the imperial powers left a vacuum, and it would be surprising if power had not been seized by unscrupulous men. West Africans do not yet have the degree of sophistication (it is argued) which societies need to protect themselves from political rogues. If this explanation is correct, to expect the big political parties to collaborate, instead of fighting unscrupulously for exclusive power, is the merest idealism.

However, this second explanation assumes too much. Perhaps half the men in power are rogues; but the other half are not: they are genuine patriots. Neither should political sophistication be identified with westernisation. A community of farmers working their own lands is not, even though illiterate, less politically sophisticated than an industrial proletariat. Although some of the chiefs were autocrats, most West African tribes have traditions of self-government which make a better base for democracy than the aristocratic traditions of European life, with its landless labourers dominated by squires and barons. The tribe has made its decisions by discussion, in much the way that coalitions function; this kind of democratic procedure is at the heart of the original institutions of the people. In the context of political sophistication, West Africa compares unfavourably not at the base, but at the top, in the fact that its middle class is still very small, but so also was Europe's middle class, a century ago. Also, even in this respect the countries differ considerably among themselves; the northern countries have very little by way of middle class,

[2] See his interesting book, *The Theory of Political Coalition* (1962). See also Maurice Duverger's *Political Parties* (1954), which analyses coalition government.

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but the southern countries have a long tradition of middle-class involvement in politics.

THE THIRD EXPLANATION of the current dominance of the single-party, and the explanation favoured by this essay, is that democracy was set back partly because of the heat of the moment, but mainly because the ideas and institutions of democracy inherited from Europe were inappropriate, and confused and weakened its supporters. As the emotions of independence recede, and the problems of the area are better understod, the existing régimes will be displaced, and democracy will again have its chance.

THE CURRENT SITUATION is not stable. The régimes vary greatly in quality and strength. Some have a good popular image, while others will be swept away in the near future, either by dissentients in their ranks, or by armies fed up with political chicanery, inefficiency, corruption, and brutality. The cult of personality wears thin, as rising generations reject the pretensions of their elders. The fact that a régime is authoritarian and corrupt is not a sufficient reason for it to collapse. Well-organised authoritarian régimes can last indefinitely; many dictators die in their beds. Fortunately, efficient organisation is not West Africa's strong point. Hitler and Stalin, who pioneered the single-party, had at their command much first-rate administrative talent, and excellent systems of communication, with which they could build invincible party machines. West African politicians do not have these aids. The succession of party crises is the best evidence that crystallisation is unlikely.

Armies have already overthrown the government in two countries; in Togo, because the Government decided to cut the size of the army; and in Dahomey, because the army sided with mass demonstrators who found the government too reactionary.

But the situation is quite different from Latin America, where independence was won by armies, and new states set up by the armies, who have therefore a political tradition. In West Africa, as in some other parts of the world, the army is likely to be a progressive force, so long as the officers retain control. (A successful Congo-type revolt against the officers can result only in barbarism.) The officers are better educated than the politicians, deeply committed to modernisation, and unimpressed by demagoguery. They will intervene only as a last resort, but intervene they will where the pressure of their families and of public discontent reaches bursting point.

Even single-party states differ considerably from each other. Some are relatively quiet, while others seem to be in continuous political eruption. The southern countries, with good rainfall and profitable tree crops, have a significant middle class, and are modernising rapidly, while the northern states are just emerging from the 18th century. A movement away from the single-party state is more likely in the south than in the north, and more likely in the richer than in the poorer southern states, because the greater rate of change and the wider economic differences produce greater social tension, which the single-party cannot contain. However, political institutions are contagious. Once the single-party system had gained a foothold in some countries, it became sufficiently respectable to sweep through the rest. In the same way, as it falls in the weaker countries, its position in all the others will be shaken. When this begins to happen, new leaders will seek ways out of the confusion, and a revulsion towards democracy is not impossible.

GIVEN A CHANGE of leaders, it is not as difficult to pass from a single-party system to a coalition system as it would be to pass to a workable ins and outs system. Political warfare between a government party and an opposition party is not what these countries need; it is inappropriate to a plural society, and could not work in West African conditions. To pass from a single-party system to a coalition is much easier; as in Togo and Dahomey, this is the kind of government which armies like to instal. The single-parties want to split; this is why they have their successive crises; this is why separate groups, followed by a coalition of the better elements, representing the major regions, could be the beginning of the democratic road. They could establish the essential freedoms—the rule of law and the right of political discussion—restore the independence of farm, trade union, and other groups, and keep a vigilant watch over adventurers who might seek to gain power by violence. Free elections on a proportional basis, open only to democratic parties, would follow when order had been restored.

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The Hope

THE WEAKNESS of democracy in West Africa does not lie in the nature of the society; on the contrary, only democracy can solve its problems, since that is the only framework which makes it possible for men of different tribes, languages, and religions to live at peace with each other. Its weakness lay partly in the uncertainties generated by rapid change, and the emotional temperature of independence, which gave unscrupulous men a chance to seize power. The political institutions and philosophies inherited from Britain and France were also a source of weakness. On the one hand they were too democratic, in that they did not distinguish between democracy and licence. On the other hand these institutions were not democratic enough, in that they failed to give proper representation to minorities and opposition groups. Weaknesses of the democratic framework caused confusion, and have made it easy to accept the notion, widely circulated, that democracy itself is unsuitable for the area at this time.

The main weakness of democracy, however, is that not enough of West Africa's newly educated believe it to be feasible. The system still has powerful adherents in the area, who have looked to their fellow democrats outside at least for spiritual comfort. They have looked in vain. Western democrats have abandoned the African; even long-standing friends of Africa hesitate to speak out for fear of offending those now in power. As for our political scientists, they fall over themselves to demonstrate that democracy is suitable only for Europeans and North Americans, and in the sacred names of "charisma," "modernisation," and "national unity," call upon us to admire any demagogue who, aided by a loud voice and a bunch of hooligans, captures the state and suppresses his rivals.

REASON CANNOT BY ITSELF create democracy, but since democracy is made by democrats, reason and faith are necessary prerequisites. The first condition for democracy in West Africa is that the young people now pouring out of schools should understand the real nature of their problems, and not be taken in by bogus explanations. To foster this cause has been my major concern in this essay.

True Art

An old army joke
Is to take a chameleon
And put it on someone's kilt:
The creature's supposed to go mad,
Not knowing which colour, of all
On the tartan, to change into.

No one I knew ever saw
This happen, but plenty would swear
They'd heard of a bloke in Port Said,
Or maybe Bombay, who had.
Like the man who got his discharge
By blancoing his greatcoat and boots.

Both possible truths, you see.
Just try the experiment
Of telling the truth for a while,
The whole truth, etcetera.
In a while you start telling lies
Simply for interest's sake.

The truest poetry is
The most feigning, Touchstone said:
That was a sort of joke too.
Still, that chameleon
And the nutcase who got his discharge
Hadn't heard of Shakespeare, most like.

Anthony Thwaite

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Thom Gunn

Misanthropos

to Tony Tanner and Don Doody

The Last Man

I

He avoids the momentous rhythm
of the sea, one hill suffices him
who has the entire world to choose from.

He melts through the brown and green silence
inspecting his traps, is lost in dense
thicket, or appears among great stones.

He builds no watch tower. He lives like
the birds, self-contained they hop and peck;
he could conceal himself for a week;

and he learns like them to keep movement
on the undipped wing of the present.
But sometimes when he wakes, with the print

of stone in his side, a relentless
memory of monstrous battle is
keener than counsel of the senses.

He opens, then, a disused channel
to the onset of hatred, until
the final man walks the final hill

without thought or feeling, as before.
If he preserves himself in nature,
it is as a lived caricature

of the race he happens to survive.
He is clothed in dirt. He lacks motive.
He is wholly representative.

II

At last my shout is answered! Are you near,
Man whom I cannot see but can hear?
Here.

The canyon hides you well, which well defended
Sir, tell me, is the long war ended?
Ended.

I passed no human on my trip, a slow one.
Is it your luck, down there, to know one?
No one.

What have I left, who stood among mankind,
When the firm base is undermined?
A mind.

Yet, with a vacant landscape as its mirror,
What can it choose, to ease the terror?
Error.

Is there no feeling, then, that I can trust,
In spite of what we have discussed?
Disgust.

III

Earlier, travelling on the roads where grass
Softened the gutters for the marsh-bird's nest,
He walked barefoot already, and already
His uniform was peeling from his back.
And coming to this hill across the plain,
He sloughed it bit by bit. Now that, alone,
He cannot seek himself as messenger,
Or bear dispatches between elm and oak,
It is a clumsy frock he starts to fashion
From skins of mole and rabbit; he considers
That one who wears it is without a role.

But the curled darling who survives the war
Has merely lost the admirers of those curls
That always lavished most warmth on his neck;
Though no one sees him, though it is the wind
Utters ambiguous orders from the plain,
Though nodding foxgloves are his only girls,
His poverty is a sort of uniform.
With a bone needle he pursues himself,
Stitching the patchwork spread across his lap,
A courier after identity, and sees
A pattern grow among the disarray.

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IV

The moon appears, distinct where all is dim,
And steady in the orbit it must go.
He lies in shadow, then light reaches him.
While, there! the Milky Way follows below,
A luminous field that swings across the sky.
The ancient rhythm almost comforts, slow
Bright mild recurrence that he might move by,
Obedient in the act of breath, and lit,
Mere life, by matter travelling sure and high.
But this is envy for the inanimate,
The youth of things. On the dead globe he sees
Markings as one might on the earth from it,
Where relics of emergent matter freeze.
Down here, two more births followed on the first:
Life, consciousness, like linked catastrophes.
Their sequence in him cannot be reversed
Except in death, thus, when the features set.
Meanwhile he must live, as he looks, immersed
In consciousness that plots its own end yet;
And since the plotter through success would lose
Knowledge of it, he must without regret
Accept the inheritance he did not choose,
As he accepted drafting for that war
That was not of his choosing. He must use
The heaviness, the flaw, he always bore.
The imperfect moon swims forward on its course;
Yet, bathed by shade now, he imagines more—
The clearest light in the whole universe.

V

Green overtaking green, it's
endless: squat grasses creep up,
briars cross, heavily weighed
branches overhang, thickets
crowd in on the brown earth gap
in green which is the path made

by his repeated tread, which,
enacting the wish to move,
is defined by avoidance
of loose ground, of rock and ditch,
of thorn-brimmed hollows, and of
poisoned beds. The ground hardens.

Bare within limits. The trick
is to stay free within them.
The path branches, branches still,
returning to itself, like
a discovering system,
or process made visible.

It rains. He climbs up the hill.
Drops are isolate on leaves,
big and clear. It is cool, and
he breathes the barbarous smell
of the wet earth. Nothing moves
at the edges of the mind.

Memoirs of the World

VI

It has turned cold. I have been gathering wood,
Numb-fingered, hardly feeling what I touched,
Turning crisp leaves to pick up where I could
The damp sticks from beneath them. I have crouched
Piling them up to dry, all afternoon,
And have heard all afternoon, over and over,
Two falling notes—a sweet disconsolate tune,
As if the bird called, from its twiggy cover,
Nót now, nót now, nót now.

I dislodge sticks for kindling, one by one,
From brambles. Struck by shade, I stand and see
Half-blinding me, the cold red setting sun
Through the meshed branches of a leafless tree.
It calls old sunsets to my mind, one most
Which coloured, similarly, the white, grey, blackened
Iron and slabbed concrete of a sentry post
With its cold orange. Let me live, one second,
Nót now, nót now, nót now.

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Most poignant and most weakening, that recall
Although I lived from day to day, too, there.
Yet the comparison makes me sensible
Of the diminishing warmth and light, which were,
Or seem to have been, diminished less than now.
The bird stops. Hardening in the single present,
I know, hearing wind rattle in a bough,
I have always harked thus after an incessant
Nót now, nót now, nót now.

VII

Who was it in dark glasses?
Nobody in the street could
see if my eyes were open.
I took them off for movies
and sleep. I waited, I stood
an armed angel among men.

Between the dart of colours
I wore a darkening and
perceived an exact structure,
a chart of the world. The coarse
menace of line was deepened,
and light was slightly impure.

Yet as I lingered there was,
I noticed, continual
and faint, an indecision,
a hunger in the senses.
I would devour the thin wail
of foghorns, or abandon
my whole self time after time
to the chipped glossy surface
of some doorjamb, for instance,
cramming my nail with its grime,
stroking humps where colourless
paint had filled faults to substance.

I was presence without full
being; but from the corner,
in the mere fact of movement,
was I entering the role
of spy or spied-on, master
or the world's abject servant?

VIII

Dryads, reposing in the bark's hard silence,
Circled about the edges of my fire,
Exact in being, absolute in balance,
Instruct me how to find here my desire:
To separate the matter from its burning,
Where, in the flux that your composures lack,
Each into other constantly is turning.
In the glowing fall of ash—rose, grey, and black,

I search for meaning, studying to remember
What the world was, and meant. Therefore I try
To reconstruct it in a dying ember,
And wonder, does fire make it live or die?

And evil everywhere or nowhere, stealing
Out of my reach, on air, shows like a spark.
I think I grasp it. The momentary feeling
Is merely pain, evil's external mark.

The neighbouring cinders redden now together,
Like earlier worlds to search, where I am shown
Only myself, although I seek another,
A man burnt from sympathy alone.

IX

A serving man. Curled my hair,
wore gloves in my cap. I served
all degrees and both sexes.
But I gave readily from
the largesse of high spirits,
a sturdy body and strong

fingers. Nor was I servile.
No passer-by could resist
the fragrant impulse nodding
upon my smile. I laboured
to become a god of charm,
an untirable giver.
Needing me, needing me, "Quick!"
they would call: I came gladly.
Even as I served them sweets
I served myself a trencher
of human flesh in some dark
sour pantry, and munched from it.

My diet, now, is berries,
water, and the gristle of
rodents. I brought myself here,
widening the solitude
till it was absolute. But
at times I am ravenous.

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X

All that snow pains my eyes, but I stare
on, stare on, lying in my shelter,

feverish, out at the emptiness.
A negative of matter, it is

a dead white surface at random crossed
by thin twigs and bird-tracks on the crust

like fragments of black netting: hard, cold,
wind-swept. But now my mind loses hold

and, servant to an unhinged body,
becoming of it, sinks rapidly

beneath the stitched furs I'm swaddled in,
beneath the stink of my trembling skin,

till it enters the heart of fever,
as its captive, unable to stir.

I watch the cells swimming in concert
like nebulae, calm, without effort,

great clear globes, pink and white.—But look
at
the intruder with blurred outline that

glides in among the shoals, colourless,
with tendrils like an anemone's

drifting all around it like long fur,
gently, unintelligently. Where

it touches it holds, in an act of
enfolding, possessing, merging love.

There is coupling where no such should be.
Surely it is a devil, surely

it is life's parody I see, which
enthralls a universe with its rich

heavy passion, leaving behind it
gorgeous mutations only, then night.

It ends. I open my eyes to snow.
I can sleep now; as I drowse I know

I must keep to the world's bare surface,
I must perceive, and perceive what is:

for though the hold of perception must
harden but diminish, like the frost,

yet there may still be something retained
against the inevitable end.

XI

(*Epitaph for Anton Schmidt*)

The Schmidts obeyed, and marched on Poland.
And there an Anton Schmidt, Feldwebel,
Performed uncommon things, not safe,
Nor glamorous, nor profitable.

Was the expression on his face
"Reposeful and humane good nature"?
Or did he look like any Schmidt,
Of slow and undisclosing feature?

I know he had unusual eyes,
Whose power no orders might determine,
Not to mistake the men he saw,
As others did, for gods or vermin.

For five months, till his execution,
Aware that action has its dangers,
He helped the Jews to get away
—Another race at that, and strangers.

He never did mistake for bondage
The military job, the chances,
The limits, he did not submit
To the blackmail of his circumstances.

I see him in the Polish snow,
His muddy wrappings small protection,
Breathing the cold air of his freedom
And treading a distinct direction.

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Elegy on the Dust

XII

The upper slopes are busy with the cricket;
But downhill, hidden in the thicket,
Birds alternate with sudden piercing calls
The rustling from small animals
Retreating, venturing, as they hunt and breed
Interdependent in that shade.

Beneath it, glare and silence cow the brain
Where, troughed between the hill and plain,
The expanse of dust waits: acres calm and deep,
Swathes folded on themselves in sleep
Or waves that, as if frozen in mid-roll,
Hang in ridged rows. They cannot fall,
Yet imperceptibly they shift, at flood,
In quiet encroachment on the wood—
First touching stalk and leaf with silvery cast,
They block the pores to death at last
And drift in silky banks around the trunk,
Where dock and fern are fathoms sunk.

Yet farther from the hill the bowl of dust
Is open to the casual gust
That dives upon its silence, teasing it
Into a spasm of wild grit.
Here it lies unprotected from the plain,
And vexed with constant loss and gain,
It seems, of the world's refuse and debris,
Turns to a vaguely heaving sea,
Where its own eddies, spouts, and calms appear.
But seas contain a graveyard: here
The graveyard is the sea, material things
—From stone to claw, scale, pelt and wings—
Are all reduced to one form and one size.
And here the human race, too, lies,

An imperfection endlessly refined
By the imperfection of the mind.
They have all come who sought distinction hard
To this universal knacker's yard,
Blood dried, flesh shrivelled, and bone decimated:
Motion of life is thus repeated,
A process ultimately without pain
As they are broken down again.
The remnants of their guilt mix as they must
And average out in grains of dust
Too light to act, too small to harm, too fine
To simper or betray or whine.

Each colourless hard grain is now distinct,
In no way to its neighbour linked,
Yet from wind's unpremeditated labours
It drifts in concord with its neighbours,
Perfect community in its behaviour.
It yields to what it sought, a saviour:
Scattered and gathered, irregularly blown,
Now sheltered by a ridge or stone
Now lifted on strong upper winds, and hurled
In endless hurry round the world.

The First Man

XIII

The present is a secure place to inhabit,
The past being fallen from the mind, the future
A repetition, only, with variations:
The same mouse on its haunches, nibbling, absorbed,
Another piece of root between the forefeet
Slender as wishbones; the woodlice, silvery balls;
The leaves still falling in vestiges of light.

Is he a man? If man is cogitation,
This is at most a rudimentary man,
An unreflecting organ of perception;
Slow as a bull, in moving; yet, in taking,
Quick as an adder. He does not dream at night.

Echo is in the past, the snow long past,
The year has recovered and put forth many times.

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He is bent, looks smaller, and is furred, it seems.
Mole-like he crouches over mounds of dirt,
Sifting. His eyes have sunk behind huge brows.
His nostrils twitch, distinguishing one by one
The smells of the unseen that blend to make
The black smell of the earth, smell of the Mother,
Smell of her food: pale tender smell of worms,
Tough sweet smell of her roots. He is a nose.
He picks through the turned earth, and eats. A mouth.

If he is man, he is the first man lurking
In a thicket of time. The mesh of green grows tighter.
There is yew, and oak picked out with mistletoe.
Watch, he is darkening in the heavy shade
Of trunks that thicken in the ivy's grip.

XIV

"What is it? What?"
Mouth struggles with the words that mind forgot.
While from the high brown swell
He watches it, the smudge, he sees it grow
As it crawls closer, crawls unturnable
And unforeseen upon the plain below.

"That must be men."
Knowledge invades him, yet he shrinks again
And sickens to live still
Upon the green slopes of his isolation,
The "final man upon a final hill,"
As if he did a sort of expiation.

And now he dreams
Of a shadowed pool nearby fed by two streams:
If he washed there, he might,
Skin tautened from the chill, emerge above,
Inhuman as a star, as cold, as white,
Freed from all dust. And yet he does not move.

Could he assert
To men who climb up in their journey's dirt
That clean was separate?
The dirt would dry back, hardening in the heat:
Perpetual that unease, that world of grit
Breathed in, and gathered on the hands and feet.

He is unaware
Of the change already taking place as there,
In the cold clear early light
He, lingering on the scorched grass wet with dew,
Still hunched but now a little more upright,
In picturing man almost becomes man too.

XV

Hidden behind a rock, he watches, grown
As stony as a lizard poised on stone.
Below, the indeterminate shape flows steady
From plain to wood, from wood to slope. Already
Sharp outlines break, in movement, from the edge.
Then in approach upon the final ridge
It is slowly lost to sight, but he can hear
The shingle move with feet. Then they appear,
Being forty men and women, twos and threes,
Over the rim. From where he is he sees
One of the last men stumble, separate,
Up to the rock, this rock, and lean on it.
You can hear him gulp for wind, he is so close,
You can hear his hand rasp on the shrivelled moss
Blotching the rock: by peering you can see
What a ribbed bony creature it must be,
Sweat streaking dirt at collar-bones and spine,
Sores round the mouth disfiguring the line.

And on the thin chest two long parallel
Clear curving scratches are discernible.
Recent, for only now the drops within
Steal through the white torn edges of the skin
To mix with dirt. Round here, such cuts are common.
It is not hard to visualise the human,
Tired, walking upward on a wooded slant;
Keeping his eyes upon the ground in front,
He made his way round some dropped rotten limb,
And a hanging briar unnoticed swung at him.
And only later does it start to sting.
That wood has its own way of countering.

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The watcher is disturbed, not knowing why.
He has with obstinate equanimity,
Unmoving and unmoved, watched all the rest,
But seeing the trivial scratches on the chest,
He frowns. And he performs an action next
So unconsidered that he is perplexed,
Even in performing it, by what it means—
He walks around to where the creature leans.
The creature sees him, jumps back, staggers,
calls,
Then, losing balance on the pebbles, falls.

Now that he has moved toward, through, and
beyond
The impulse he does not yet understand,
He must continue where he has begun,
Finding, as when a cloud slips from the sun,
He has entered, without stirring, on a field
The same and yet more green and more
detailed,
Each act of growth discovered by his gaze;
Yet if the place is changed by what surveys,
He is surveyed and he himself is changed,
Bombarded by perceptions, rearranged—
Rays on the skin investing with a shape,
A clarity he cannot well escape.

He stops, bewildered by his force, and then
Lifts up the other to his feet again.

XVI

Others approach, and I grip
the man's arm. It seems to me

they file past my mind, my mind
perched on this bare rock, watching.

They turn and look at me full
and as they pass they name me.

He also is before me,
and as he pauses the old
bitter dizziness hits me:
I almost fall. The stale stench!
the hang-dog eyes, the pursed mouth!
no hero or saint, that one.

It is a bare world, and lacks
history; I am neither
his lord nor his servant.

By an act of memory,
I make the recognition:
I stretch out the word to him
from which conversations start,
naming him, also, my name.

XVII

Others approach. Well, this one may show trust
Around whose arm his fingers fit.
The touched arm feels of dust, mixing with dust
On the hand that touches it.

And yet a path is dust, or it is none,
—Merely unstable mud, or weeds,
Or a stream that quietly slips on and on
Through the undergrowth it feeds.

His own flesh, which he hardly feels, feels dust
Raised by the war both partly caused
And partly fought, and yet survived. You must,
If you can, pause; and, paused,

Turn out toward others, meeting their look at full,
Until you have completely stared
On all there is to see. Immeasurable,
The dust yet to be shared.

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Frank Tuohy

A Special Relationship

ROLAND'S first decision on leaving St. Audrey's was entirely conventional: the nurses, who had been wonderful, should share the largest and most beribboned box of chocolates he could procure. Sister Grainger however was different; with her he had enjoyed something of a special relationship. He decided to invite her to a theatre.

The nineteen other patients in Chest Surgery (Male) had seldom wanted information about their condition. They had handed over their health, like the education of their children, to the authorities. Staff Nurse Andrews was quite put out when Roland first questioned her. Later Sister herself had lent him some medical magazines with articles on the operation he had successfully undergone. At the same time she had whispered instructions to him not to show them to the other patients, who might get upset. From this, he felt, began his special relationship with Sister Grainger.

What would have happened to it after an interval of two weeks?

At first, deprived of the floating cap and the starched barriers at cuff and bosom, Sister seemed hardly recognisable. Taking her raincoat, Roland saw that she was wearing a low-cut black dress, carried a white Paisley stole, and that tonight she surprisingly marched on the highest of stiletto heels. Her appearance embarrassed him; he hadn't expected her quite so, well, so orchidaceous.

Pulling in her shoulders and rubbing her hands, she waited for the warmth of the electric fire on her bare arms.

"What lovely blooms!" she exclaimed.

In the middle of asking whether she would have a sherry, a dry martini or what, Roland interrupted himself to begin a little disquisition on the cyclamens she was admiring. His mother had a greenhouse full of them at Windleshaw, he told her, and then he sensed a need to scale this assertion down.

"Of course, she does them all herself."

"Green fingers! I'm hopeless, I'm afraid."

She sipped at her sherry. Inactivity seemed to chill her and she again began warming her hands, the only visible part of her that she had brought unaltered from St. Audrey's. Strong hands, scoured until they felt like rubber gloves; a month ago they had tweaked the stitches from Roland's previously shaven abdomen.

"I thought we'd leave here fairly soon, actually."

Sister did not reply. The white cyclamens still had something to give her.

"I thought we'd eat first. The curtain doesn't go up till eight."

"I thought we'd"—this was his personal variation of the imperative mood. What was hers? "Perhaps you'd like to—" "Perhaps you'd like to roll over." "Perhaps you'd like to give us a specimen." "Perhaps you'd like to wash your Self." It was the form of edict under which her territory was administered, and Sergeant Withers in his prime couldn't have been more effective. Later, Roland would enquire after Sergeant Withers, who had occupied the bed next to his. For the moment news of those who remained in Chest Surgery (Male) would have to wait.

"Does that sound a good idea?"

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"Whatever you say." She sounded coy. "I'm getting lovely and warm here."

Passing behind her chair he saw that her shiningly-set head had fallen forward a little. Without its cap, the nape of the neck looked dangerously exposed above the woollen stole. He returned with a plate of cocktail biscuits.

"Blotting paper!"

"Pardon? Oh, thanks. Delicious!"

Sister's eyes circled the room. The Venetian mirror, the majolica plates, the new picture (French, seventeenth century) obviously daunted her. She returned to the cyclamens, which continued to occupy her until their folded ears were twitching under her gaze.

"I don't know when I've seen such gorgeous blooms."

The ball was in Roland's court, but he had to fall over backwards to return it. "How about those truly magnificent flowers that used to come to our ward?" Every two or three days his fellow-patients used to whistle with admiration as Nurse Hammond, who had taken a course in Arrangement, bore in yet another towering pagoda of carnations or chrysanthemums.

"Oh, those."

"Yes?"

"You know all about those, surely?" Sister Grainger appeared unwilling to go on.

"No?"

"They send them on from the Crem, as we call it. The Crematorium, you know. The relatives often ask for them to be forwarded to us when they—they are no longer required." Sister gave a polite laugh. "Just think, when I first arrived at St. Audrey's, the hearse would come straight up the drive with them, on its way back, sort of thing. Of course, I soon put a stop to that. Patients might have seen."

"I suppose so."

The disillusion was sharp. Roland was immediately convinced that the other patients had known the origin of the flowers, even young Arthur. Only he himself had remained in ignorance, because of a bourgeois capacity for recognising benevolence where none in fact exists. His fellow patients were far more wary.

In the same way Roland had entered Chest Surgery (Male) assuming that everyone was intended to recover. Later Mr. Frace, a tough-minded garage proprietor, had murmured that he himself and half the others were there to die of cancer. After that, one's own recovery seemed an unfair privilege, like having been to a public school, or enjoying a special relationship with Sister Grainger.

"I thought we'd take a taxi. It's difficult to park near the theatre."

TOO EARLY, they settled into their circle seats. The evening was moving ahead extremely slowly, like the last hour before a boat docks. Sister Grainger remained on her party behaviour. In the restaurant she covertly inspected the *décor* and the people at other tables, turning away each time with a little laugh. She'd have something to tell the nurses. For the most part it was like entertaining a large and appreciative schoolgirl, and he supposed that for her all reality lay at St. Audrey's, where the word "theatre" itself had a far more important connotation.

Between the restaurant and the theatre, however, she sat in the corner of the taxi, withdrawn from him and with the white wings of her stole folded. Lights from passing cars and shop windows flashed into her fine eyes: he knew she was observing him. Then she was like an enormous bird, perched in meaningful silence in the shadow of its cage, imprisoned and passionate, waiting.

Once she began to say something.

"I'm sorry?"

"Nothing. It's just suddenly you reminded me of someone."

His diaphragm gave a small howl of boredom.

Since leaving St. Audrey's, he had retained a curious hyperaesthesia. Returning to work at Bullett's during the past week, he had noticed that some quite minor pictures had acquired a beckoning quality, as though they had been painted in a state similar to his

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own. People on the other hand were diminished; he found Adrian and Peter infuriating, and wondered whether he wouldn't one day murder Mrs. Rheingarten, whose field was the Late Renaissance.

He had bought chocolates and a couple of programmes. "The Sundays gave it very good reviews."

"It looks lovely," Sister Grainger said, leafing through the programme.

"You must tell me some news about the other people in the Ward."

Her eyebrows were raised a little. "I don't think I quite remember who was in with you."

"Mr. Frace, for instance."

"Old Frace is still there." She laughed lightly, as though Mr. Frace were a "character."

"And Arthur?"

"Arthur too. He's going out quite soon, just as soon as he's got a little stronger."

"How about Sergeant Withers?"

"Sergeant Withers has gone."

Without looking at Sister, he guessed what she meant. Every Sunday Sergeant Withers had been visited by three tall sons, two of whom had been Parachute Commandos, and three flashing daughters-in-law. On visiting days during the week, Mrs. Withers was always first through the glass doors. It took her two hours in the bus from Edmonton. "She's an awful-looking old bag really," the Sergeant used to say, "but I'd like to have a good few more bashes at her before I go."

Sister Grainger handed back the box of chocolates. Roland was staring in front of him; his face was stiff and his throat hurt.

"Of course you were our very special patient. Andrews and I always used to say you must have got a lot of amusement out of the different types in the Ward."

Blast you, Sister Grainger, he thought. May you rot in hell.

The curtain rose.

A RAT WITH HORNS had already been running for three months; given a single set and only four players, production costs were low. Dame Kitty, cast against type as the Mother, was coping gamely with an improbable accent, a shabby quilted dressing-gown, and a brass-blonde wig with blueish roots. The play contains a triangle situation involving herself, her eighteen year old son and her son's boy-friend, whom she succeeds in seducing by the end of the first act. There is also a "running gag" concerning the fourth character, a crippled old uncle who suffers from enuresis. The entrance of the two young men, traditionally attired in jeans and leather, occurs eight minutes after the rise of the curtain. The son's opening line is addressed to his lover: "Don't take any heed of my Mum, she's passing the change."

Sister Grainger gasped aloud, but immediately controlled herself. For the remainder of the act she stayed completely still, while discarded chocolate papers rustled from her and fell to the floor. Roland glanced at her from time to time but she was always watching the stage.

In a sweat of despair, he accused himself of trying to show gratitude without giving it his full attention.

He ticked off the list of his errors. A box of chocolates, ordered and despatched unseen from Fortnum's. A patronising invitation for Sister Grainger, first to his flat, where the evidence of his good taste had struck her silent. (And he'd had his operation on the National Health Service solely to be able to afford the new Georges La Tour.) Then to a restaurant, where she had left half the escalope on her plate (though that perhaps was party manners.) And now this excruciating play, chosen because he was acquainted with the actress and might meet her at one of Bullett's auctions fairly soon. He had always suspected himself to be an awful little man; surely the case was proved.

In the bar at the interval, he forced himself to ask: "What do you think of it?"

"It's very modern, isn't it?"

"Why don't we get the hell out of here?"

"I'd simply love to." She gave him a curious look. "Funny, I somehow thought you'd be enjoying it."

"Of course not."

As though escaping from some tentacular

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monster which might haul them back again, they hurried down past the doormen and the blown-up eulogies from the Sunday papers and out into the street.

What will I do with her? What will I do with her? "I thought we'd go back and have a drink at the flat."

He hailed a taxi.

"Well, well," Sister Grainger exclaimed. "I certainly shouldn't wish any of my nurses to see *that*."

ON HER SECOND ARRIVAL at his flat, Sister walked round peering intently at his statuettes and nonsenses and turning from time to time with a quizzical look, as though with the aid of a word or two from him she might be granted a clue to his real identity. Although women often did this in his rooms, the change in her surprised him.

"I am most awfully sorry about tonight," he said. "I can't imagine why Kitty, of all people, should take such a part."

"Don't you worry. In any case Sister Bryce —she's the one in Physiotherapy—saw it and enjoyed it very much. But then she's got a filthy mind."

He looked at Sister Grainger with renewed surprise. It was a moment or two before he got around to offering her a drink. "Er—would whisky be all right?"

"Lovely."

After this he retreated, to moan gently at himself in the bathroom mirror. He wondered if he would have enjoyed the play if he had gone with Adrian. The laughter coming from the nearby seats had been harsh and embarrassed, reminding him of Adrian's and Mrs. Rheingarten's laughter, a mechanical reaction like a death rattle. You had to be in a particular mood, and he felt that the mood had gone for ever.

When he returned, Sister was brighteyed and sociable. By some curious process of reasoning which he didn't quite care to follow, the play had liberated her.

"I never thought you'd live in a place like this, somehow."

"Yes?" In the past two weeks he had become tired of the flat.

"We got you all wrong. I well remember Staff Nurse Andrews saying: 'I bet he's thought of reading for the Church.'"

"Did she?"

"I suppose nurses don't know much about people. Who would have thought of you liking that Sergeant Withers?"

"I did, very much. And after all I spent two months in his company."

"The nurses all thought he was a dirty old man."

"Yes, he was."

"The younger ones didn't like washing him. His hands!"

"What was wrong with his hands?" Roland asked.

"They were all over the place."

"He didn't want to die a bit. He got the most tremendous kick out of life."

Sister laughed. "I don't mind what people get their kicks out of, as long as it isn't my nurses."

Her voice had taken on a rougher, more countrified tone and her weathered face was beginning to shine a little. He had been right about her at St. Audrey's in the first place. But in ordinary circumstances it was impossible even to think of such encounters except satirically: irony had had a very diminishing effect on his life.

"Sergeant Withers wasn't sorry for himself, like some of them," Roland said. "You remember when that old man burst into tears because he didn't want to be sent home and cause trouble for his family?"

"He was a real old moaner, wasn't he?"

"Wasn't it true?"

"We needed the bed, we had no choice."

He rose to fill her glass. On the way back he looked at the new La Tour and said: "I spend my life making choices."

He had often thought during the past fortnight that it would have been better to have forgone the La Tour and chosen private treatment. From the London Clinic, Adrian had emerged unscathed, still Adrian. But Roland felt unutterably changed.

"You're one of the lucky ones," Sister Grainger said.

He hated to be called "lucky." "Suppose

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I don't want to go on as I am? Suppose I hate what I do?"

"What do you do exactly? The nurses could never quite make out."

Roland said carefully: "I work at a place called Bullett's. They sell things, works of art mostly. We also do valuation for probate." This given, he watched Sister Grainger with some apprehension: he never expected anyone to approve of what he was.

"Things like these? I suppose you'd call them curios, wouldn't you?"

"Not exactly. Things like these, though. I travel around quite a bit."

A twinkling Sister Grainger now: "No ties. Lucky you!"

That word again, rubbing salt into his misfortunes. "I'm fed up, really."

"I expect you need a change."

"Yes, that's it. I'd really like to start doing something for other people."

Her amusement was obvious. "I meant a holiday," she said.

"At this time of year?"

"You could go abroad, couldn't you? No ties. I envy you." She evidently found him a great joke.

"Where would you suggest?" he asked testily.

"I don't know." Sister Grainger was silent for a moment. "Believe it or not, I've only been abroad once. I went to Interlaken on my honeymoon."

He almost dropped his glass. "I didn't know—I mean—"

"Oh yes. I was Nurse Byrne before I married."

Before he could quite recover from this, he realised that she had started telling him about it.

"I was doing private nursing at the time. Some nurses prefer it, you get more interested in the cases. I never thought much of this one, though he made a splendid recovery. Then, just as I was leaving, I had my things packed upstairs, he asked me to marry him. Of course all the other nurses were up in arms: 'Byrnie, don't think of it,' they said. I was off for my holiday next day, and it rained every day, so I had plenty of time to think of it. And I did."

"Is he—Does he—"

"He should never have married me," Sister Grainger said.

Sitting unobserved in the shadow, Roland blushed.

"After that I couldn't face the Nurses' Home. So I went back to hospital work." She put down her glass. "No, no more, thanks. People don't change much, do they? It's no use pretending they do."

THE BUHL CLOCK struck eleven. It served to make their two lives echo a little, as though struck like bells, and was followed by silence.

Roland was remembering Adrian's single visit to St. Audrey's. He had brought fruit, which looked embarrassingly expensive, and was clamorous with gossip, to which Sergeant Withers and young Arthur listened in from adjacent beds. After a short time Roland had felt exhausted; he had even raised a slight fever. He was exposed and condemned, as though he could never re-enlist in the comity of the Ward. That night, however, old Mr. Pierce took a long time to go. Sister Grainger and the night nurses moved swiftly to and fro, while for hours the death rattle sounded beyond the screens. When the lights were switched on next morning to show the empty bed, the whole ward was united in the curious well-being that followed such public deaths. Ambulatory patients in dressing gowns came to Roland's bedside to discuss the news. By that death, life was somehow enhanced. After it, Roland thought, one could never be quite the same.

Like Sister Grainger, however, he had obviously made a mistake.

Humming a little, Sister stood up to leave. "That was that, anyway. I was a juggins, wasn't I? Nurses never know anything." She smiled. "Tomorrow's a theatre day. Mr. Pratt."

The words had only a meretricious attraction for Roland now. "I'll drive you home," he said.

He brought Sister her mackintosh, but she

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refused his help with it. The bare shoulders and the black dress were hidden away. She stood before the looking-glass, buckling the belt and tucking in her chin as she fastened the top button.

"There," she said. "You couldn't mistake me for anything but a nurse, could you?"

Leaving her to go ahead, Roland turned and saw in the glass a dark suit, a silk shirt and a pert, blanched face; and beyond him, inside the sitting room, the La Tour. He hadn't looked at its reflection before; pretty good, really. Mrs. Rheingarten was right, it would be worth double in three years' time.

Outside in the square Sister Grainger was drawing deep healthful breaths.

He said: "There was one thing I meant to ask you."

"Oh?" He could see that in mind she was already back at St. Audrey's.

"If it's true about Mr. Pratt operating on himself."

Sister laughed. "Those old men in the ward love to have something to yarn about. Old Frace told you that, didn't he?"

"I expect so." He didn't feel like mentioning Sergeant Withers.

"Mr. Pratt's a very brave man."

Roland waited for something more, but she was silent.

He unlocked the car door. Although they would spend the next half hour together driving back to St. Audrey's, the special relationship was at an end. She was already standing a little apart, a nursing sister under the stars and the bare branches, inside the order of things.

Zeg's Fire-Stick Spits Tremendous Power. . . .

("*Now I am Emperor*")

Hot stocking-tops! The frenzy of fat thighs!
The feminine smells that batter perfume down!
The furry furbelows of pretty girls!

Male fantasies start at five, grow fierce at fifty.
The air goes hard around the sexual objects,
Shapes into the big attacking instruments.

The boys are brave and confidently shooting,
Destroying all enemies with water pistols.
From that destruction comes the later love,

Tender aggression of the animals,
Love bites, nipped nipples; throbbing soft but hard
The overriding urging of the gun.

Gavin Ewart

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Andrew Shonfield

The Progress (and Perils) of Planning

PLANNING in Western Europe to-day is a story of many individual national styles. It is also in most countries an activity of very recent origin, belonging to the 1960s rather than to the '50s. Nevertheless, it is—to vary the metaphor slightly—basically the same tune which is being played in these different places, though you have to listen carefully sometimes in order to be sure, because each orchestra is performing with a special set of instruments and is determined to make the most of its own peculiar variations. Still, the tune is the thing.

It should be observed first of all how planning connects up with the improvement in control over the business cycle. Indeed, in several countries it was the search for better methods of short-term control over the economic system which led to long-term planning. (Typically the "short-term" in this context is viewed as a period of about one year and the "long-term" as four to five.)

The Swedish case clearly illustrates the interaction between the short- and the long-term motifs. The emphasis initially is all on the short, and the central aim is focused on maintaining full employment at the highest level of national output capable of achievement with the technology available at any given moment. Out of this came planned training, related to an estimate of future national needs for various types of labour. In addition, the direct control of the business cycle itself required the preparation of a "shelf" of investment projects, ready to be started at brief notice. That, allied to the public control exercised since the middle '50s over the Investment Reserve Fund of private industry, provided a strong inducement to the government to apply itself more systematically to the problem of long-term priorities.

In Britain, too, it was the desire to escape from the cycle of "stop-go" policies which finally moved a Tory government, elected to office in the early 1950s with an almost fanatical market ideology, to adopt economic planning as a central theme of its domestic policy a decade later. In the British case, unlike the Swedish one, the final decision had very little to do with the control of the ordinary business cycle. The British authorities were not at all worried by this time about their ability to manage any downturn in the economy. It was the upturn which was their sole concern. How to prevent this from straining the balance of payments to the point where expansion had to be halted in order to protect the gold and foreign exchange reserve? The answer which was eagerly accepted was that an economy in which major decisions in both the public and private sectors were guided by precise long-term objectives, rather than the fluctuating circumstances of the market, would have a steadier rate of growth from year to year; being steadier, it followed that the average rate for the period as a whole would also be higher.

BROADLY, IT IS TRUE to say that whereas in the earlier post-war period the main preoccupation of economic strategy was with the *downswing* of the business cycle—how to control and reverse it—later on the centre of concern came to focus increasingly on *how to contain the upswing* without actually reversing it. There is no symmetry between the two contrasting phases of trade cycle policy. Indeed, it may be

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argued that the stubborn tendency of economists to believe that trade cycle policy was all one, and that what was required to deal with the problem of controlling the movement in either direction would always be identical and opposite to the treatment required if the trend were reversed, was a serious intellectual impediment to the conduct of an effective economic policy. Only gradually were governments induced to recognise the fact that the forces making for inflation during periods of prosperity were *different in kind* from those responsible for deflation during a downturn of the business cycle. The British government, for instance, persisted during the late 1950s and early '60s in believing that the sole cause of its economic ills, including the slow growth of the national product, was an excessive demand on resources—just as the troubles of the 1930s had been caused by an excessively small demand. There was supposed to be a simple calculable figure for the optimum level of aggregate demand which would at one and the same time keep prices steady and maximise production.[1] Guided by this doctrine, the government pursued a policy which from 1961 to 1964 maintained British unemployment at two to three times the level of the German. The experiment did not, in the event, justify itself either by giving Britain a price advantage over Germany or by raising the British rate of growth to the German level.

The essential truth about cost inflation is that any policy designed to mitigate its effects must concentrate on the management of production rather than on demand. That means that the whole *style* of intervention has to be different. Whereas the management of demand can deal with large aggregates using well-tried instruments, like the control of credit, a plot to raise the volume of production beyond the level which it would reach through the unaided operation of market forces requires a highly selective strategy of intervention. The problem here is the identification of individual bottlenecks—whether in capital equipment, in the supply of certain goods and services or in particular types of labour—which threaten to hold up the advance on a much wider front. To eliminate these requires the active concentration of effort and resources at particular points in the productive system. All this is more like the function of government in a contemporary underdeveloped country than the traditional behaviour of government in Western capitalist society of the liberal Anglo-American type. It is of course closer to the way in which governments have behaved in Western societies on the continent of Europe, particularly those which were late starters in the industrial revolution and were deliberately trying to catch up fast. There, too, it was accepted as the natural task of the state to intervene in favour of particular branches of production, selected on the ground that their progress would exercise a more pervasive influence over the tempo of development of the economy as a whole.

IT IS WORTH EMPHASISING this contrast between the two kinds of prophylactic treatment required at the opposite ends of the business cycle. Its recognition is an especially characteristic feature of the more sophisticated capitalism of the later post-war years. Many other things in the conduct of economic policy flow from it. And what made it possible first of all was an advance in the techniques of economic analysis. As J. Tinbergen has pointed out, so long as there was no proper understanding of the nature of business recessions,

> governments resorted to regulation of single markets strongly affected by the decrease in demand. Such regulation was highly esteemed, and ironically some business groups willingly gave up more freedom of action than was actually necessary.[2]

With the greatly improved methods of short-term economic forecasting, the necessary measures to stimulate demand can be taken at an early stage of a business cycle. At that stage, the job can be done with very little government interference in specific markets or types of employment. The authorities may of course wish to use the opportunity, as in Sweden, to further specific investment schemes. But there is no *need* to do so merely in order to overcome the recession. With greater sureness of touch, the governments are able to intervene more

[1] The most influential exponent of these views, which guided the thinking of the Treasury for several years, was Professor F. W. Paish. See, *e.g.*, *Policy for Incomes?* (Hobart Paper, Institute of Economic Affairs, 1964). Paish calculated that the "equilibrium rate" of unemployment, corresponding to full utilisation of British productive capacity without inflationary pressure, was 2¼ p.c. A level of unemployment somewhat above this figure was in fact sustained for a whole year, from the fourth quarter of 1962 until the third quarter of 1963.

[2] *Shaping the World Economy* (Twentieth Century Fund, 1962).

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delicately, causing less disturbance to private business, and this in turn helps to create the atmosphere in which private enterprise collaborates readily and easily in the pursuit of long-term objectives of public policy.

THE BIG DISCOVERY of the post-war period was that, contrary to the view widely held in the 1930s, the bludgeon was not the sole or the most effective instrument of economic policy. Events would respond to subtler pressures, if these were applied in time. Governments of the Left found that it was not necessary always to take enterprises into public ownership merely in order to be able to exercise control over some of their actions. And private enterprise came to see the greatly reinforced public sector less as a dangerous rival than as a useful ally, indeed almost as a hostage—for it was now so vast and heavy that it could not move in the wrong direction for even a moment without rocking the whole boat. John Maynard Keynes with extraordinary prescience pointed in the 1920s to the chief elements in economic policy which have been responsible for the recent great change. Writing in *The End of Laissez-Faire* (1924) about the miseries of business depressions, he said:

> I believe that the cure for these things is partly to be sought in the deliberate control of currency and of credit by a central institution, and partly in the collection and dissemination on a great scale of data relating to the business situation.... These measures would involve society in exercising directive intelligence through some appropriate organ of action over many of the inner intricacies of private business, yet it would leave private initiative and enterprise unhindered.

It bears saying again how much more profound was this Keynesian vision of control through a combination of financial pressure and improved economic information, than the socialist formula, which guided the dominant movement of reform for close on half a century, of capturing the "commanding heights" of the economy.

What Keynes did not envisage, however, was the problem of almost continuous boom-control, once the menace of a serious slump had been removed. His vision in this matter was impeded by the curious belief that Western nations were on the brink of material satiety, which would make them largely indifferent about whether the volume of production increased slowly or fast. The typical problem of modern economic planning—related chiefly to the need for greater mobility of resources in order to take advantage of more rapid technological change—did not figure in his thinking. The law of diminishing returns provided his natural intellectual framework; there was no hint of an offsetting principle of increasing technological opportunity.

Some Limitations

THE SHIFT in emphasis from slump-control to boom-control is of course a simple reflection of changing expectation. Either it is expected that there will be normally too little demand, and then the problem is how to fabricate some more of it—or it is expected that there will usually be too much demand and the main effort turns to increasing supply beyond the amount that market forces would spontaneously provide. What emerges from an examination of the story is that long-term planning came to be generally envisaged as a proper answer to the second situation only after the lapse of many years—rather more than a decade and a half—following the war. It took as long as that to get prosperity and full employment, and therefore cost inflation, accepted as the norm.

The contribution of France in the field of planning was not that the French saw earlier than the others what was coming. They were simply determined for their own reasons, having a worse record of stagnation since the late 1920s than any other advanced industrial country, to grow considerably faster than before. Their intellectual contribution was that they did not rely exclusively on increasing the overall level of investment to achieve their ends, but developed a strategy on a national scale for deploying this investment at those points in the system where it produced an especially high return. This is the technique which the second wave of would-be planners outside France in the early 1960s were anxious to copy. Their objective was to make a given amount of investment go further; specifically, by a more careful timing of inter-connected capital requirements, to improve the average capital-output ratio of investment as a whole. When economic growth is fast, the precise timing of individual bits of investment becomes more important. And the complementary character of large indivisible units of investment in the crowded urban industrial society of to-day means that the timetable must be laid out several years ahead and

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must also aim to be as comprehensive as possible. Otherwise some crucial element in the mosaic of capital projects is likely to be missed.

Of course, it is highly probable that the planners, at any given stage in the time-table, will have failed to put in something which proves to be important—as well as setting up some ill-considered piece of investment which turns out to be wasteful, either because of unforeseen changes in technology or spontaneous shifts in demand.

This likelihood has been held by some critics of planning to invalidate the whole procedure. Their argument is that if the forecasts of what is going to be required some years hence are inaccurate, action based on them is likely to be foolish. Better not plan at all. What this ignores is that if responsible people were not prepared to predict future needs some years ahead, certain kinds of investment would always be late—with the result that the rate of growth of the economy *as a whole* would be significantly slowed down. The port capacity needed to take the extra exports and imports in a period of rapid economic growth would never be ready on time; the road connecting with the port would always be congested; factory order books would be over-full and deliveries would be delayed. In the end, it would be the customer who would find himself compelled to plan ahead, anticipating his own needs in order to get them met on time.

All that has to be shown in order to justify the effort of central planning is that it makes it *more probable* than it would be under a pure market system that complementary investments involving a long lead time will be carried out when they are required. There are more and more such investments in our rich and crowded societies. If foresight has any value at all, a planned system will tend to work with a lower margin of under-employed capacity in any given productive sector. That is another way of saying that it will suffer from fewer bottlenecks. And it also implies that the capital-output ratio will be more favourable. This last is certainly one of the outstanding features of post-war France; and the French planners have, plausibly enough, claimed some of the credit for it.[3]

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that economic planning as it has developed in Europe to date is overwhelmingly concerned with making the total volume of national output increase faster than it otherwise would, regardless of how it is composed. It is true that this kind of approach is dominant in one or two countries, notably in Britain; but it is quite alien to the French approach to the problem. In France the planners explicitly regard it as one of their tasks to ensure that the distribution of the anticipated increase in the nation's wealth over a period of years is biased towards *the attainment of certain social objectives*. Again, one is struck by the Anglo-French contrast—the willingness of the French authorities to assume a tutelary role in the division of the prizes which result from a more efficient management of the economy, while British planning in the early 1960s was concerned exclusively with enlarging the aggregate volume of supplies; so far at any rate it has recoiled from any attempt to plan demand.[4] The French Fourth Plan insists vigorously on its objective of achieving "a more complete view of man"—by which it meant that the additional resources becoming available between 1961 and 1965 must not be used merely to satisfy consumer demands

[3] Pierre Massé (*La Revue du Marché Commun*, No. 55, February 1963) asserts that "the Plan's... merit has been to reduce, thanks to better co-ordination of policies, overlapping and spare capacities, and thus to achieve the same growth target with a lower rate of investment. A report by the OECD in March 1962 puts this saving on investment at 2 per cent of gross domestic production...." Statistics of National Accounts, 1950–61 (OECD, 1964), shows that the rate of growth of French GNP from the mid-1950s onwards was slightly higher than the average of European OECD countries (4·7 per cent per annum against an average of 4·5 per cent), while the proportion of the French national product devoted to fixed capital investment was between 1 and 2 per cent below the OECD European average.

[4] The whole approach of the National Economic Development Council was to discover from the various industries and other branches of the economy what each one of them would require in the way of resources, on the hypothesis that national output in the aggregate rose by 4 per cent a year. No attempt was made to argue systematically about the best way of distributing the national effort, so that the various increments of output—adding up to the national average of 4 per cent—would occur in the places where they would produce the greatest return, measured by some explicit criterion of social benefit. This is, of course, a political question and one that cannot be burked; but up to the change of government in autumn 1964, the whole British approach has been to do everything to keep planning out of politics. A national plan is thought of as the reflection of a tacit consensus, something that all right-thinking persons agree about implicitly. It is therefore only the practical detail which is worth discussing; the criteria are not.

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which would find their normal expression through the market, but must be devoted to more profound purposes, for which the ordinary citizen might not opt spontaneously to-day but for which he will be grateful in the future —because by then he will be a different man. Specifically the French planners set their faces against a "civilisation of gadgets."[5]

The point of planning is thus in part an ethical one: it imposes choices about the use of resources other than those which the market would produce.[6]

THIS FRANK EMPHASIS not on what people want now but on what they will want (or ought to be wanting) in the future is characteristically French in style. But leaving aside the transcendental overtones, it is in practice closely in line with the thinking of the growing body of planners elsewhere in the Western world.

Increasingly the realisation is forced upon us that the market, which purports to be the reflection of the way in which people spontaneously value their individual wants and efforts, is a poor guide to the best means of satisfying the real wishes of consumers. That is because market prices generally fail to measure either social costs or social benefits. In our civilisation these grow constantly more important. Simply because some amenity—let it be a pleasant view or an uncongested road or a reasonably quiet environment—is not paid for directly by those who enjoy it, there is no measure of the cost of the disinvestment which occurs when a profitable economic activity destroys what already exists. Unless the state actively intervenes, and on an increasing scale, to compel private enterprise to adapt its investment decisions to considerations such as these, the process of economic growth may positively impede the attainment of things that people most deeply want.[7] Social benefits tend to be left out of account, or at best played down, in any hard-headed calculation of the return on any proposed piece of investment. It is the pride of hard-headed men, especially when they are accountants, to include in the arithmetic of prospective profit and loss only those items which are sufficiently precise to be measured in monetary terms. The rest, the things that you do not pay for, may be thrown in—where they are too obviously significant to be entirely ignored—as "incidentals"; they may marginally add to the force of a conclusion emerging from the monetary calculation, but rarely affect its substance.

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE to observe how the slow advance in intellectual techniques, in this case the technique of measuring costs, may result in denying to millions of people for several years the benefit of some desirable piece of investment.

A recent example is the building of the new underground railway, the so-called Victoria Line, across the most congested area of central London. The project was argued over, examined and re-examined, for well over a decade from the time when it was first proposed, and always it was turned down on the ground that it could not be made to "pay its way." Then in the early 1960s someone had the bright idea of bringing into the calculation the secondary benefits of having this extra channel of rail transport across London—notably the saving in travel time and motor vehicle operating costs, which would result for people *not* using the new line, from the reduction in traffic congestion in the central streets. When monetary values were calculated for these and other savings, it was found that the true return on the investment in the Victoria Line was over 10 per cent of the capital cost of the project.[8]

[5] B. Cazes, in his *La planification en France et le IVe Plan* (Editions de l'Epargne, 1962) admits (and laments) that the argument for social investment is not accepted by more than a small fraction of public opinion—which is why care is taken not to present the issue of social versus consumer goods as a straightforward matter of choice.

[6] This is a fairly recent development. Pierre Massé has explained: "We have, in the Fourth Plan, for the first time, emphasised social policy, which previously had been left completely out of the Plans. . . ." The new emphasis was reflected in the projected use of resources: personal consumption was planned to rise by 23 per cent between 1961 and 1965, while social investment was to rise by 50 per cent.

[7] The comment of the Swedish Trades Union organisation L.O. is apposite. In urging more planning on the government, it gives as a major reason the fact that the "price mechanism is becoming an increasingly unreliable indicator of real alternative cost because of . . . distortions of prices and through the divergence between social and private costs." *Economic Expansion and Structural Change* (Swedish Confederation of Trade Unions. Allen & Unwin, 1963).

[8] See *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society* (Volume 126, Part I, 1963), "Estimating the Social Benefit of Constructing an Underground Railway

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This answer, on the basis of which construction of the railway has gone ahead, was arrived at by the technique of "benefit costing"—a method which has come into vogue since the war, as public authorities have tried to struggle out of the windowless intellectual box prepared for them by upright business accountants. There is nothing complicated or subtle about the method: it is merely a way of bringing into a profit-and-loss account relevant, but not immediately obvious, products of an investment, which occur beyond the immediate confines of the investment project itself. As such, it provides a handy weapon in an argument with practical men who trust arithmetic above all else.

It is, however, a blunt weapon for any other purpose. The problem is that the values imputed to the products of social investment usually include a large element of the arbitrary. The gains are real enough—benefits like time saved, less wear and tear on the nerves of people travelling in cities, a smaller intake of motor exhaust fumes—but they do not lend themselves to precise assessment in terms of shillings per man-year. The best that can be done in most cases is to relate the item to be measured in some broad sense to some other activity which does actually cost or produce money; in this way the benefit-cost accountant is able to establish an upper and a lower limit for the value of the service (or disservice) which he is trying to measure. The exercise sometimes calls for a great deal of ingenuity. If it seems at times to have a certain unreality, one has to remind oneself that the practical purpose of these intricate calculations of tenuous social returns is to supply an indication of a broad order of magnitude, which can be set against some conventional standard rate of return on capital as a means of judging whether a project is going to be wildly wasteful or not. But any attempt to determine an order of priorities by this species of arithmetical juggling is more difficult. In particular it provides little help in making a choice between competing social investment projects, each with a claim on public funds. The imputed magnitudes carry too large a margin of error to make any exact comparisons possible.

WHAT THIS MEANS is that public investment policy is less amenable to unambiguous answers derived from a scale of profit and loss than private investment is in its own sphere. Even an apparently straightforward issue like the return to be expected from public investment in education is subject to very hazardous and various answers.[9]

Some economists have dreamed of a world in which price tags of social as well as private costs and benefits are attached to all things, so that a large high-speed computer simulating the behaviour of a market would make its rational choices on behalf of society. But in the present and foreseeable state of the art of costing there seems little chance that the automaton will be able to replace the judgment of the planner. Computers will surely have a growing part to play in this too; but as auxiliaries, not principals.

Corporation & Public Power

IT IS AS IF the European nations needed time to arrive at their own deeper motives for embarking on a permanent system of economic planning.

To begin with, planning was seized upon as a device for dealing with some specific problem —overcoming past neglect of certain industries or catching up with other countries or helping to smooth out fluctuations in business and employment. Only later did they come to see the relevance of what they were doing to the whole range of economic policy issues. Some of the original motives are still very pertinent. Thus, for all the contemporary feeling of greater security in the economic environment, there are also new forces making for increased instability in the post-war world. Outstanding among them are two factors: the acceleration of technological change and the removal of barriers to

in London," by C. D. Foster and M. E. Beesley. The answer, which is calculated on the basis of the discounted "present value" of capital and operating costs set against the future benefits of the project over the assumed fifty years' life of the line, obviously varies with different assumptions about the level of interest rates. If the rate of interest to be charged is 6 per cent, the estimated return on the investment is 11·3 per cent; even with interest rates at 8 per cent, the return is 10·9 per cent—quite respectable by commercial standards.

[9] See the Robbins *Report on Higher Education* (1963) for a summary of the various attempts that have been made by economists to measure the product of educational investment. None of them is satisfactory, largely because it has proved impossible to isolate from among the various interconnected factors, which are together responsible for any given increase in productivity, the particular element that is due to the increased knowledge of the worker derived from additional tuition.

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international trade. Both of these make for sudden jolts. National planning is seen as a means of making them less sudden.[10]

There has also been a certain ambiguity about the practical methods employed to make a plan work—assisted in this instance by a good deal of double-talk on the part of some of the planners. Perhaps this obfuscation of what is really going on, whether conscious or unconscious, derives from a deeper reluctance to recognise that some of it does not fit at all well with the existing structure of Western democratic institutions. Who controls the planners?

It is not just a matter of getting parliamentary approval for the broad outline of a scheme for raising the standard of living of a nation by a certain amount over a stated period of years. A plan is a living body of economic policy, adapting itself constantly to changing circumstances, sometimes undergoing drastic alteration in its component parts in order to secure some particular objective which comes in time to be judged to have special priority. The traditional Western parliament, a non-expert body, by instinct non-interventionist unless there is a manifest abuse or need for legislation, is hardly equipped for the job of supervising the systematic intervention which planning implies. That is perhaps the justification for the tacit consensus among the planners that it is, on the whole, best to bypass the parliamentary process.

AMONG THE VARIETY of methods and expedients employed in post-war planning in Western Europe, there are three broad strands which can be identified.

There is, first of all, the intellectual approach. It is "indicative" planning in its purest form. The plan is made to work because the quality of the analysis done by the planners convinces the men wielding economic power in the private and the public sectors alike that the conclusions offered to them provide good advice. On this showing, the plan does the same sort of thing as watching the market normally does for managers of enterprises, only better: it presents them with additional signals to guide their decisions.

Secondly, there is the approach which relies on reinforced governmental powers. The state controls so large a part of the economy that a planner can, by intelligent manipulation of the new levers of public power, guide the remainder of the economy firmly towards any objective that the government chooses.

The third approach, by contrast, eschews whenever possible the use of direct governmental intervention, and places its reliance instead on the corporatist formula for managing the economy. The major interest groups are brought together and encouraged to conclude a series of bargains about their future behaviour, which will have the effect of moving economic events along the desired path. The plan indicates the general direction in which the interest groups, including the state in its various economic guises, have agreed that they want to go.

The French method of planning, it is clear, is predominantly a combination of the first and second approach; the British—in the NEDC phase of planning before the Labour Government—a combination of the first and third. But the mixture is not exclusive: most of the planning efforts to date contain elements of all three. Thus, an important aspect of the British planning effort is the attempt to unite previously disparate branches of state activity in the pursuit of a single policy. Once having been coordinated, this aggregation of public power inevitably has a quite different weight in the economy—and prevents a fresh element in the planning equation—even though it continues to be used with restraint in dealings with the private sector. The weight does not have to be chucked about to be felt.

By the same token, the "planning commissions" in France fit into the third, corporatist, approach to planning. The 3,000 individuals who are brought in by the *Commissariat du Plan* to take part in the formulation of the Plan are selected in such a way as to include representatives of the most powerful interest groups in the country. The intention is that in the course of their discussions of what ought to be done and what is likely to be done, they should also agree among themselves to do certain things in unison. How far the individual commitment goes in matters involving commercial agreements is never revealed to outsiders. On one point those involved in the business are unani-

[10] There are, of course, other types of machinery, international in character, which have been developed since the war specifically as an insurance against the additional risks of international trade. Outstanding among these is the enlargement of the resources of the International Monetary Fund and their more flexible use to assist countries whose currency reserves are under temporary pressure.

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mous when they are questioned about it: the meetings of the *commissions* are not used to discuss cartel arrangements for the division of future markets among the firms planning an expansion of output or the prices to be charged. There is no reason to disbelieve this assertion. Indeed it would be surprising if industrialists argued about such matters as these in the presence of trade union officials. The trade union representatives on the *commissions* have in fact complained that some of the key information and figures in the possession of the employers are never revealed in their presence, let alone discussed.[11] One of the planning officials put the point to me as follows:

> "We invite the industrialists to meet us in Paris, and we know that at this meeting no cartel business is discussed. But of course at the meeting which they hold among themselves the day before, we are not present, and we do not know what happens."[12]

It would in fact be strange if the atmosphere created among groups of businessmen who have collaborated over several years in a planning exercise of increasing range and complexity, demanding a close interchange of ideas in sessions lasting for hours at a time, did not lead to some useful commercial arrangements among the big firms concerned. Sometimes the industry as a whole is asked to expand its output by a certain amount (*e.g.*, in steel) or to reduce it by cutting down existing investment projects (*e.g.*, in motor cars)—then the incentive to allot approximate output quotas, as part of a patriotic endeavour, must be overwhelming.

However, in the formulation of policy at the national level, the representatives of French commercial interests come up against some pretty formidable countervailing power, in the shape of government officials and independent experts who sit in large numbers on the planning *commissions*. The actual conduct of the work of the *commissions*, the preparation of the agenda for meetings, the circulation of papers, and the writing of minutes and reports, is very largely in their hands. The permanent officials of the government—and these of course include the officials working in the *Commissariat du Plan*—are expected both to provide the leadership and to have the last word. In Britain, during the NEDC phase of planning, the professional planners were not officials of the Government but servants of the Council, on which the interest groups—the employers and trade-unionists—were in a majority. The set-up of NEDC and of the subordinate Economic Development Committees was such that if the leadership did not come from the interest groups, it could hardly be provided by anyone else. The Labour Government's distinctive contribution in the course of the reform of planning during its first six months of power in 1964–65 has been (*a*) to bring the whole process inside the government machine, and (*b*) to make a start in mobilising the hitherto unused instruments of pressure on the private sector.

The open question, as we have seen, is whether having concentrated the power and added to the instruments for its exercise, it will be able to persuade the official bureaucracy, in the face of a contrary tradition, to employ them with the dash and skill necessary to make a success of modern planning. The techniques that have to be employed for the purpose offend against a number of cherished conventions. It has still to be shown whether the British civil service, at any rate in its present guise, will reverse the usual relationship between the private and the public domains in Britain, and proceed to pressurise the pressure groups.

IT WAS KEYNES, once again, forty years before NEDC was established, who unwittingly wrote the blueprint for this very English type of organisation. Discussing the type of body that would assume responsibility, as the traditional market economy ceased to function, he said:

> I suggest, therefore, that progress lies in the growth and the recognition of semi-autonomous bodies within the state—bodies whose criterion of action within their own field is solely the public good as they understand it, and from whose deliberations motives of private advantage are excluded, though some place it may still be necessary to leave, until the ambit of men's altruism grows wider, to the separate advantage of particular groups, classes, or faculties—bodies

[11] In his three articles on French planning in *Le Monde* (March 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 1962), written from a moderate trade unionist standpoint, G. Mathieu points out that the trade union representatives are without authority in the *commissions*—not one of them has ever become chairman of any *commission*—and that the businessmen are inclined to cut them out of discussions when these are alleged to involve "business secrets."

[12] D. Granick, in *The European Executive* (1962), reports that the chairman of one of the planning *commissions* said that "it was really the big firms themselves who have decided by negotiation which one was to undertake which investment—and when they were to take joint shares in a company."

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> which in the ordinary course of affairs are mainly autonomous within their prescribed limitations, but are subject in the last resort to the sovereignty of the democracy expressed through Parliament.
>
> *The End of Laissez-Faire*

It is curious to observe how close this kind of thinking was to the corporatist theories of the earlier writers of Italian fascism, who flourished in the 1920s. Corporatism got its bad name, which has stuck to it, essentially because of its association with the one-party state: this was the opposite of what Keynes was after. Indeed, his preference for semi-autonomous "corporations," rather than a state with greatly reinforced powers which would fill the vacuum as the old laissez-faire system disappeared, was precisely because they were likely to provide a better context for a pluralistic society, and therefore scope for dissent.

The instinct which led to the curious and uncertain formula of British planning in the early 1960s, enshrined in NEDC, was the same. There was so much power here that it was felt it must not be left to the government.

The Planner as Politician

THE COMMON ELEMENT in all the varieties of post-war capitalist planning is the large role given to the independent intellectual.

The continental European tradition has found it easier to accommodate him than the British. In France, the independent expert is elevated to the position of master of the whole operation; in Britain he is a respected servant of others. The British system does not contain any established place high up in the hierarchy of power for a person who is not a judge, who is paid, and whose claim to status is personal independence combined with expertise.[13] That is perhaps because the obligation of "loyalty" and "batting for one's own side" is assumed to attach automatically to any employed person not engaged in a judicial occupation.

The difficulty is aggravated because the head of a national planning organisation has the obligation to engage in a certain type of politics. His job as a public servant is to lead a lobby for long-term economic growth inside the government; this may conflict with the party politician's short-range imperatives. Like the governor of the central bank, he is ultimately subject to the orders of the government of the day, but it is expected of both governor and head planner that they will urge the policies which they judge to be right, in their fields of expertise, on the country at large as well as on the government, and do so with clarity. Plainly this does not give either of them a licence for unrestrained feuding. But it does make them politicians of a discreet variety.

The combination of a politician with the pretensions of an independent expert is something which the British especially find hard to stomach. The Continental tradition much more readily accepts the paid public official who slips into the occasional political role. After all, the device, which originates with the French, of a ministerial *"cabinet"* including permanent civil servants, who are chosen on the basis of their personal attachment to the minister, implies that government officials are not expected to remain altogether aloof from politics. Indeed the ambitious civil servant can sometimes push several moves ahead in his career by coping successfully with the mixture of delicate tasks, personal, political, and administrative, in the *"cabinet"* of some powerful politician. It is generally assumed that these tasks cannot be carried out by a self-respecting man, unless he is in some degree attached by sentiment to the person and the politics of his minister.[14]

[13] The post of Chairman of the National Board for Prices and Incomes (at a salary of £15,000 a year), created by the Labour Government in early 1965, represents a departure—and possibly a precedent.

[14] It is instructive to observe the alternative British practice, as it applies to the Prime Minister's office. Although in theory the Prime Minister's Private Secretary behaves like any other member of the civil service in contact with a politician—*i.e.*, carefully separates the administrative and political functions of the minister, and assists him only in the latter—it is pretty evident that the work cannot be effectively done unless the Private Secretary is devoted wholeheartedly to the Prime Minister's person, anticipating the moves of his enemies, advising him on tactics which are designed to strengthen his political position in the country, and generally thinking for him in any matter where he can save the Prime Minister time and trouble.

None of this, however, is officially recognised, although it must be apparent to anyone with a nodding acquaintance with the problem that the strict division between political and administrative duties will not work in the Prime Minister's office. Yet it is somehow believed that the requirements of the job do not damage the self-respect of the civil servant concerned, even if his personal views on politics are opposed to those of the Prime Minister whom he serves.

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IT IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT that the technician in charge of the national plan should be someone who is able to talk to the politicians directly and on equal terms. For if parliament is to play an effective part in the business of national planning—and if it does not, the outlook for the future of democracy is bleak—then members of parliament will also have to learn to recognise some theoretical, as well as practical, limitations on the exercise of their collective sovereignty.

These theoretical limitations apply to the whole procedure of introducing a parliamentary amendment to a set of planning proposals, whose merit is their intellectual coherence and self-consistency. If any significant element in them is changed, the whole structure must be adapted to accommodate the alteration. It follows that the essential relationship between planners and parliament is one of sympathetic negotiation: the parliamentarians cannot work out the answers—that is the job of a technician who is a specialist at making coherent economic models. The elected representatives of the people can do no more than demand that a new set of choices be presented to them by the planners. Plainly, the back-and-forth dialogue will work successfully only if the two sides know how to parley with one another—the parliamentarians being sufficiently trained in the material to know how the economic system functions, and the planners sufficiently versed in politics to offer the solution which parliament is after, but is unable to express in the language at its disposal.

It is this difficulty of reducing the arguments about the options open to society to manageable parliamentary terms which has led Bernard Cazes to suggest that the mastery of mathematical means of expression is necessary for the exercise of any effective democratic control over planning. This, he contends, is the only way of conducting a dialogue about complicated and interdependent choices between experts and non-experts in a meaningful fashion.[15] The suggestion serves to emphasise the point that if parliament is to establish effective control over the national economic plan, it must equip itself with a corpus of specialist ability. This is by no means as difficult as it sounds. What should be envisaged is a high-powered parliamentary committee of the American congressional type backed by an able full-time staff of a technical calibre equal to that of the national planning staff itself. Indeed it is to be hoped that, as under the American system, there would be a movement of staff from the parliamentary to the administrative side and vice versa.

AS IT IS AT PRESENT CONDUCTED, economic planning greatly reinforces the already powerful trend of "the flow of power towards the executive."[16] It is perhaps unreasonable to expect that at this early stage, when the techniques of planning are themselves still experimental and highly tentative, an answer should already have been found to the major political problems which they bring in their train. But the problems themselves urgently need to be identified.

The worst danger to democratic institutions would be if it were pretended that there was nothing whatsoever to worry about—because a standing committee of the nation's major interest groups working in collaboration with a team of high-powered economic experts had succeeded in taking the issue "right out of politics."

It is hard to see how the problem can be resolved except by the choice of a very special type of man for the task, someone with the temperament of a janissary who is willing to apply complete devotion to the person of the office-holder whom he is paid to serve. Anything in fact to avoid the realism of the *"cabinet"* system, which the British civil service especially abhors.

[15] OECD, "International Trade Union Seminar on Economic and Social Programming" (1963). Cazes makes the following points about the difficulties of discussing the "variants" on the sets of choices presented in a fully fashioned national plan. First, the number of possible variants is very great—"they must not be so numerous as to prevent all discussion, and must relate to the most significant development problems." Second, the way in which they are combined affects the answer—"isolated analysis of each variant is technically justified, but in fact an alternative economic policy will require a combination of several variants." Thirdly, the manner of formulation of an alternative choice is laborious—"it is important that as far as possible all conditions which must be fulfilled to achieve a particular variant be specified, together with its positive aspects, lest the choice be distorted. . . ."

He concludes: "Hence the importance of expressing a programme's variants in mathematical terms, so that a democratic discussion of the options is possible."

[16] The phrase is Professor Arthur Miller's (see "Evidence before the House of Representatives' Committee on Banking and Currency," April 14th, 1964), who was describing to the committee the resistance of the United States to the trend—"in many respects the last country in the world that has not almost completely gone over to more of an executive type of government. . . ."

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J. G. Herder (II)

By Isaiah Berlin

It is the composer's duty, as a member of society, to speak to and for his fellow human beings....

I believe in roots, in associations, in backgrounds, in personal relationships.... My music has its roots in where I live and work.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN, *On Receiving the first Aspen Award* (1964).

VI

THE NOTION of belonging is at the heart of all Herder's ideas. His doctrine of the unity of theory and practice, like that of his populism, is intelligible only in terms of it. To belong is not a passive condition, but active co-operation, social labour. "Complete truth is always only the Deed."

Whether one reads the last books of his *Ideas about the Philosophy of History of Mankind*, the earlier treatise *On Hebrew Poetry*, essays on Shakespeare, Ossian, Homer and "Critical Groves," or the late *Adrastea* and *Kalligone*, one finds that what dominates them all is the notion that there are central patterns in terms of which each genuine culture—and the human beings who constitute it—can, and indeed must, be identified. For Herder, to be a member of a group is to think and act in a certain way, in the light of particular goals, values, pictures of the world; and to think and act so is to belong to a group. The notions are literally identical. To be a German is to be part of a unique stream of which language is the dominant element, but still only one element among others. He conveys the notion that the ways in which a people—say, the Germans—speak or move, eat or drink, their handwriting, their laws, their music, their social outlook, their dance forms, their ideology, have patterns and qualities in common which they do not share, or share to a notably lesser degree, with the similar activities of some other group—the French, the Icelanders, the Arabs, the ancient Greeks. Each of these activities belongs to a cluster which must be grasped as a whole: they illuminate each other. Anyone who studies the speech rhythms or the history of the architecture or the physical characteristics of the Germans will thereby achieve a deeper understanding of German legislation, music, dress. There is a property, not capable of being abstracted and articulated—that which is German in the Germans—which all these diverse activities uniquely evince. Activities like hunting, painting, worship, common to many groups in widely differing times and places, will resemble each other because they belong to the same genus. But the specific quality, which each type of activity will show forth, will have more in common with generically different activities of the same culture than with specifically similar activities of another culture. Or, at the very least, that which the various activities of the same culture will have in common—the common pervasive pattern in virtue of which they are seen to be elements in one and the same culture—is more important, since it accounts for the characteristics of these activities at a deeper level than their more superficial resemblances to the corresponding activities of other cultures and other human groups. In other words, what German epic poetry has in common with German family life or German legislation or German grammar determines the patterns of these activities—runs through them more deeply—than that which German poetry has in common with Hindu or Hebrew poetry. This common property is not occult; no special non-empirical faculty is needed to detect it: it is a natural attribute and open to empirical investigation.

DESPITE HIS THEOLOGY, his belief in the primacy of religion, and his use of such metaphysical notions as the collective "soul" and "spirit," despite the mysterious *Kräfte*, despite occasional lapses into belief in the dogma of natural kinds, Herder was far more of an empiricist from the beginning to the end of his life than Leibniz, Kant, or even Helvétius. This was obscured by the fact that the following generation of German metaphysicians whom he influenced dealt freely in transcendent formulas. Yet in his own day he was at times suspected by the stricter among his fellow churchmen of inclining dangerously toward materialistic heresies.

The heart of his empiricism lay in the importance that he attributed to the discovery of patterns, *Gestalt* qualities, in history and nature. It is this directly perceptible, but literally unanalysable, pattern quality in virtue of which what Germans think or do or say is unmistakably German, it is this that makes us

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attribute the doer and the deed, the thinker and the thought, to a specific German culture at a specific stage of its development. To fit into such a pattern is to belong: it is for this and no other reason that a German exiled from the milieu of his fellow Germans, perhaps a Saxon or a Prussian forced to live elsewhere, will not feel at home there; and whoever does not feel at home, cannot create naturally, freely, generously, un-self-consciously, in the manner that Schiller called "naïve," and that Herder, whether he admits it or not, most admires and believes in.

All his talk about the national character, the national genius, the *Volksseele*, the spirit of the people and so forth, comes in the end to this alone. This notion of what it is to belong to a family, a sect, a place, a period, a style is the foundation of his populism, and of all the later conscious programmes for self-integration or re-integration among men who felt scattered, exiled or alienated. The language in which he speaks of his unfortunate fellow countrymen, driven through poverty or the despotic whims of their masters to Russia or Transylvania or America to become "blacks and slaves," is not simply a lament for the material and moral miseries of exile, but is based on the view that to cut men off from the "living centre"—from the network to which they naturally belong—or to force them to sit over the rivers of some remote Babylon, and to prostitute their creative faculties for the benefit of strangers, is to degrade, dehumanise, destroy them.

No writer has stressed more vividly the damage done to human beings by being torn from the only conditions in which their history has made it possible for them to live full lives. He insists over and over again that no one milieu is necessarily superior to any other. He assumes only that to be fully human, that is, fully creative, one must belong somewhere, to some group or some historical stream which cannot be defined save in the generic terms of tradition and milieu and culture, themselves generated by natural forces—the *Klima* (*i.e.*, external world) and physical structure and biological needs which, in interplay with every individual's mind and will, create the dynamic, collective process called society.

This theory entails no mythology. For Herder all groups are ultimately collections of individuals; his use of "organic" and "organism" is still wholly metaphorical and not, as in later, more metaphysical thinkers, only half metaphorical. There is no evidence that he conceived of groups as metaphysical "super-individual" entities or values. For Herder there is no mystique of history, or of a species to which individuals were to be sacrificed, still less a mystique of the superior wisdom of the race, or of a particular nation or even of humanity as a whole.

Nevertheless, to understand men is to understand them generically, in terms of their history, of the one complex of spiritual and physical "forces" in which they feel free and at home. This notion of being at home (and the corresponding notion of homelessness) which lies at the heart of his reflections on the emptiness of cosmopolitanism, on the damage done to men by social barriers, oppression by strangers, division, specialisation—like the allied concepts of exploitation, and of the alienation of men from each other and in the end from their own true selves—derives from his one central conception. Those who have grasped the notion that men are made miserable not only by poverty, disease, stupidity, or the effects of ignorance, but also because they are misfits or outsiders or not spoken to, that liberty and equality are nothing without fraternity, that only those societies are truly human which may follow a leader but obey no master, are in possession of one of Herder's *idées maîtresses*.

His writings radically transformed the notion of relations of men to each other. The proposition that man is by nature "sociable" had been advanced by Aristotle and repeated by Cicero, Aquinas, Hooker, Grotius, Locke, and innumerable others. The depth and breadth of Herder's writings on human association and its vicissitudes, the wealth of concrete historical and psychological observation with which he developed the concept of what it is for man to belong to a community, made such formulae seem to be thin abstractions and drove them permanently out of circulation. No serious social theorist after Herder dared advance generalisations of this type in lieu of thought.

His vision of society has dominated Western thought; the extent of its influence has not always been recognised because it entered too deeply the texture of ordinary thinking. His immense impact, of which Goethe spoke and to which J. S. Mill bore witness, is due principally to his central thesis—his account of what it is to live and act together—from which the rest of his thought flows, and to which it constantly returns. This idea is at the heart of all populism. And it has entered every subsequent attempt to arrive at truth about society.

VII

So much for Herder's specific contribution to the understanding of men and their history. There are two implications of his conception of men that have received little attention

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from his interpreters. These are firstly, his doctrine of the indivisibility of the human personality and (as a corollary of this) his conception of the artist and his expressive role in society; secondly, his pluralism and the doctrine of the incompatibility of ultimate human ends.

Herder was, as is well known, much occupied with aesthetic questions and tried to seek out all manifestations of art in their richest and fullest forms. He tended to find them in the creations of the early ages of man. For Herder art is the expression of men in society in their fullness. To say that art is expression is to say that it is a voice speaking rather than the production of an object—a poem, a painting, a golden bowl, a symphony, all of which possess their own properties, like objects of nature, independently of the men who created them, and of why or when or for whom. By the very appropriately called *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* and by explicit argument Herder seeks to demonstrate that all that a man does and says and creates must convey, whether he intends it to do so or not, his entire personality; and, since a man is not conceivable outside a group to which, if he is reasonably fortunate, he continues to belong (he retains its characteristics in a mutilated state, even if he has been torn from it) conveys also the "collective individuality"—a culture conceived as a constant flow of thought, feeling, action, and expression.

Hence, he is bitterly opposed to the view, influential in his day as in ours, that the purpose of the artist is to create an object whose merits are independent of the creator's personal character or his intentions, conscious or unconscious, or his social situation. This is an aesthetic doctrine that reigned long before the doctrine of "art for art's sake" had been explicitly formulated. The craftsman who makes a golden bowl is entitled, according to this view, to say that it is no business of those who acquire or admire his creation to enquire whether he is himself sincere or calculating, pious or an atheist, a faithful husband, politically sound, a sympathetic boon companion or morally pure. Herder is the true father of the doctrine that it is the artist's mission, above others, to testify in his works to the truth of his own inner experience; from which it follows that any conscious falsification of this experience, from whatever motive—indeed any attempt merely to satisfy the taste of his customers, to titillate their senses, or even to offer them instruction by means that have little to do with his own life or convictions, or to use techniques and skills as a detached exercise, to practise virtuosity for its own sake or for the sake of the pleasure it brings—is a betrayal of his calling. This was implicit in the artistic movement which came to be called *Sturm und Drang*, of which Herder was one of the leaders.

To VIEW ONESELF as a professional who in his works of art plays a role or performs with a specialised part of himself while the rest of him is left free to observe the performance; to maintain that one's behaviour as a man—as a father, merchant, as a political terrorist—can be wholly detached from one's professional function as an artist, this view, to which Voltaire, if he had considered it, could scarcely have offered any objection, is, for all the writers of the *Sturm und Drang*, a fatal misapprehension and distortion of the nature of man and his relations with other men. Since man is in fact one and not many, and those who are genuinely divided personalities are literally no longer sane, it follows that whether a man be an artist or a politician or a lawyer or a soldier, anything that he does expresses what he is.

Some among the *Stürmer* remained individualistic (Heinse, for example, or Klinger). But Herder is uncompromisingly hostile to such egomania. The individual, for him, is inescapably a member of some group; consequently all that he does must express, consciously or unconsciously, the aspirations of his group. Hence, if he is critical of his own life (and all self-consciousness is embryonic assessment and therefore critical), such criticism, like all true criticism, is inevitably to a high degree social criticism, because it is the nature of human beings to be aware socially; expression is communication. Herder feels that all history shows this to be so. To divide (and not merely to distinguish as facets or aspects of one substance) body and soul, science and craft or art, the individual and society, description and evaluation, philosophical, scientific, or historical judgment, and empirical and metaphysical statements, as if these were independent of one another, is for Herder false, superficial, and misleading. The body is the image, the expression, of the soul, not its tomb or instrument or enemy. There are no "iron planks between body and soul"; everything can pass into everything else by the insensible transitions of which Leibniz had spoken in his *New Essays*.

> Once upon a time all men were all things: poets, thinkers, legislators, land surveyors, musicians, warriors.[1]

In those days there was unity of theory and practice, of man and citizen, a unity that the division of labour destroyed. And then "men became half thinkers, half feelers." There is,

[1] The celebrated statement in the introduction of Karl Marx's *German Ideology* is a direct echo of this doctrine.

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he remarks, something amiss about moralists who do not act, epic poets who are unheroic, orators who are not statesmen, and aestheticians who cannot create anything. Once doctrines are accepted uncritically—as dogmatic, unalterable, eternal truths—they become dead formulae, or else their meaning is fearfully distorted. Such ossification and decay lead to nonsense in thought and monstrous behaviour in practice.

THIS DOCTRINE was destined to have a great flowering, not merely in the application of the concept of alienation in the writings of the young Marx and his friends in their Left-Hegelian phase, and among those who have used these ideas in our own time, but more particularly among pre-Marxist Russian radicals and revolutionaries.

No body of men ever believed so devoutly and passionately in the unity of men as the Russian intelligentsia of the last century. These men—at first, dissident members of the nobility and gentry, later, members of all classes—were united by a burning faith in the right and duty of all men to realise their creative potentialities (physical and spiritual, intellectual and artistic) in the light of the reason and the moral insight with which all men are endowed. What the 18th-century French *philosophes* and the German romantics preached, these men sought to practise. Light to them came from the West. And since the number of literate—let alone well-educated—men in Russia was infinitesimal compared to the number who lived in ignorance, misery, hopeless starvation, and poverty, it was plainly the first duty of any decent man to give all he could to the effort to lift his brothers to a level where they could lead a human existence.

From this sprang the conception of the intelligentsia as a sacred order called upon by history to dedicate their lives to the discovery and use of all possible means—intellectual and moral, artistic and technological, scientific and educational—in a single-minded effort to discover the truth, realise it in their lives, and with its aid to rescue the "hungry and the naked" and make it possible for them to live freely and to be men once more. Man is one and undivided; whatever he is and does flows from a single centre. But also he is as he is within a social web of which he is a constituent; to ignore it is to falsify the nature of man.

The famous doctrine that the artist, and above all the writer, has a social obligation to express the nature of the milieu in which he lives, and that he has no right to isolate himself artificially under the cover of some theory about the need for moral neutrality, of the purity of art, or the need for specialisation, or some specifically aesthetic function—a priestly task that is to be kept pure and uncontaminated especially by politics—this entire conception, over which such ferocious battles were fought in the following century, stems from Herder's doctrine of the unity of man.

> Everything that a man undertakes, whether it be produced in action or words or anything else, must spring from his whole united powers; all separation of powers is to be repudiated.

These words of Hamann's so much admired by Goethe,[2] formed Herder, and (as transmitted by Schiller and Friedrich Schlegel) became the creed of the Russian radical critics. Whatever a man does, if he is as he should be, will express his entire nature. The worst sin is to mutilate oneself, to suppress this or that side of oneself, in the service of some false aesthetic or political or religious ideal.

THIS IS THE HEART of the revolt against the "pruned" French garden of the 18th century. William Blake is a passionate spokesman of this faith no less than Hamann or Herder or Schleiermacher. To understand any creator—any poet or, for that matter, any human being who is not half dead—is to understand his age and nation, his way of life, the society which (like nature in Shaftesbury) "thinks in him." Herder says over and over again that the true artist (in the widest sense) creates only out of the fullness of the experience of his whole society, especially out of its memories and antiquities which shape its "collective individuality"; and he proceeds to speak of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, as being steeped in their national folklore. About this he is doubtless mistaken, but the direction of his thought is clear enough. Poetry—all literature and all art—is the direct expression of uninhibited life. The expression of it may be disciplined, but the life must not be. As early poetry was magical, a spur to "heroes, hunters, lovers," men of action, a continuation of experience, so, *mutatis mutandis*, it must be now also. Society may have sadly disintegrated since those days and Herder concedes that the rhapsodical Klopstock may now be able to express only his own individual, rather than the communal, life; but express he must whatever is in him, and his words will illuminate the experience of his society to his fellow men.

"A poet is a creator of a people; he gives it a world to contemplate, he holds its soul in his hand." He is, of course, equally created by it.

[2] Quoted from Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Bk. 6, Ch. 12) by Professor Roy Pascal, in *The German Sturm und Drang* (London, 1953), an admirable account, the best in English, of this entire movement.

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A man lives in a world of which, in some sense, together with others, he is the maker. "We live in a world we ourselves create." These words of Herder's were destined to be inflated into extravagant metaphysical shapes by Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and the Idealist Movement in philosophy; but they are equally at the source of the profounder sociological insights of Marx and the revolution in the historical outlook that he initiated.[3]

HERDER may be regarded as being among the originators of the doctrine of artistic commitment—perhaps with Hamann, the earliest thinker consciously to speak (as one would expect of the founder of populism) in terms of the totally *engagé* writer, to see the artist as *ipso facto* committed and not permitted to divide himself into compartments, to separate body from spirit, the secular from the sacred, and above all life from art. He believed from the beginning to the end of his life that all men are in some degree artists, and that all artists are, first and last, men, fathers, sons, friends, citizens, fellow worshippers, men united by common action.

Hence the purpose of art is not to exist for its own sake (the late *Adrastea* and *Kalligone* are the most ferocious attacks on this doctrine which he suspected both Kant and Goethe of advancing) or to be utilitarian, or propagandist or "social realist"; still less, of course, should it embellish life or invent forms of pleasure or produce artefacts for the market. The artist is a sacred vessel through which blows the spirit of his time and place and society; he is the man who conveys, as far as possible, a total human experience, a world. This is the doctrine that, under the impulsion of German romanticism and French socialism, profoundly affected the conception of the artist and his relation to society, that animated Russian critics and writers from the late eighteen-thirties until, at any rate, *Doctor Zhivago*.

The theory of art as total expression and of the artist as a man who testifies to the truth—as opposed to the concept of him as a purveyor, however gifted and dedicated, or as a priest of an esoteric cult—entered the practice of the great Russian novelists of the 19th century (even of such "pure" writers as Turgenev and Chekhov) very deeply. Through their works it has had a great, indeed a decisive influence, not only on the literature and criticism but on the moral and political ideas and behaviour of the West, and indeed of the entire world. Consequently, Herder was perhaps not altogether mistaken when he so confidently proclaimed the part to be played by the artist in the world to come.

Whether as an aesthetic critic, or as a philosopher of history, or as a creator of the notion of the non-alienated man, or as the most vehement critic of the classifiers and dividers, Herder with Hamann emerges as the originator of the doctrine of the unity of art and life, theory and practice. He is the most eloquent of all the preachers of the restoration of the unbroken human being by progress to civilisation, to *Humanität*, whether by an act of water-divining whereby the buried stream of the true humanist tradition may be found and continued, or, as Rousseau demanded, by some social transformation that will destroy the shackles that crib and confine men and allow them to enter or re-enter the Garden of Eden which they lost when they yielded to the temptation to organise and dominate each other's personalities. Once the walls that separate men are knocked down—walls of state or class or race or religion—they will "return to themselves" and be men and creative once again. The influence of this part of his teaching on the ideas of others who spoke more articulately and acted with greater political effect has been very great.[4]

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[3] It is odd that one of Hamann's most fruitful observations—that the poetry of Livonian peasants in the country round Riga and Mitau, which he knew well, was connected with the rhythms of their daily work—evidently made no impression on his disciple. Herder is fascinated by the intimate relation of action and speech—*e.g.*, in his theory of why it is that (as he supposed) verbs precede nouns in primitive speech—but ignores the influence of work. This was made good much later under Saint-Simonian and Marxist influence.

[4] Like other passionate propagandists, Herder pleaded for that which he himself conspicuously lacked. As sometimes happens, what the prophet saw before him was a great compensatory fantasy. The vision of the unity of the human personality and its integration into the society round it by "natural" means was the polar opposite of Herder's own character and conduct. He was, by all accounts, a deeply divided, touchy, resentful, bitter, unhappy man, in constant need of support and praise, neurotic, pedantic, difficult, suspicious, and often insupportable. When he speaks about the "wholly irreplaceable feeling of being alive" and compares it with the carefully tended, over-arranged world of, say, the critic Sulzer, he is evidently speaking of a sentiment for which he painfully longed.

It has frequently been remarked that it is tormented and unbalanced personalities—Rousseau, Nietzsche, D. H. Lawrence—who celebrate with particular passion physical beauty, strength, generosity, spontaneity, above all unbroken unity, harmony and serenity, qualities for which they had an insatiable craving, inasmuch as their own natures stand in violent contradiction to them. No man felt less happy in the Prussia of Frederick the Great, or even in the enlightened Weimar of Goethe and

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VIII

FINALLY, I come to what is perhaps the most revolutionary of the implications of Herder's position.

Men, according to Herder, truly flourish only in congenial circumstances, that is, where the group to which they belong has achieved a fruitful relationship with the environment by which it is shaped and which in turn it shapes. There the individual is happily integrated into the "natural community,"[5] which grows spontaneously, like a plant, and is not held together by artificial clamps, or soldered together by sheer force, or regulated by laws and regulations invented, whether benevolently or not, by the despot or his bureaucrats. Each of these natural societies contains within itself the "ideal of its own perfection, wholly independent of all comparison with those of others."[6] If this is so, how must we answer the question, put by men throughout recorded history and settled with such clarity and authority by the great *lumières* of the eighteenth century, namely: What is the best life for men? And, more particularly: What is the most perfect society?

There is, after all, no dearth of solutions. Every age has provided its own formulae. Some have looked for the solution in sacred books or in revelation or in the words of inspired prophets or the tradition of organised priesthoods; others found it in the rational insight of the trained metaphysician, or in the combination of scientific observations and experiment, or in the "natural" good sense of men not "scribbled over" by philosophers or theologians or perverted by "interested error." Still others have found it only in the uncorrupted heart of the simple good man. Some thought that only trained experts could discover great and saving truths; others that in questions of value all sane men were qualified to judge. Some maintained that such truths could be discovered at any time, and that it was mere bad luck that it had taken so long to find some of them or that they had been so easily forgotten. Others held that mankind was subject to the law of growth; and that the truth would not be seen in its fullness until mankind had reached maturity—the age of reason. Some doubted even this and said men could never attain to such knowledge on earth; or if they did, were too weak to follow it in practice, since such perfection was attainable only by angels or in the life hereafter.

But one assumption was common to all these views: that it was, at any rate in principle, possible to draw some outline of the perfect society or the perfect man, if only to define how far a given individual fell short of the ideal. This was necessary if one was to be able to measure degrees of imperfection. But this belief in the objective solution had not been absolutely universal. Relativists held that different circumstances and temperaments demanded different policies: but though the routes might differ, the goal—human happiness, the satisfaction of human wishes—was one and the same.

Some sceptical thinkers in the ancient world (Carneades, for example) went further and uttered the disquieting thought that some ultimate values might be incompatible with one another, so that no solution could logically incorporate them all. There was something of this doubt about the logic of the concept of the perfect society not only among the Greeks, but in the Renaissance too, in Pontano, in Montaigne, in Machiavelli, and after them in Leibniz and Rousseau (who thought that no gain could be made without a corresponding loss). It was present, too, in the works of the great dramatists, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, the central stream of the Western tradition was little affected by this fundamental doubt. The central assumption was that problems of value were in principle soluble, and soluble with finality. Whether the solutions could be implemented by imperfect men was another question, a question which did not affect the rationality of the universe. This is the keynote of the classical arch which, after Herder, began to crumble.

IF HERDER'S VIEW OF MANKIND was correct—if Germans in the eighteenth century cannot be-

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Wieland and Schiller, than Herder. Wieland, the most amiable and tolerant of men, found him maddening. Goethe said that he had in him something compulsively vicious—like a vicious horse—a desire to bite and hurt. His ideals were at times a mirror image of his own frustrations.

[5] This is the real community which was later (even before Tönnies) contrasted with the artificial *Gesellschaft, e.g.* as Fichte's *Totum* is contrasted with his *Compositum*. But in Herder there are still no explicitly metaphysical overtones. The *Kräfte* realised in communal life—the dynamic forces which he derives from Leibniz—are neither discovered nor act in any *a priori* or transcendent fashion: but neither are they described as being susceptible to scientific tests. Their nature, a puzzle to his commentators, evidently did not seem problematic to Herder.

[6] This is, in effect, the central thesis of *Yet Another Philosophy of History*. Meinecke discusses this in *Die Entstehung des Historismus* and his conclusions are subjected to penetrating criticism by G. A. Wells in the *Journal of the History of Ideas* (Oct.-Dec. 1960). Despite Wells' strictures, Meinecke's thesis that the heart of Herder's doctrines is a systematic relativism, seems to me valid.

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come Greeks or Romans or ancient Hebrews or simple shepherds, still less all of these together; and if each of the civilisations into which he infuses so much life by his sympathetic *Einfühlen* are widely different, and indeed uncombinable—then how could there exist, even in principle, one universal ideal valid for all men, at all times, everywhere?

The "physiognomies" of cultures are unique: each presents a wonderful exfoliation of human potentialities in its own time and place and environment. We are forbidden to make judgments of comparative value, for that is measuring the incommensurable. And even though Herder himself may not be at all consistent in this respect, since he condemns and praises entire civilisations, his doctrine, at least in his most original works, does not permit this. Nor can it be doubted that he himself made valiant efforts to live up to his principles. For all his dislike of the rigidly centralised Egyptian establishment, or Roman imperialism, or the brutal chivalry of the Middle Ages, or the dogmatism and intolerance of the Catholic Church, he sought to be not merely fair to these civilisations, but to represent them as each realising an ideal of indefeasible validity which as an expression of a particular manifestation of the human spirit was valuable in itself, and not as a step to some higher order. It is this rejection of a central category of the Enlightenment which saw each civilisation either as a stepping stone to a higher one, or as a sad relapse to an earlier and lower one, that gives force, a sense of reality, and persuasive power to his vast panoramic survey.

It is true that in the *Ideen* he enunciates the general ideal of *Humanität* towards which man is slowly climbing, and some of Herder's interpreters have faithfully attempted to represent his earlier relativism as a phase of his thought which he "outgrew," or else to reconcile it with his hazy notion of a single progressive movement towards *Humanität*. Thus, Professor Max Rouché[7] thinks that Herder conceives of history as a drama, each act, perhaps each scene, of which can and should be understood and evaluated independently; which does not prevent us from perceiving that, taken together, these episodes constitute a single progressive ascent. Perhaps Herder did come to believe this, or to believe that he believed it. But it remains a vague conception; his skill and imagination, even in the *Ideen*, goes into the evocation of the individual cultures and not of the alleged links between them.

[7] In his introduction to his edition and French translation of *Auch Eine Philosophie der Geschichte* (Aubier, Editions Montaigne.)

THE WHOLE THRUST of the argument both in such early works as the *Aelteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechtes, Von deutschen Art und Kunst, Vom Geist der Ebräischen Poesie*, the *Kritische Waelder*, and in the later and more mildly worded *Briefe zu Beförderung der Humanität*, and the *Ideen* itself, not to speak of his classical statement of historical relativism in *Auch Eine Philosophie der Geschichte*, is to show and celebrate the uniqueness, the individuality, and, above all, the incommensurability with one another of each of the civilisations which he so lovingly describes and defends. But if all these forms of life are intelligible and valuable, each in its own terms "organic" wholes, then patterns of ends and means which cannot be resurrected, still less amalgamated, can scarcely be graded as so many links in some impersonal, rigorously determined progress—some stages of which are rendered automatically more valuable than others by their relationship (say, proximity to, or mirroring of) the final goal towards which humanity, however uncertainly, is marching.

This places Herder's *Weltanschauung*, so far as it is consistent at all, despite all the insights that it shares with them, outside the "perfectibilian" philosophers of modern times, as remote from the divine tactic of Bossuet (or even Burke) as from the doctrine of progress determined by the growth of reason preached by Voltaire or Lessing or Condorcet, or the ideal of self-understanding and self-emancipation, spiritual or social, Hegelian or Marxist.

IF HERDER'S notion, the equal validity of incommensurable cultures, is accepted, the concept of an ideal state or of an ideal man becomes incoherent. This is a far more radical denial of the foundations of traditional Western morality than any that Hume ever uttered.

Herder's relativism is a doctrine different from that of the Greek sophists or Montesquieu or Hume. These thinkers were agreed, by and large, that what men sought was happiness; they merely pointed out that differences of circumstance and the interplay of environment—"climate"—with men's nature, conceived as fairly uniform, created different characters and outlooks and, above all, different needs which called for dissimilar institutional means of satisfying them. But they recognised a broad identity or similarity of purpose in all known forms of human activity, universal and timeless goals of men as such, which bound them in a single human species or Great Society. This would, at least in theory, enable a socially imaginative and well-informed universal despot, provided he was enlightened enough, to govern each society with

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a due regard to its individual needs; and to advance them all towards universal harmony, each marching along its own path towards the self-same purpose—happiness and the rule of reason, virtue, justice. This is precisely Lessing's conception, which he expresses by the famous parable of the three rings in *Nathan the Wise*. Herder had deep affinities with the *Aufklärung*, and he did write with optimism and eloquence about man's ascent to ideal *Humanität* and uttered sentiments to which Lessing could have subscribed no less than Goethe.

Yet, despite the authority of some excellent scholars, I do not believe that anyone who reads Herder's work with the *Einfühlung* for which he asks, and which he so well describes, will sustain the impression that it is this—the ideal of enlightened Weimar—that fills his mind. He is a rich, suggestive, prolix, marvellously imaginative writer, but seldom clear or rigorous or conclusive. His ideals are often confused, sometimes inconsistent, never wholly specific or precise, as, indeed, Kant pointedly complained. As a result, many interpretations can be (and have been) put upon his works.

But what lies at the heart of the whole of his thought—what influenced later thinkers, particularly the German Romantics and, through them, the entire history of populism, nationalism, and individualism—is the theme to which he constantly returns: that one must not judge one culture by the criteria of another; that differing civilisations are different growths, pursue different goals, embody different ways of living, are dominated by different attitudes to life, so that to understand them one must perform an imaginative act of "empathy" into their essence, understand them "from within" as far as possible, and see the world through their eyes—be a "shepherd among shepherds" with the ancient Hebrews, or "sail the Northern seas in a tempest" and read the Eddas again in "the dark, dangerous, grimly disciplined atmosphere" of "a ship struggling through the Skagerrak." These widely differing societies and their ideals are not commensurable. Such questions as which of them is the best, or even which one would prefer, which one would judge to be nearer to the universal human ideal, *Humanität*, even subjectively conceived—the pattern most likely to produce man as he should be or one thinks he should be—are, therefore, for a thinker of this type, meaningless.

> Not a man, not a country, not a people, not a natural history, not a state, are like one another. Hence the True, the Good, the Beautiful in them are not similar either.

Herder wrote this in his Journal in 1769. The cloven hoof of relativism, or rather pluralism, shows itself even in his most orthodox discussions of universal ideals; for he thinks each image of *Humanität* to be unique and *sui generis*. It is this, and not the commonplace universalism that he shares with his age, that struck, and perhaps shocked, the *Aufklärer*, the Kantians, the progressive thinkers of his time. For this goes directly against the notion of steady progress on the part of mankind as a whole, which, despite difficulties and relapses, must, or at least can, go on; a proposition to which the German no less than the French or Italian Enlightenment was fully committed.[8]

HERDER is not a subjectivist. He believes in objective standards of judgment that are derived from understanding the life and purposes of individual societies and are themselves objective historical structures, and requires, on the part of the student, wide and scrupulous scholarship as well as sympathetic imagination.

What he rejects is the single overarching standard of values, in terms of which all cultures, characters, and acts can be evaluated. Each phenomenon to be investigated presents its own measuring rod, its own internal constellation of values in the light of which alone "the facts" can be truly understood. This is much more thoroughgoing than the realisation that man is incapable of complete perfection, as, for instance, Winckelmann allowed, Rousseau lamented, and Kant accepted; or the doctrine that all gains entail some loss. For what is here entailed is that the highest ends for which men have rightly striven and sometimes died are strictly incompatible with one another. Even if it were possible to revive the glories of the past as those pre-historicist thinkers (Machiavelli or Mably, for instance) thought, who called for a return to the heroic virtues of Greece or Rome, we could not revive and unite them all. If we choose to emulate the Greeks, we cannot also emulate the Hebrews; if we model ourselves on the Chinese, whether as they are in reality, or in Voltaire's *opéra bouffe* version, we cannot also be the Florentines of the Renaissance or the

[8] Among modern thinkers, Herder's relativism most resembles Wyndham Lewis' protest against what he called "the demon of progress in the arts." In the tract which bears this title, that acute if perverse writer denounced with characteristically vehement and biting eloquence the notion that valid universal criteria exist in terms of which it is possible to assert or deny that (I cannot recollect his specific examples) Phidias is superior or inferior to Michelangelo or Maillol, or that Goethe or Tolstoy represent an improvement on, or decline from, Homer or Aeschylus or Dante or the Book of Job.

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innocent, serene, hospitable savages of 18th-century imagination. Even if *per impossibile* we could choose among these ideals, which should we select?

Since there is no common standard in terms of which to grade them, there can be no final solution to the problem of what men as such should aim at. The proposition that this question must be capable, at least in principle, of one correct answer, which few had doubted since Plato had taken it for granted, is undermined.

Herder, of course, condemns the very wish to resurrect ancient ideals: ideals belong to the form of life which generates them, and are mere historical memories without them; values and ends live and die with the social wholes of which they form an intrinsic part. Each "collective individuality" is unique, and has its own aims and standards, which will themselves inevitably be superseded by other goals and values—ethical, social, and aesthetic. Each of these systems is objectively valid in its own day, in the course of "Nature's long year" which brings all things to pass. All cultures are equal in the sight of God, each in its time and place. Ranke said precisely this: his theology is a complacent version of Herder's thesis, not of those of Hegel or Montesquieu.

But, if this is so, then the notion of the perfect civilisation in which the ideal human being realises his full potentialities, is patently absurd: not merely difficult to formulate, or impossible to realise in practice, but incoherent and meaningless. This is perhaps the sharpest blow ever delivered against the classical philosophy of the West, to which the notion of perfection —the logical possibility of universal, timeless solutions of problems of value—is essential.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF Herder's doctrines did not make themselves felt immediately. He was thought to be a bold and original thinker, but not a subverter of common moral assumptions. Nor, of course, did he think so himself. The full effect was felt only when the Romantic Movement, at its most violent, attempted to overthrow the authority both of reason and of dogma on which the old order rested. The extent of its explosive potentialities was not fully realised until the rise of modern anti-rationalist movements—nationalism, fascism, existentialism, emotivism, and the wars and revolutions made in the name of two among them—that is to say, not until our own time and perhaps not altogether even today.

HERDER'S WORKS, as might be expected, bristle with contradictions. On the one hand:

> The power which thinks and works in me, is in its nature as eternal as that which holds together the sun and the stars; wherever and whoever I shall be, I shall be what I am now, a force in a system of forces, in the immeasurable harmony of God's world.

Whatever can be, will be. All potentialities will be realised. Herder believes in plenitude, in the great chain of being, in a nature with no barriers. Influenced by the naturalists, by Ritter, by von Haller, he sees man as an animal among animals; man is what he is because of slowly working natural causes, because he walks upright, or because of a cavity in his skull. Yet he also believes, with Aristotle and the Bible, in natural kinds, and in the special act of creation. Again, he believes in a general human essence, a central human character; it is, as Leibniz taught in the *Nouveaux essais*, like a vein in marble, to be brought out by reason and imagination. Men are the Benjamins, the "darlings of Nature's old age," the peak of the creative process. Yet, of course, he also believes that this human essence takes conflicting forms; types differ and the differences are unbridgeable. There is a curious effort to bring together the monistic notion of the logically rigorous interconnection of all real entities in Spinoza's world (although in Herder's case it takes the form of something more flexible and empirical) with the dynamic, self-developing individuated entities of Leibniz.

There is a tension between Herder's naturalism and his teleology, his Christianity and his enthusiastic acceptance of the findings of the natural sciences; between respect for some, at any rate, of the achievements of the French Encyclopedists, who believed in quantitative methods, precision and a unified schema of knowledge, and the qualitative approach of Goethe and Schelling and their vitalistic followers.

Again, there is a contradiction between his naturalistic determinism, which at times is very strong, and the notion that one can and should resist natural impulses and natural forces; for people who do not resist are overwhelmed. He blames the Jews, for example, for surrendering; yet their craven conduct is, in turn, ascribed to natural factors; the Romans too are held to have succumbed to vices which they could have resisted successfully. Herder was not sensitive to the problem of free will as, say, Kant was; there are too many conflicting strains in him. He may have believed, like most self-determinists, that men were free when they did what they chose, while it was, in some sense, idle to ask whether men were free to choose, since they obviously were not; but his writings give evidence that he sought escape in this time-honoured, but hardly satisfactory, "solution."

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Again, there are the separate strands of *Humanität* as a general human ideal (to be realised fully, perhaps, only in the world to come) and the *Gang Gottes über die Natur*—a phrase and a concept which Hegel later appropriated—and, on the other side, his more frequent and characteristic pluralism and relativism. There is noticeable tension between his passion for his German kinsmen, real and imaginary, for the ancient German tribal life which seemed to him spontaneous, creative, free, and his admiration for Rome, and even more for the Christian Church, with their universalism and order and power of rational organisation. More far-reaching still is the contrast between, on the one hand, the notion of the continuity of overflowing nature, *Natura naturans*, the energy that is one in magnetism and electricity, in plants and animals and men, in language and in art—a universal, continuous life force of which everything is a manifestation, of which laws can be discovered, in the form both of the physical sciences of his time, and of biology, psychology and the particular brand of historical geography and anthropology that he favoured; on the other hand, the crucial role attributed to the unaccountable leaps of genius, miraculous events, sheer chance, the unanalysable process of true creation—as opposed to the impossibility of achieving anything great or lasting solely by the application of techniques; or, what goes with this, the incommunicability of the central core of what individuates men or cultures and gives them all the colour and force and value they possess, something that is open only to the eye of imaginative intuition, incapable of being reduced to communicable, teachable scientific method.

Finally, there is the ban on moralising, but also the impassioned apostrophes to the great moments of human existence, the curses heaped on the enemies of human unity and creativity —the bloodstained conquerors, the ruthless centralisers, the shrivelling of the spirit by narrow and superficial systematisers—and at the head of them all, the odious Voltaire, with his devitalising ironies and pettiness and lack of insight into what men truly are. All the confusions of his time seem richly reflected in his shapeless, sprawling, but continuously suggestive works.

IX

HERDER is in some sense a premonitory symptom, the albatross before the coming storm.

The French Revolution was founded on the notion of timeless truths given to the faculty of reason, with which all men are endowed. It was dedicated to the creation or restoration of a static and harmonious society, founded on unaltering principles, a dream of classical perfection, or at least to the closest approximation of it feasible on earth. It preached a peaceful universalism and a rational humanitarianism. But its consequences threw into relief the precariousness of human institutions, the disturbing phenomenon of change, the clash of irreconcilable values and ideas, the insufficiency of simple formulae, the complexity of men and societies, the poetry of action, destruction, heroism, war, the effectiveness of mobs and of great men, the power of chance, the feebleness of reason and the power over it of fanatically believed doctrines, the unpredictability of events, the part played in history by unintended consequences and the ignorance of the workings of the sunken two-thirds of the great human iceberg, of which only the visible portion had been studied by scientists and taken into account by the ideologists of the great Revolution.

This, too, could be said of the Russian Revolution. Its ideals are too familiar to rehearse; and its results, too, threw doubts, whether justified or not, on the effectiveness of the kind of free society for which liberals and radicals in the nineteenth century had pleaded, on the ability of rational men to allow for and control the forces of unreason, on revolution as an instrument for the promotion of freedom, a universal culture and social justice. It awakened men forcibly to the effectiveness of resolute conspiracies by disciplined parties; to the irrationality of the masses; the weakness of liberal and democratic institutions in the West; the force of nationalist passions.

As Durkheim, Pareto and Freud stand to the Russian Revolution, to the ideas of democracy and liberty, and to the forces of social cohesion and disintegration that are discussed today, so Herder stands to the events of 1789. The craving for fraternity, for self-expression, disbelief in the capacity of reason to determine values, dominated the nineteenth century—tendencies that have reached their climax in our own time. Herder lived until 1803. He did not attempt to draw the moral of his own doctrines in relation to the fate of Germany or Europe, as Saint-Simon and Hegel and de Maistre, in their very different fashions, attempted to do. Perhaps he died too early in the century. Nevertheless, he, more than any of his contemporaries, had a sense of the insecurity of the foundations of enlightened beliefs in his own time, even while he half accepted them.

In this sense, those who thought of him as endowed with special powers—we are told that he was sometimes called a magician and was a model for Goethe's Faust—did him no injustice.

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SCIENCE

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes

By P. B. Medawar

MY THEME is popular misconceptions of the scientific process of thought. I shall argue that the ideas of the educated lay public on the nature of scientific enquiry and the intellectual character of those who carry it out are in a state of dignified, but yet utter, confusion. Most of these misconceptions are harmless enough, but some are mischievous, and all help to estrange the sciences from the humanities and the so-called "pure" sciences from the applied.

Let me begin with a sample of what I have in mind. The passage that follows has been made up, but its plaintive sound is so familiar that the reader may find it hard to believe it is not a genuine quotation.

> Science is essentially a growth of organised factual knowledge.... [true or false?] ...and as science advances, the burden of factual information which it adds to daily is becoming well nigh insupportable. A time will surely come when the scientist must train not for the traditional three or four years, but for ten or more, if he is to equip himself as a front-line combatant in the battle for knowledge. As things are, the scientist avoids being crushed beneath this factual burden by taking refuge in specialisation, and the increase of specialisation is the distinguishing mark of modern scientific growth. Because of it, scientists are becoming progressively less well able to communicate even with each other, let alone with the outside world; and we must look forward to an ever finer fragmentation of knowledge, in which each specialist will live in a tiny world of his own. St. Thomas Aquinas was the last....

True or false, all this?—False, I should say, in every particular. The idea that Science is essentially a classified inventory of factual information is of the same intellectual stature as that which treats History as a chronology of dates. The equation of science with *facts* and of the humane arts with *ideas* is one of the shabby-genteelisms which have disfigured so many humanist criticisms of scientific education. That great Platonist, Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, who did his best to keep science below stairs, described Aristotle as "a man of science in the modern sense" because he was "a careful collector and observer of an enormous range of facts." No wonder then that, considered as forms of human endeavour or achievement, Lowes Dickinson should have classified Ideas with Philosophy, Art and Love, but the sciences with —*trade*.

THE BALLAST of factual information, so far from being just about to sink us, is growing daily less. The factual burden of a science varies inversely with its degree of maturity. As a science advances, particular facts are comprehended within, and therefore in a sense annihilated by, general statements of steadily increasing explanatory power and compass—whereupon the facts may be forgotten, for they have no further right to independent existence. Biology before Darwin was almost all facts. My friend R. B. Freeman has republished some Victorian examination questions from our oldest English school of zoology, at University College, London. The answers required nothing more than a voluble pouring forth of factual information. Certainly there is an epoch in the growth of a science during which facts accumulate faster than theories can accommodate them, but biology is over the hump, though biological learned journals still outnumber learned journals of all other kinds by about three to one; and physics is far enough advanced that an eminent physicist recently told me, with the air of one not wishing to be overheard, that the science itself was drawing to a close....

The case for prolonging a scientist's formal

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education for many years beyond a humanist's follows naturally from the belief that scientific education is a taking aboard of specialised technical knowledge. In real life, the time at which a scientist graduates is less important for scientific than for economic and psychological reasons, and for reasons to do with getting enough people through the universities in good time. The length of university schooling is far more important to those whose education ends with graduation than to those for whom education is an indefinitely continued process.

As to scientists becoming ever narrower and more specialised: the opposite is the case. One of the distinguishing marks of modern science is the disappearance of sectarian loyalties. Newly graduated biologists have wider sympathies today than they had in my day, just as ours were wider than our predecessors'. At the turn of the century an embryologist could still peer down a microscope into a little world of his own. Today he cannot hope to make head or tail of development unless he draws evidence from bacteriology, protozoology, and microbiology generally; he must know the gist of modern theories of protein synthesis and be pretty well up in genetics. Biologists, I should explain, tend nowadays to classify themselves less by "subjects" than by the analytical level at which they work. So we have molecular biologists, cellular biologists, biologists who work at the level of whole organisms, and biologists who work at the level of communities of organisms. Each one tries to achieve a synoptic grasp of all the disciplines pertaining to his chosen plane of analysis. A modern ecologist, for example, tries to make himself familiar with genetics, population dynamics, ethology, and environmental physiology. He knows that Nature Study and an Ordnance Survey Map will no longer take him very far. I must not speak for specialisation in the physical sciences, but feel sure that the continuous and highly successful recruitment of physicists and chemists into biology would not have been possible if they were as specialised as we are often encouraged to believe.

THE THOUGHTS I have been criticising are thus not really thoughts at all, but thought-substitutes, declarations of the kind public people make on public occasions when they are desperately hard up for things to say. Let me turn now to two serious but completely different conceptions of science, embodying two different valuations of scientific life and of the purpose of scientific enquiry. For dialectical reasons I have exaggerated the differences between them, and I do not suggest that anybody cleaves wholly to the one conception or wholly to the other. Nor am I the first to call attention to the distinctions I shall draw, for they are as old as the critical writings of Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Shelley. Moreover, the argument that makes it possible to resolve the antitheses and come upon a satisfactory synthesis was first put forward—admittedly in a rather weak and unsatisfactory form—more than a hundred years ago. All I do here is to introduce the problem to its solution, and even that must surely have been done before.

According to the first conception, Science is above all else an imaginative and exploratory activity, and the scientist is a man taking part in a great intellectual adventure. Intuition is the mainspring of all scientific action, and *having ideas* is the scientist's highest accomplishment; the working out of ideas is an important and exacting but yet a lesser occupation. Pure science requires no justification outside itself, and its usefulness has no bearing on its valuation.

> The first man of science [said Coleridge] was he who looked into a thing, not to learn whether it could furnish him with food, or shelter, or weapons, or tools, or ornaments, or *playwiths*, but who sought to know it for the gratification of knowing. . . .

Science and poetry in its widest sense are cognate, as Shelley so rightly said. So conceived, science can flourish only in an atmosphere of complete freedom, protected from the nagging importunities of need and use, because the scientist must travel where his imagination leads him. Even if a man should spend five years getting nowhere, that might represent an honourable and perhaps even a noble endeavour. The Patrons of science—today the Research Councils and the great Foundations—should support men, not projects, and individual men rather than teams, for the history of science is for the most part a history of men of genius.

The alternative conception runs something like this: Science is above all else a critical and analytical activity; the scientist is pre-eminently a man who requires evidence before he delivers an opinion, and when it comes to evidence he is hard to please. Imagination is a catalyst merely: it can speed thought but cannot start it or give it direction; and imagination must at all times be under the censorship of a dispassionate and sceptical habit of thought. Science and poetry are antithetical, as Shelley so rightly said.[1] Scientific research is intended to enlarge human under-

[1] This is not a debating point, for Shelley's writing can sustain both views. In his *Defence of Poetry* Shelley defines poetry in a "universal" sense that comprehends all forms of order and beauty, and includes, therefore, not merely poetry in the narrower sense, but science as well (poetry "comprehends all science"). Earlier, however, Shelley put

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standing, and its usefulness is the only objective measure of the degree to which it does so; as to freedom in science, two world wars have shown us how very well science can flourish under the pressures of necessity. Patrons of science who really know their business will support projects, not people, and most of these projects will be carried out by teams rather than by individuals, because modern science calls for a consortium of the talents and the day of the individual is almost done. If any scientist should spend five years getting nowhere, his ambitions should be turned in some other direction without delay.

I have made the one conception a little more romantic than it really is, and the other a little more worldly, and to restore the balance I want to express the distinction in a different and, I think, more fundamental way.

IN THE ROMANTIC CONCEPTION, truth takes shape in the mind of the observer: it is his imaginative grasp of *what might be true* that provides the incentive for finding out, so far as he can, what *is* true. Every advance in science is therefore the outcome of a speculative adventure, an excursion into the unknown. According to the opposite view, truth resides in nature and is to be got at only through the evidence of the senses: apprehension leads necessarily to comprehension, and the scientist's task is essentially one of *discernment*. This act of discernment can be carried out according to a Method which, though imagination can help it, does not depend on the imagination: the Scientific Method will see him through.[2]

Inasmuch as these two sets of opinions contradict each other flatly in every particular, it seems hardly possible that they should both be true; but anyone who has actually done or reflected deeply upon scientific research knows that there is in fact a great deal of truth in both of them. For a scientist must indeed be freely imaginative and yet a sceptic, creative and yet critical. There is a sense in which he must be free, but another in which his thought must be very precisely regimented; there is poetry in science, but also a lot of book-keeping.

There is no paradox here: it just so happens that what are usually thought of as two alternative and indeed competing accounts of *one* process of thought are in fact accounts of the *two* successive and complementary episodes of thought that occur in every advance of scientific understanding. Unfortunately, we in England have been brought up to believe that scientific discovery turns upon the use of a method analogous to, and of the same logical stature as deduction, namely the method of *Induction*—a logically mechanised process of thought which, starting from simple declarations of fact arising out of the evidence of the senses, can lead us with certainty to the truth of general laws. This would be an intellectually disabling belief if anyone actually believed it, and it is one for which John Stuart Mill's methodology of science must take most of the blame. The chief weakness of Millian induction was its failure to distinguish between the acts of mind involved in discovery and in proof. It was an understandable mistake, because in the process of deduction, the paradigm of all exact and conclusive reasoning, discovery and proof may depend on the same act of mind: starting from true premisses, we can derive and so "discover" a theorem by reasoning which (if it has been carried out according to the rules) itself demonstrates the truth of the theorem. Mill thought that his process of "induction" could fulfil the same two functions; but, alas, mistakenly, for it is not the origin but only the *acceptance* of hypotheses that depends upon the authority of logic.

If we abandon the idea of induction and draw a clear distinction between *having an idea* and *testing it* or *trying it out*—it is as simple as that, though it can be put more grandly—then the antitheses I have been discussing evaporate into truisms. Obviously "having an idea" is an imaginative exploit of some kind, the work of a single mind; obviously "trying it out" must be a ruthlessly critical process to which many skills and many hands may contribute. The form taken by scientific criticism is obvious too: experimentation *is* criticism; that is, experimentation in the modern sense, according to which an experiment is an act performed to test a hypothesis, not in the old Baconian sense, in which an experiment was a contrived experience intended to enlarge our knowledge of what actually went on in nature. (Bacon exhorted us,

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Reason and Imagination at opposite poles; if then, as in the second conception I outline, science is regarded as an essentially rational activity, Shelley may quite rightly be allowed to speak for the view that science and poetry are antithetical. See D. G. King-Hele in the *New Scientist* (vol. 14, pp. 352–354, 1962); and Graham Wallas, *The Art of Thought* (London, 1926).

[2] For the conception that *truth is manifest*, see the critical analysis by K. R. Popper, "On the Sources of Knowledge and of Ignorance," in ENCOUNTER (Sept., 1962) and reprinted in *Conjectures and Refutations* (London, 1962). The question where TRUTH resides can also be put of Beauty, and answered in the same two ways, for the romantic view does not distinguish them. For the history of the idea that *beauty is manifest* (as opposed to being in the eye of the observer), see Logan Pearsall Smith, *The Romantic History of Four Words: romantic, originality, creative, genius*, S.P.E. Tract 17 (Oxford, 1924).

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rightly too, not to speculate upon but actually to experiment with loadstone and burning glass and rubbed amber: *his* experiments answer the question "I wonder what would happen if...?")

The distinction between—and the formal separatedness of—the creative and the critical components of scientific thinking is shown up by logical dissection, but it is far from obvious in practice because the two work in a rapid reciprocation of guesswork and checkwork, proposal and disposal, *Conjecture and Refutation*.[3] Though imaginative thought and criticism are equally necessary to a scientist, they are often very unequally developed in any one man. Professional judgment frowns upon extremes. The scientist who devotes his time to showing up the inadequacies of the work of others is suspected of lacking ideas of his own, and everyone soon loses patience with the man who bubbles over with ideas which he loses interest in and fails to follow up.

THE GENERAL CONCEPTION of science which reconciles, indeed literally joins together, the two sets of contradictory opinions I have just outlined is sometimes called the "hypothetico-deductive" conception. It was first expounded at length, though in a rather weak and untidy form, by William Whewell in 1840, and again by W. S. Jevons in 1873. Jevons, like Whewell, had no use for induction ("there really is no such thing as a distinct process of induction") but both, unhappily, continued to use the word; for Jevons the hypothesis was always prime mover in scientific thought. Claude Bernard's *Introduction à l'Etude de la Médecine expérimentale* is a splendid manual of the practice of the hypothetico-deductive scheme: it was easier, perhaps, for someone brought up in the Cartesian tradition to believe that the initiative in scientific enquiry should come from hypotheses or preconceived ideas of intuitive origin. For our present clear understanding of the logical structure and wider implications of the hypothetico-deductive system we are of course indebted to Karl Popper's *Logik der Forschung* of 1934, translated into English as *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* (1959).

EVERYTHING I HAVE SAID so far about the hypothetico-deductive system applies with exactly the same force to "applied" science, even in its simplest and most particular forms, as to that which is commonly called "pure" or "basic." Imaginative conjecture and criticism, in that order, underlie the physician's diagnosis of his patient's illness or the mechanic's explanation of why a car won't run. The physician may like to think himself, as Darwin did, an inductivist and a good Baconian, but with equally little reason, for Darwin was no inductivist; no more is he.

WHAT NOW follows is an attempt to analyse, not the difference between basic and applied science, but the motives which have led people to think it highly important, and above all to make it the basis of an intellectual class distinction.

Francis Bacon was not the first to distinguish basic from applied science, but no one before him put the matter so clearly and insistently, and the distinction as he draws it is unquestionably just. "It is an error of special note," said Bacon, pondering upon the many infirmities of current learning, "that the industry bestowed upon experiments hath presently, upon the first access into the business, seized upon some designed operation; I mean sought after *Experiments of Use* and not *Experiments of Light and Discovery*." (The image of light is a favourite of Bacon's, and the idea of kindling a light in Nature.) Bacon's distinction is between research that increases our power over nature and research that increases our understanding of nature, and he is telling us that the power comes from the understanding. Bacon felt this distinction, and the words that express it, upheld by the example of that Divine Builder who created Light only, and no *Materiate Work*, in the first day, turning to what we should nowadays presumably call Applied Science in the days following.

No one now questions Bacon's argument. Who nowadays would try to build an aeroplane without trying to master the appropriate aerodynamic theory? Sciences not yet underpinned by theory are not yet much more than kitchen arts. Aeronautics, and the engineering and applied sciences generally, do of course obey the Baconian ruling that what is done for use should so far as possible be done in the light of understanding. Unhappily, Bacon's distinction is not the one we now make when we differentiate between the basic and applied sciences. The notion of *purity* has somehow been superimposed upon it, a conscious and inexplicably self-righteous disengagement from the pressures of necessity and use. The distinction is now rather between polite and rude learning, between the laudably useless and the vulgarly applied, the free and the intellectually compromised, the poetic and the mundane.

Let me first say that all this is terribly, terribly English, or anyhow Anglo-Saxon. It is not always easy to explain to foreigners the whole

[8] As I have pointed out elsewhere, the correction or reformulation of a hypothesis made possible by examining its logical consequences is yet another setting for the ubiquitous phenomenon of "negative feedback."

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connotation of "pure" in the context "pure research." They only shake their heads uneasily and wonder if it may not have something to do with cricket. They lack also our Own Very Special Blend of highmindedness and humbug in that reasoning which champions Pure Research because, while it enables the human spirit to breathe freely in the spare and serene atmosphere of the intellectual highlands, it is also a splendid long-term investment. Invest in applied science for quick returns (the spiritual message runs), but in pure science for capital appreciation.[4] And so we make a special virtue of encouraging pure research in, say, cancer institutes or institutes devoted to the study of rheumatism or the allergies—always in the hope, of course, that the various lines of research will, like the lines of perspective, converge somewhere upon a point. But there is nothing virtuous about it! We encourage pure research in these situations because we know no other way to go about it. If we knew of a direct pathway leading to the solution of the clinical problem of rheumatoid arthritis, can anyone seriously believe that we should not take it? There is another very English thing about making pure and applied science the basis of a class distinction—it helps us forget, perhaps, that it was to our engineers and merchants that we were indebted for that topmost place in the world from which we have now stepped down.

THE MORE CREDITABLE part of our English reverence for pure research derives, I believe, from a certain accident of our aesthetic history. Let us concede that imaginative thought plays an important part—no matter what—in discovery and invention. Now in this country the quintessential form of imaginative activity has always been poetic invention. Hereabouts, a man inspired is typically a poet inspired. Unfortunately there is no such thing as Applied Poetry—or rather, there is, but we think little of it. We look askance at poetry for the occasion, even for Royal occasions. For poetry:

> is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say "I will compose poetry." The greatest poet even cannot say it....

Still less can he say that he will compose joyful or lugubrious poetry, or poetry upon a given theme.

> Poetry ... is not subject to the control of the active powers of the mind, and its birth and recurrence have no necessary connection with the consciousness or will.

Substitute "pure science" for "poetry" in Shelley's manifesto, and it will help us to understand the aesthetic conspiracy which has led us to think so much more highly of pure research than of research with an acknowledged practical purpose. It was quite otherwise in the early days of the Royal Society, when there was a danger that any experiment not immediately useful would be dismissed as play.

> It is strange [said Thomas Sprat[5]] that we are not able to inculcate into the minds of many men, the necessity of that distinction of my Lord Bacon's, that there ought to be Experiments of Light, as well as of Fruit.... If they will persist in contemning all Experiments, except those that bring with them immediate gain, and a present Harvest, they may as well cavil at the Providence of God, that he has not made all the seasons of the year to be times of mowing, reaping, and vintage.

Sprat is not arguing for pure research in the sense in which we should now use that term, but rather against a greedy empiricism; his formula is "Light now, for Use hereafter."

In countries in which poetry is not the top art form, the idea of occasional or commissioned art is commonplace and honourable, and there is correspondingly less fuss, if any, about the distinction between pure science and applied. Tapestry and statuary, stained glass, murals and portraiture, palaces, cathedrals and town halls, fire music, water music, and funeral marches—most are commissioned, and the act of being commissioned may itself light up the imagination.[6] For everyone who uses imagination knows that it can be trained and guided and deliberately stocked with things to be imaginative about. Only the irremediably romantic can believe, as Coleridge did, that artistic creation is a microcosmic version of that Divine sort of creation which can make something out of nothing, or out of a homogeneous cloud of forms or notions—and how little right *he* had to think so has been made clear to me by a belated reading of *The Road to Xanadu*. To the sober minded the "spontaneity" of an idea signifies nothing more than our unawareness of what preceded its irruption into conscious thought.

[4] V. B. Wigglesworth has pointed out that in the first edition of his *Grammar of Science* (1892) Karl Pearson chose Hertzian waves, essentially radio waves, as an example of a discovery of no apparent usefulness. This is the best example I know of the apparently useless bringing in the goods (as Pearson thought it probably would).

[5] Thomas Sprat, *History of the Royal Society* (1667) p. 245. I noticed too that Oliver Goldsmith, justifying his *History of the Earth and Animate Nature*, pleaded its usefulness, for to him the opposite of useful was not pure but *idle*.

[6] Benjamin Britten has always spoken in favour of occasional music: see his speech *On Receiving the first Aspen Award* (Faber, 1964).

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I AM LABOURING these obvious points in order to make it clear that poetic inspiration is not a valid guide to imaginative activity in all its forms; that there is no case for looking down on commissioned art or science or on extra-mural sources of inspiration; and that our English reverence for Pure Research, though historically understandable, and perhaps even lovable, is also slightly ridiculous.

IF WE STUDY the criteria that underlie a scientist's own valuation of science, we shall certainly not find purity among them. This is a significant omission, for the scientific valuation of scientific research is remarkably uniform throughout the world.

Here then are some of the criteria used by scientists when judging their colleagues' discoveries and the interpretations put upon them. Foremost is their *explanatory value*—their generality, span of relevance, or rank in the grand hierarchy of explanations. A second is their clarifying power, the degree to which they resolve what has hitherto been perplexing; a third, the feat of originality involved in the research, the surprisingness of the solution to which it led, and so on. The elegance of the solution and the economy of the thought and work that went into it are qualities scientists give some weight to, and so too is the difficulty of the enterprise as a whole—the size of the obstacles that had to be got over or got round before the solution was reached. But purity, as such, nowhere. Nor is usefulness, which has its own scale of valuation and its own rewards. Let usage guide us: "How neat!" one scientist might say of another's work—or "how ingenious!"—or "how very illuminating!"—but never, in my hearing anyway, "how pure!"

There is without doubt a case for uncommitted or disengaged research, but it is not self-evident, and there may turn out to be better ways of doing what pure research professes to do. For example, in institutes of basic research it is believed and hoped that something useful may be come upon in the course of free-ranging enquiry, whereupon research which has hitherto shed diffuse light will now come into focus. This procedure works; that is, it works sometimes, and it may be the best we can do, but there's no knowing, for alternative approaches have not yet been tried out on a sufficiently large scale. Might not the converse aproach be equally effective, given equal opportunity and equal talent?—to start with a concrete problem, but then to allow the research to open out in the direction of greater generality, so that the more particular and special discoveries can be made to rank as theorems derived from statements of higher explanatory value. I can see no reason why this approach, *if it were to be attempted by persons of the same ability*, should not work just as well as its more conventional alternative; in fact I believe that some great American companies are moving towards it and already have some brilliant achievements to justify their choice —*e.g.* the growth of a generalised communications theory out of the practical problems of sending messages by telephone. Research done in this style is always in focus, and those who carry it out, if temporarily baffled, can always retreat from the general into the particular.

IF OUR REVERENCE for Pure Science is a rather parochial thing, a by-product of the literary propaganda of the romantic revival; if no case can be made for it on philosophic grounds; if purity is not part of a scientist's own valuation of science; then why on earth do we think so highly of it? It is, I think, our humanist brethren who have taught us to believe that, while pure science is a genteel and even creditable activity for scientists in universities, applied science, with all its horrid connotations of trade, has no place on the campus; for only the purest of pure science can give countenance to research in the humanities—research which, though it cannot very well be described as pure, for want of anything applied to compare it with, can all too readily be described as useless. The humanist fears that if we abandon the ideal of pure knowledge, knowledge acquired for its own sake, then usefulness becomes the only measure of merit; and that if it does become so, research in the humane arts is doomed. These fears, I have explained, are groundless. Neither its purity *nor* its usefulness enter a scientist's valuation of his own research. The scientist values research by the size of its contribution to that huge logically articulated structure of ideas which is already, though not yet half built, the most glorious accomplishment of mankind. The humanist must value his research by different but equally honourable standards, particularly by the contribution it makes, directly or indirectly, to our understanding of human nature and conduct, and human sensibility.

I HAVE BEEN trying to make a case for a critical study of the organisation of research, by which I do *not* mean either the allocation of administrative responsibilities for research or the economics and logistics of science,[7] important though they are. I mean a study of the behavioural and intellectual structure of everything

[7] i.e., *The Science of Science* (London, 1964) as understood by its editors, M. Goldsmith and A. Mackay.

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that goes into the enlargement of our knowledge and understanding of nature. I have already mentioned a few of the problems that might be on the agenda of such an investigation, and here are a few more. Are scientists a homogeneous body of people in respect of temperament, motivation, and style of thought? (Obviously not: but we talk of the scientist nevertheless.) Is there such a thing as a "scientific mind"? I think not. Or *the* scientific method? Again, I think not. What exactly are the terms of a scientist's contract with the truth? This is an important question, for according to the interpretation of the scientific process which I myself think the most plausible, a scientist, so far from being a man who never knowingly departs from the truth, is always *telling stories* in a sense not so very far removed from that of the nursery euphemism—stories which might be about real life and which, having been made up, are then tested very scrupulously to find out if indeed they are so.[8]

Again, and in no particular order: is it really true that a good or genuine scientist is, or should be, indifferent to matters of priority, caring only for the Advancement of Learning and nothing for who causes it to come about? How can the *frettoso* of research be combined harmoniously with the *adagio* of administration? How can the productivity of scientists be increased: is full-time research really a good thing for more than a lucky or slightly obsessional minority, and, if not, what else should a scientist do, and how should his time be parcelled out to best advantage?

These are important questions, and their answers must no longer be entrusted to asseveration—to "peremptory fits of asseveration," Bacon said, when clearing the ground for his own *Great Instauration*. They will have to be thought over and argued out with some sense of urgency; and we here in England had better be quick about it, in case the wind changes and we get fixed permanently in our Anglo-Saxon attitudes to research.

[8] A "story" is more than a hypothesis: it is a theory, a hypothesis together with what follows from it and goes with it, and it has the clear connotation of completeness within its own limits. I notice that laboratory jargon follows this usage, *e.g.* "Let's get so-and-so to tell his story about" something or other, an invitation which so-and-so may decline on the grounds that his work "doesn't make a story yet" or accept because he "thinks he's got a story." There is a slightly depreciatory flavour about this use of "story" because fancy has to be used to fill in the gaps and some people tend to overdo it.

Rearguard

Alienation?—
A sorry state indeed,
You're right.

Alienation—
Certainly it worries me
—Of soul from body,

Or whatever other
Designation you prefer.
I mean,

When a bomb goes off
Nearby,
Let's say.

I think it's sad,
For other people too,
Artists or

Not.
The offside wheel
(Or nearside) of a lorry,

Or drunk or racial knife.
Bolt of too-much light,
Or food not-enough.

Or water in nose and mouth—
I mean, it's rather drastic
—Or ladder slipping,

Or even in bed.
Alienation—
A bad business, I'd say.

D. J. Enright

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ART

Pop in Perspective

By Barbara Rose

The presentation of the Dada work is always full of taste, the paintings reveal charming colours, all very fashionable, the books and magazines are always delightfully made up and rather recall the catalogues of perfume manufacturers. There is nothing in the outward aspect of these productions to offend anyone at all; all is correctness, good form, delicate shading, etc.

ALBERT GLEIZES, *The Dada Case* (1920).

But as diverting as Pop art is, I happen not to find it really challenging. Nor does it really challenge taste on more than a superficial level. So far . . . it amounts to a new episode in the history of taste, but not to an authentically new episode in the evolution of contemporary art."

CLEMENT GREENBERG, Introduction to the exhibition catalogue *Post-Painterly Abstraction* (1964).

IN NEW YORK, in the month of November, Andy Warhol had party hats in *McCall's* magazine, shoe illustrations in *Good Housekeeping*, and an exhibition of silk-screen paintings of flowers at the Leo Castelli gallery. What does this mean, if anything? The meaning attributed to such a flagrant dismissal of the traditional boundary between fine and commercial art differs according to the position from which it is considered. From the Academy, which sees everywhere the annihilation of humanistic values by the instruments of mass culture, it looks like the end of the Renaissance distinction between fine and applied art, the end of the tradition of the artist as the gentleman scholar —the divinely inspired practitioner of a liberal art—and his lapse once again into the anonymous ranks of the craftsman. Yet, despite the distrust with which academic circles view Pop art, their attitude is distinctly ambiguous. For example, the number of symposia, papers, seminars, etc., dealing with Pop art produced in the last two years might well equal the total campus discussion of all twentieth-century art.

In academic circles Pop art seems to evoke the kind of morbid curiosity that the prurient businessman feels towards the prostitute he patronises, in which revulsion is mixed with fascination. Art historians, never happy with abstract art, can now decry the new barbarism while invoking iconography, social history, and *Geistesgeschichte*. Relieved of the burden of grappling with the problem of developing a terminology for discussing abstract art, the professors can once more relax into the familiar disciplines of *motif*-tracing, analogy-making and socio-psychological studies of "the relationship of the artist to society." Especially gratifying is that Pop art lends itself to illustrating how the modern artist continues to fail his society, accepting its values instead of trying to reform them. This is the principal *leitmotif* of the professional humanists, who have yet to acknowledge that society has always formed the artist, and not *vice versa*, David and Courbet notwithstanding. (Meanwhile the artists go on giving to CORE, reading *The New Republic*, and voting in elections. But no one seems to notice this.)

Elsewhere, those who since the 'thirties have been aware of the challenge of *kitsch* to high culture—I have in mind specifically Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg, and Hilton Kramer, who, with the exception of the last named, were powerful defenders of abstract painting in America—see Pop art here as but another manifestation of *kitsch* modishness.[1]

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND why Pop art can be seen as low-brow high art. For one thing, it is compromised on all scores by the calibre of its

[1] Although "Pop art" was the term invented by the critic Lawrence Alloway to describe what some young English painters were doing, I am using it to talk about American Pop art, which for various reasons has ultimately attracted more international attention. But English Pop has a good deal in common with American art; much more, obviously, than it has to do with Continental Pop art or "New Realism."

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supporters. Mainly these are the *nouveau riche* collectors who buy it (often with as much an eye to its publicity potential as to its trading value), the dealers who sell it, and the mass media that publicise it. To aggravate matters, discussions of Pop art tend to descend quickly to the lowest possible level, serving to discredit it that much more. But worst of all, of course, is the ghastly if unforeseeable irony that the public really *does* love it: they look at it, talk about it, enjoy it as they never have abstract painting. All this tends to make the high-minded justifiably suspicious. Moreover, Pop art is open to more serious questioning, on the one hand because it is compromised by its relationship to commercial art, and on the other because of its link to the commodity market through the publicity apparatus which supports it. Even on the level on which motives are no longer questioned, there is still resistance not only to the debased imagery but to the introduction of commercial techniques into fine art. Thus, though no one thought to condemn Toulouse-Lautrec for making posters, or Magritte for designing wall-paper, critics (Hilton Kramer in particular) are constantly bringing it up that many of the Pop artists began as commercial artists, some still preferring commercial assignments to the many academic appointments which are equally available. For many sophisticated viewers the use of commercial techniques such as photo-engraving dots, billboard paint-handling, stencils, and silk screens, which lend a mechanical, reproducible, not hand-made look to the work, is even more objectionable than the unpleasant imagery. Like the painting and sculpture of young artists such as Poons, Williams, Judd, Flavin, Morris, *et al.*, the work looks easy to execute and to reproduce: it looks, in fact, as if anyone could do it. And, if art can be mass-produced or made by anyone (anyone human, that is, the monkey's hands aren't steady enough), then the artist as an individual no longer counts. He counts less, in fact, than the medieval craftsman, since he may not even make the work by hand, but may entrust its execution either to others or to mechanical means. This finally is too much for the humanists to swallow.

EACH CRITICISM of Pop art has some validity. There is something wrong with the society that produces Pop art, though not necessarily with the artists who make it. More responsible, certainly, for our inverted values than any artist is the museum director who advertises prices of masterpieces in order to roll up statistics of the "culture boom," or the critic who encourages hostility to art by impugning the motives of artists, or the collector who plays the art market as he plays the stock market.

Then, of course, the content of Pop art, all too frequently a kind of regressive infantilism, is often objectionable. But so is the sado-masochistic content of much religious art, not to mention the morally unappetising content of a lot of Surrealism, but that doesn't make these works any less art. The artists themselves are at fault in that they have allowed themselves to be exploited and manipulated by the mass media, with the result that altogether too much attention has been focused on Pop art, and the art market, always an artificial mechanism not dependent on actual validity, has been severely unbalanced. But for the most part the responsibility for the distortion of values we are experiencing does not lie with the artists.

Recently, that frantic microcosm which is the New York art world has been the subject of a number of pseudo-sociological studies in the mass press. From all these reports one gets the image of a snake biting its tail, in which the artist is neither the snake nor the tail. Take, for example, the spectacle of an outraged Harold Rosenberg writing in *Esquire* to condemn the influence of the mass media publicity on the art world! With the co-operation of Mr. Rosenberg and a number of less talented critics and journalists, the mass media have indeed managed to create a fictional art world in which super-stars "make it" on the "big board." It is in this glamorous fictive art world that "fabulously rich Pop artists" are the last of the big spenders, laughing it up as the West declines.

So much for fiction. In the real art world, where Mr. Greenberg is a distinguished critic of honest convictions and not a greedy "promoter," and where artists associate because of common interests and not common sex problems, Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, Warhol, Oldenburg, Wesselmann, Indiana, and Dine are a group of widely-imitated young artists of the same generation from the same social background (middle-class, college-educated, non-New Yorkers) with similar temperaments (shy, cautious, introspective, with a certain contradictory bent for the theatrical), who make art works of varying degrees of quality. These works are often stylistically related to the work being done by the abstract artists of their generation. Marisol and George Segal, on the other hand, are artists who worked quietly and without fanfare or sales throughout the 'fifties—Segal as a painter of expressionist nudes, and Marisol as a sculptor of small wood and terra-cotta pieces; they would never have been noticed were it not for the publicity they have received (but never solicited) as Pop artists.

By now, however, the situation has been sufficiently distorted that some sort of corrective needs to be administered. Frequently, mediocre

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young artists may be celebrities while the important art of today, still predominately abstract, goes unnoticed. And the inability of art historians such as E. H. Gombrich and Edgar Wind, who continue to argue against the "dehumanisation" of abstract art, to come to terms with the art of their own time does not help matters. Perhaps one reason the art world suffers from such an appalling lack of standards is that Professor Meyer Schapiro has been the only leading art historian to write coherently on abstract art. Those best prepared to set standards, it appears, have declined to do so, preferring instead to berate the artists for their irresponsibility and lack of faith. Fortunately, however, there are enough galleries, critics, and activity to insure that no genius will escape notice, although the case of Morris Louis, who would surely have died in total obscurity were it not for Clement Greenberg, may serve to illustrate how close we may still come to overlooking genuinely *avant-garde* work.

THE PROBLEM, obviously, is to put Pop art back into perspective. So far no critic, no matter how aggressive or offended, has gone so far as to call it *kitsch*. And of course Pop art is not *kitsch*; its pictorial conventions and roots are the same as those of abstract art. Nor is it commercial art made by commercial artists. Stylistically the work is linked with that of the young abstract artists. Like them, Pop artists work in the flat, on the surface, usually with closed, two-dimensional shapes having legible contours. Often they use the same "nasty," brash commercial colours and resistant surfaces found in the work of such young abstractionists as Poons, Williams, Bannard, and Krushenick. (A tendency to compose in terms of Cubist collage, however, often makes Pop art look relatively *retardataire*.) Linking the Pop artists again to the abstract artists of their generation is the bland impersonality, aloofness, disavowal of emotion or "message," and the amount of playing with vulgarity, unpleasantness, and bad taste which tends to characterise the art of all these young painters, both Pop and abstract.

Why this is so is another question. Partially, it is because the new sensibility that animates this generation wants to maximise resistance and tension. As the pretty, another category of the easy, is distrusted as well, the good and the difficult become synonymous. Impact and immediacy of response are goals. Without elaborating on what is essentially a complicated problem, one may merely remark that although the effect of the communications media was felt to a degree before, these young artists have been hit in a more direct way, perhaps to the extent that their perceptions even are changed. (Certainly experience with movies and art books has changed ways of seeing.) In any event, the young artists confront a different world, offering different temptations and rewards, not to mention different stimuli, from that which older artists faced. A gap which seems broader than that ordinarily separating generations separates these young artists from both first- and second-generation Abstract Expressionists in whose footsteps they follow. But the irony here is that of this art, all of which is being made for the same *élite* public for which Abstract Expressionism was made, the abstract aspect remains as remote and unassimilable as ever (if not more so), whereas the imagistic aspect, providing a relief from the difficulties of abstraction while still carrying the *cachet* of vanguardism, has found a large public and elicited a response totally out of proportion to its importance.

A LARGE PART of this response has been hostile. Though the work of the younger artists evolves stylistically from the style of the New York School, the content of the new art is not the same as that of Abstract Expressionism, which for all its detachment from representation still had about it the warmth and glow of life. The new art, in contrast, is cold and calculated. This tends to make the humanists, even those who could come to terms with "dehumanised" abstraction, uncomfortable. And of course the countless statements made by the Pop artists to the effect that they are uninterested in or against taste, feeling, and personal expression, and are content to celebrate the faceless banality of contemporary America don't sit well either with those who see civilisation in terms of the individualistic values that have obtained since the Renaissance. Enough of this nonsense has gained currency to suggest that it is about time to call the cards on both sides. For their part, the Pop artists are by and large misrepresenting themselves. These are a group of educated spectators of mass culture, not glazed participants in its rituals, despite the extent to which they allow themselves to be exploited as part of the personality packaging that goes into contemporary myth-making. Pop art is not the naïve art of the unlettered, and no amount of bubbly affirmation can hide the irony and at times the desperation behind what was at least originally its statement. (Some Pop artists have already given up "Pop" imagery for more neutral subjects like flowers and landscapes. This tends to remove the sting of the topical, though the continued use of commercial techniques serves to maintain a brash vulgar look.) It seems some tribute to the masochism built into our public life that this ironic, perverse, hostile art, based on the same pictorial conventions as contemporary abstract art, which

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remains an *élite* art, has found for itself a mass public.

IF THE POP ARTISTS are guilty of indulging in a masquerade in order to veil the subversive nature of their statement, then the humanists are allowing a fruitless nostalgia for the functional relationship of the artist to a healthy society to fog their vision. As it stands, the role of the artist in the evolving technological mass society is unhealthy. Yet, though we can acknowledge that ours is a transitional period, we find it difficult to come to terms with the ambiguous art of our youngest artists, which has as its end both the destruction of old values and the construction of new ones. Artists are questioning the meaning, role, and function of art in the new society that at this moment is taking shape; this questioning, which presupposes a speculative detachment, does not make their art less valid. On the contrary, it testifies to its authenticity.

Though we may get beyond questioning the validity of Pop art, we are still left with the problem of how good it is. I have no doubt about how relevant its content is to the contemporary situation, so clearly the only objection of any substance is Mr. Greenberg's: that it is formally inadequate. But is it? Isn't it equally conceivable that rather than being subject to the same criteria for evaluation as abstract art, Pop art is found wanting by Greenberg and those who uncritically accept his position because it is not being subjected to those same criteria?

Under Mr. Greenberg's direction, formalist criticism in America is taking a decidedly moralistic turn. As art criticism in this country increasingly becomes the province of trained historians rather than of unemployed poets, as it was during the 'fifties, the bias in favour of abstract art grows. This is quite proper; for a variety of reasons our best art is still abstract. (And it is largely to Mr. Greenberg's formulation of a critical vocabulary that we owe our ability to talk about abstract art at all.) But within the context of this moralistic criticism, it appears that the only proper subject for an elevated work of art now is an abstraction, as once it was a religious subject. There begins to be the sense that conditioning has already prepared the viewer to expect that in our time only an abstraction can be elevated in this sense, if merely because in America the best art made since the war has been abstract.

Ideally, of course, the formalist critic is unaffected by the subject matter of a work. I am sure Mr. Greenberg would maintain that the debased images and techniques of Pop art do not revolt him, and that he sees only the inadequacy of the formal relationships. But I wonder if, on the one hand, Lichtenstein's compositions are so inadequate or unoriginal and if, conversely, some of the abstract painters Mr. Greenberg included in the exhibition of post-painterly abstraction he organised recently in Los Angeles are not ultimately more inadequate, even if more palatable. In the catalogue introduction to this show (from which I have quoted above), Mr. Greenberg makes the point that it should have been obvious that Abstract Expressionism was very much art, rooted in the history of art, as soon as distinctions in quality could be made. Yet these are precisely the distinctions in quality that Mr. Greenberg refuses to make with regard to Pop art, preferring (with a nod in the direction of Jasper Johns) to dismiss it wholesale. On the other hand, some critics have begun to note such distinctions in quality. Quite rightly, Lichtenstein is usually singled out, his work seeming to have more in common with the best abstract painting being done now than most of Pop art does.

IN LARGE PART, then, the grounds on which Pop art has been attacked as spurious: it is not commercial art made by commercial artists, but art which accepts the implications and conventions of abstract art. (Though it might sound foolish to hold that Andy Warhol's flower paintings could not have been made without the precedent of Pollock and Gottlieb, I think such is the case, even if as art they may end up insulting their models.) Neither is it sell-out art made by artificially created personalities to legitimise the values of the commodity culture that makes them rich. Rather it is part of the hold-out art of a generation of artists that has seen flag-wavers collapse both left and right. That it has been widely accepted and sometimes put to strange uses is rarely the fault of the artists.

Pop art is not only not art, most of the time it is not even bad art, even if, judged by the same standards with which one judges abstract art, it is frequently mediocre. If the level of formal invention is not great, it is scarcely worse than that of most of the abstract art shown today, nor is the statement more vacant. And sometimes, happily, as in Lichtenstein's case, it is distinctly better. Simply to assign Pop art categorically to the history of taste is to miss this point. And to ignore the messages artists such as Oldenburg and Rosenquist are sending, though they may be essentially literary or social, is to overlook a set of interpretations of contemporary reality which may be more penetrating than those being made available by our literature and sociology today.

It would be absurd to maintain that Pop art is going to add much to the history of forms. But like Dada, which it in many ways resembles (even in its tenuous relationship to society and to

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past art), it will have a place in the history of art. By transforming sensibility, by changing the concept of the aesthetic experience, by enriching the artistic vocabulary through the addition of chance and accident as elements of artistic expression (carried to a logical conclusion in Surrealist automatism, which had a still more obvious bearing on Abstract Expressionism), Dada helped prepare the way for the next major stylistic revolution in twentieth-century art. Without Dada, would Surrealism have developed? And without the Surrealist contribution, is Abstract Expressionism conceivable?

It is not difficult to understand why Dada and Surrealism were not, in comparison with Cubism, off which they fed, very inventive formally. So much had been accomplished by Cubism—as much perhaps as had been invented by artists since the Renaissance—that it is hardly surprising that a slowing down followed. Pop art bears roughly the same relationship to Abstract Expressionism as Dada did to Cubism; like Dada it is primarily idea art, in which a perverse disjunction of form and content replaces their formerly harmonious integration.

To this extent it does belong to that same current of exacerbated aestheticism (in which everything, no matter how appalling, becomes art) which began with the *fin-de-siècle* retreat into the self. And Pop, which seems so public, is but another kind of retreat into the self, perhaps of a deeper sort. The wish to maintain the inviolability of the person, who has a grinning made-up double to answer questions and entertain, certainly accounts for some of the curious inversions pop art has brought about. But to allow the distortions of the phantom art world or the ambiguity of the artist's statement to condition an evaluation of the work as art is as foolish as accepting it on that basis.

On the other hand, to say that Dada or Pop art does not belong to the history of art is to have too narrow and prescriptive an idea of art history. Although it appears that Pop art will contribute more to *Geistesgeschichte* than to the history of forms, it may conceivably have repercussions for future artistic development of which we cannot pretend to have any notion. For this reason alone it is impossible to assign it at this point to the category of Salon painting, gimcracks, and bizarrerie that belongs to the history of taste as independent from the history of art. A categorical dismissal of Pop art constitutes a closing off of possibilities that no open situation can afford. To insist on quality is one thing, but to encourage a moralising, restrictive criticism which seeks to block off avenues for exploration before it can even see where they may lead is quite another. The best thing one can say of Pop art is that it is changing; no Pop artist has shown himself ready to accept the market-place mentality of which his critics accuse him. To watch and evaluate that development will be the critic's job.

Given the amount of pointless talk with which it has been garnished, perhaps it is gratuitous to add yet another course to the verbal feast Pop art has occasioned. Still it seems to me that the reaction, both for and against, has been so out of proportion to what the work itself calls for that some attempt needs to be made to put it back into a proper perspective.

Dover Beach, 1965

At last arriving at the sea
He heard gulls cry.
These gulls were calling out like gulls,
Dipped to the waves, rose to the sky
Like gulls. Like gulls was all they were.
Offshore the fishermen hurled
Lines into the wind
As if to slice the world
Till it lay flat again.
He saw the tide sweep over rocks
To the grim edge of the furthest dune.
His eyes like a fish leapt at the horizon,
Then sank below the surface of the waves,
While water made the sound which waters make.
Before the Word. Until forever.

David Posner

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NOTES & TOPICS

A Wild Night

IT HAPPENED, and now we're all busy shrugging it off. Seven thousand people turned up at the Albert Hall to listen to a poetry recital. Some of the advertised performers were famous—or, at least, notorious—some were entirely unknown, even to people who take a professional interest in poetry. Most of us in the audience weren't quite sure what we'd come for; some of us didn't like it when we got it. The newspaper accounts were suitably incoherent. *The Times* printed a picture of one poet, but captioned it with the name of another. *The Sunday Telegraph*, with an extra day to think it over, called Lawrence Ferlinghetti "Serlinghetti" throughout its report, apparently from ignorance rather than malice.

The interest, when all was said and done, lay not in individuals but in the confrontation of attitudes which took place. The huge audience seemed to take on a collective personality of its own as the evening wore on, and it was this personality which the poets had to master. At first, the response was sluggish and rather uncertain. Allen Ginsberg opened the proceedings by chanting a Tibetan Mantra, while clashing a pair of little finger-cymbals together. After this grace-before-meat, Alexander Trocchi, the master of ceremonies, introduced the first performer—a wildly exhibitionist Dutch poet called Simon Vinkenoog. Mr. Vinkenoog declared "you have nothing to fear from the poet but the truth." A little later he read a self-consciously hip poem addressed to the late President Kennedy:

I hear you were a groovy cat.
Is it true you used to smoke pot?

As the phrases flowed from him, my eyes began to wander round the immensity of the hall. Everywhere, the same faces—the stereotyped looks of young Englishmen and women in the mid-'sixties: beards for the men; long, swinging, shining hair for the girls. A girl with a ciné camera and with Courrèges sunglasses pushed up on her forehead wandered around the arena taking pictures; a young man in a blue cotton suit from Carnaby Street was toying with a slightly withered iris; here and there people were swigging at bottles of whisky. It was too early yet to tell what was going to happen.

The next performer was one of the big names —Lawrence Ferlinghetti, author of "A Coney Island of the Mind" and one of the popes of the beats from San Francisco. He read, in fine, free-wheeling style, a poem in which he told us that when he employed a four-letter word in common use he "meant love." This produced the first cheer of the evening.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the poets who performed thereafter, and what they read. On the whole, they could be divided into three categories—the celebrities from abroad, the English beat imitators, and better known, but less extreme, English verse-writers. The strength of the foreign contingent was reduced by the withdrawal of the two representatives of Communism: Pablo Neruda and Andrei Voznesensky. The non-appearance of the first robbed the chicken-hearted of their already prepared excuse: "I only came to hear Neruda." Voznesensky was present, even if he did not read, and shook his clasped hands at the audience like a boxer. But it is words, rather than gestures, which concern me here.

I must confess, for example, that the English beats or near-beats made on the whole a poor showing, even if a self-confident one. It was during their readings that the whole gathering seemed suddenly absurd and outrageous.

for you and you and her and he,
fight for all humanity,

piped one bard, and many of us must have invoked the shade of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The better-known English poets, on the other hand, usually seemed a trifle unsure of the situation and of themselves. The audience, so I now believe, had come there hoping to be moved, surprised—transported even. Too often, these English poets seemed determined to charm, to entertain, to amuse. As vaudeville performers they were amateurs; as poets they might have seemed professionals. When Christopher Logue, elegant in a tight black coat, and leaning on a stick, began to declaim his own translation of a famous chorus by Sophocles, the audience, restless after a Bruce Lacey robot had failed to work, immediately quietened. The words rolled round the arches like a distant echo of thunder.

It was the few moments of triumph or disaster which were the most informative. There was a triumph, for example, which one might have wished otherwise. Adrian Mitchell, already well known for his political verses and for his powers as a reader of them, declaimed a clever but more than slightly smug poem about Viet Nam, and was rewarded with the biggest

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ovation of the evening. Yet there was an awareness that this was applause without catharsis, that the spectators were applauding the echo of their own sentiments, and willing themselves to be moved without truly being so—the stock response at work.

Different, though only slightly less tumultuous, was the reception given to an Austrian poet, Ernst Jandl, a writer whom few of those present could have heard of previously. Jandl works with sound; he leapt the barrier of language with astonishing ease and lightness. His experiments made a big hit with an audience hungry for novelties and apparently not getting enough of them.

Finally, the times of crisis. One poet, a man with something to say and a wretched inability to put it across, at least in public, was virtually howled from the rostrum. "That's a fine poem, but I don't think we need to hear any more about it," said the chairman, administering what was probably the cruellest blow of all. There are, it seems, wrong, as well as right, techniques of self-exposure.

THEN, AFTER NEARLY four hours, came the man whom most of the audience had been waiting to see and hear—Allen Ginsberg. Ginsberg was apparently preoccupied with the presence of Voznesensky, to whom he seemed to appeal again and again for solidarity and brotherhood. Even apart from this, he seemed like a man who had come there in order to throw all the doors open. But four hours is four hours, and by this time many of the audience were determined to slam them shut again. A section began to barrack; and Ginsberg, shaking his wild locks, responded with all the fire of an Old Testament prophet. A girl in the arena seats rose in her place and started to do a kind of oriental dance. As the jeers grew louder, she ripped her clothes and shook her fists, but without uttering a sound. "Can we have some real poetry now, sir?" shouted an officer-class voice, and the incongruous "sir" revealed an abyss of incomprehension. Ginsberg—whatever one thinks of his work—is not a man whom one addresses as "sir." The great experiment had misfired.

All at once it was over, and a little group in the centre of the hall were self-consciously throwing flowers and waving laurel branches while Ginsberg clashed his cymbals. "Have you *no* homes to go to?" boomed the loudspeakers heartily. I moved towards the exit with all the depression of a man who has been to a bad bull-fight. The question now is—would that astonishing audience come again?

Edward Lucie-Smith

Teaching In, Speaking Out

The Controversy over Viet Nam

Letter from New York

IS IT REALLY a debate or more like a *dialogue des sourds*? That's the first question that needs to be asked, and it is risky to give a quick answer. It's a bit of both—and of neither—and of other things entirely. It's certainly not easy to make sense of, and from my reading of the British and European press, I should say that the outside world is not getting a true picture of American opinion and the American mood. Mr. Isaac Deutscher, I see, recently told a London audience that, everywhere he went in the United States, he encountered critics of U.S. policy who asked: "Why does your Labour government betray us?" Mr. Deutscher's "everywhere," of course, is a special location of his own discovery, if not invention. Most Americans are not particularly aware that Britain *has* a Labour government; nor have I ever heard this government's official position so much as referred to, in all the arguments and discussions I have witnessed.

The public opinion polls are about as good a place to start as any, even if they don't lead very far. These polls show that about half the American people think the Government's policy in Viet Nam is correct. The other dissenting half is divided fairly evenly between those who think the war should be conducted more vigorously (on the general principle that fighting Communists is right) and those who want

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to know what the hell are we doing in Viet Nam in the first place. I think these polls are accurate enough—but they are more precise registers of mood than they are measures of opinion. Not many people in the United States actually have anything like an "opinion" on Viet Nam, for the good reason that they know very little about that country and probably care even less. Any foreign policy that has bi-partisan support, as our present Viet Nam policy does, will automatically have the larger part of "public opinion" behind it. This majority opinion, however, precisely because it is so automatic, is less of a consolation to the Administration than one might think. Its whole-heartedness, its reliability, its capacity to endure frustration are highly questionable. President Johnson still quotes the opinion polls to his visitors at the drop of a hat; but he is also known to have been made exceedingly uneasy and indignant by the criticisms that have been mounted against his policy in Viet Nam. These criticisms have emanated from three major American institutions: Walter Lippmann, the New York *Times*, and the universities.

Walter Lippmann has a unique place in the history of American journalism because his authority derives from nothing else than his political intelligence, his political wisdom, his political independence. He speaks for no party or faction, speaks the language of no party or faction, and is regarded with a suspicious awe by all parties and factions. In some respects he is a liberal, in other respects he is a conservative, in all respects he reaches his own conclusions, after his own fashion. He now delights all progressives with his aggressive Keynesianism in domestic economic policy, just as he used to exasperate them in the 1930s with his hostility to Franklin D. Roosevelt and the welfare state. But no sooner are liberals prepared to claim him as their own than he dissents from the Supreme Court's decision on reapportionment, or takes a moderate view on some matter of social policy that liberals feel immoderately about. On Viet Nam, he has been by far the outstanding spokesman for all those who think it is the wrong war, in the wrong place, under the wrong circumstances. But when President Johnson sent the Marines into the Dominican Republic, Mr. Lippmann calmly observed that he saw nothing wrong with this action in principle (though expressing strong reservations about its expediency)—one can imagine how *that* went down with the anti-war crowd.

The premises of Mr. Lippmann's position on Viet Nam are clear enough, and once you grant them, his arguments are persuasive. These premises are: (1) South-East Asia is, historically and geopolitically, a Chinese "sphere of influence"; (2) the Peking régime will not insist on setting up Communist puppet régimes in that area, but will be satisfied with something equivalent to the United States' hegemony in the Western hemisphere; (3) the Peking régime will have no interest in extending this hegemony over the other two Asian powers—India and Japan; (4) the United States cannot hope to win a non-nuclear war on the Asian mainland, and a nuclear war over Viet Nam is unthinkable; (5) by putting itself against China, the United States is inhibiting the development of the Russo-Chinese conflict—in effect, we are constraining the Soviet Union from an open break with China, lest it appear to be "appeasing American imperialism" in the eyes of the *tiers monde* and of its own people.

NONE OF THESE PREMISES is incredible or inherently implausible. They are, however, challengeable. Mr. Lippmann's critics point out that there were, not so long ago, a great many people who thought South-East Asia was an inevitable *Japanese* sphere of influence—and that there was nothing inevitable about this, as the aftermath of World War II revealed. They further point out other objections, notably:

(1) There was as good a case, two decades ago, for thinking that Greece was part of Russia's sphere of interest, and for deploring—as in fact Mr. Lippmann did deplore at the time—Anglo-American intervention in the Greek civil war. Yet this intervention in retrospect has fully justified itself.

(2) If Peking has no designs on India's sovereignty, or cares little about the kind of régime it has, why has it behaved in so unfriendly—even aggressive—a manner towards India?

(3) If the United States should unilaterally decide it has no responsibility for the political destiny of South-East Asia—for Thailand and Malaysia and Burma and perhaps India—why should it retain such responsibility for Australia, Japan, and the Philippines? And how do we then persuade the peoples of these countries that we will not abandon this responsibility, too?

(4) It is not so certain, from a military point of view, that the United States cannot win a non-nuclear war on the Asian mainland—if, by "winning the war," we mean merely sustaining non-Communist régimes against Communist-led "wars of liberation."

(5) Conceding victory to the Chinese, at this stage, might well be taken as a vindication of the "Peking way," as against the "coexistence" policies of the U.S.S.R. It would hinder, rather than encourage, the "liberalisation" of the Communist world.

And so on—back and forth. The arguments

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on both sides are real, not specious or merely rhetorical. And they have no hidden political meaning—Walter Lippmann admires Lyndon Johnson, approves of his programme for "The Great Society," and is not using Viet Nam as a pretext for attacking anything except United States policy in that particular corner of the world. Unlike the university protesters, Mr. Lippmann engages in no presumptuous suppositions as to "what the Vietnamese people really want"—he obviously doesn't much care—or in legalistic exegesis as to whether, or to what extent, there is "aggression" or "revolution" in South Viet Nam. His is a *realpolitik* point of view; and he will apparently even contemplate the possibility of a *nuclear* war against China in extreme circumstances (*e.g.*, should Australia or Japan be threatened). It is therefore understandable that, so far as left-wing teachers or students are concerned, he is a most dubious ally.

IT IS DIFFICULT to exaggerate the importance of *The New York Times'* opposition to Administration policies. As the only thing approaching a "national newspaper," and with an enviable reputation for integrity and disinterested public service, it is as much a political institution as a mere publication. Our *New York Times* is the English *Times, Telegraph, Guardian, Observer,* and *Sunday Times* all rolled into one—that is to say, at least so far as editorial influence is concerned. Indeed, it is about the only newspaper in the United States whose editorial opinions count at all in Washington.

But just as it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the *Times'* attitude towards our Viet Nam policy, so is it difficult to get a clear and precise idea of what this attitude is. The *Times'* leading political columnist, James Reston, divides his time equally between criticising the administration and criticising its critics. The *Times'* former correspondent in Viet Nam, David Halberstam, whose reporting had the State Department and the Pentagon in a state of perpetual hysterics, has just written a book which shows how inept and self-deceiving American policy and policy-makers have been—but which also goes on to say that an American withdrawal from Viet Nam is unthinkable. The *Times'* own editorials are short expressions of opinion rather than reasoned arguments, and are sometimes positively Delphic in their inscrutability. When President Johnson, in his Johns Hopkins speech, offered to negotiate unconditionally with the North Viet Nam régime and/or China, the *Times* declared that its criticisms were now satisfied and that American policy was now, in its eyes, on the right track. Since then, however, it has consistently given expression to a vague dissatisfaction which seems to say no more than that, if things are going so badly, our policy must somehow be wrong. This brings it no bouquets from the White House, which knows things are going badly, but which would also welcome some suggestions for making them go better.

The *Times'* favourite Congressional spokesman, Senator William J. Fulbright, has only recently tried to make explicit the *Times'* policy, as follows: (a) no withdrawal; (b) no escalation; (c) continuing our military and political support to the South Viet Nam régime as a kind of "holding operation"; (d) figuring out some sort of scheme that would make unconditional negotiations more attractive to the Communists than unconditional victory. These points pretty much sum up the "liberal" position on Viet Nam. It is not, in fact, so very far removed from Lyndon Johnson's own position. Indeed, he has defended "escalation" (i.e., the bombing of the North) precisely as the only available means to make unconditional negotiations more attractive to the Communists than unconditional victory. The *Times*, and Senator Fulbright, and the Americans for Democratic Action all flatly reject this view; but they are having difficulty suggesting an alternative.

Lippmann, the *Times*, and Senator Fulbright provide an invaluable "establishmentarian" umbrella for the most vocal and militant critics of American policy—the professors and students involved in the so-called "teach-ins." About this phenomenon, it is hard to write fairly or clearly—it is no less confused than the Viet Nam situation itself. The picture varies significantly, from campus to campus, and from month to month. What is surely true is that the "teach-ins" reflect a minority opinion among students and faculty. What is also surely true is that this fact is less significant than another: whereas the Administration may have the passive, silent (and often unthinking) support of the majority, its critics have the active, eloquent, determined support of an organised minority whose numbers, if they fall far short of 50 per cent, are nevertheless considerable. In such a contest, there can be little doubt that it is the minority point of view which will be shaping public opinion on the campuses.

Why this revolt on the campus, on this issue, at this time? Viet Nam itself, one may suspect, is as much the occasion as the cause. No doubt there is a goodly amount of simple, virtuous, "anti-imperialism" involved. But what makes Viet Nam a particularly suitable occasion is the fact that the United States seems to have lost political and military control over events there, and that we appear to be losing the war. There is nothing like military disaster for giving

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heart to pre-existing internal factionalism and dissent. It is significant that American intervention in the Dominican Republic—an act so flagrantly in violation of radical and liberal sensibilities—has given rise to very few demonstrations and, so far as I know, to not a single "teach-in." Americans are still reluctant to argue with the U.S. Marines, so long as they have the situation under control.

I HAVE REFERRED to "pre-existing internal factionalism and dissent"—this is but another way of saying that the American campus has, in these past five years, witnessed a general revival of left-wing opinion and left-wing passion. The "silent generation" of the 1950s has given way to the "militants" of the 'sixties. Why American students, amidst general prosperity, and under a liberal Administration that is expanding the Welfare State more aggressively and successfully than anyone had thought possible, should "go left," is a riddle to which no sociologist has as yet come up with an answer. One theory is, simply, that these young people are bored: they see their lives laid out neatly before them; they see themselves moving ahead sedate and more or less inexorably in their professional careers; they know that with a college degree even "failure" in their careers will represent no harsh punishment; they know "it's all laid on"—and they rebel against this bourgeois utopia their parents so ardently strove for. One of the unforeseen consequences of the Welfare State is that it leaves so little room for militant idealism. Which is to say, it satisfies the middle-aged while stifling the young.

American youth, however, has had one grand, idealistic experience: the civil rights movement. This has been the formative experience for the "activists" of the 1960s; it is this movement that gave them a sense of power and purpose; and it is the civil rights movement which instructed them in the tactics of "civil disobedience" that are now resorted to at the drop of a hat. Unfortunately, the civil rights movement has had one great drawback: so far from being a "dissenting" movement, it has behind it the President, Congress, the courts, the laws of the land, and a majority of public opinion. This is obviously a peculiar condition for a radical to find himself in. It helps explain why the younger militants have constantly pushed the movement towards "extremes"—and by an "extreme" I mean, not a demand for more equal opportunity for the Negro, but a demand for utter, complete, and immediate *equality of condition* for the Negro. This was satisfying temporarily, since the demand could not be fulfilled without repealing three centuries of history, and even Lyndon Johnson hasn't figured out a way to do that. But the "extremist" position, too, has slowly been becoming a bit of a bore, especially among the Negroes themselves, many of whom have begun to suspect (quite correctly) that once again they are being used for the white man's purposes.

It is a strange experience to see a radical movement in search of a radical cause—it is usually very much the other way around. It leads to all sorts of paradoxes. For instance, these young American radicals are in the historically unique position of not being able to demand *a single piece of legislation* from their government—their "platform" is literally without one legislative plank. To be sure, an observer could in the abstract think up something for them—like nationalising the steel industry, say. But they are fearful that, if they start asking for this, Lyndon Johnson just might do it—and who wants to make *him* a present of our steel industry? So radicalism on the campus has tended to be more picturesque than political: sporting Castro-like beards, demanding the sale of contraceptives in the college book store (as in Berkeley), insisting on the complete abolition of university discipline, saying nice things about Mao Tse-tung, etc., etc.... until Viet Nam came into focus as a rally point.

What brought Viet Nam into focus was the spreading upward of the radical temper into the junior ranks of the faculty. Just why *this* should have happened is not so clear either—no one has yet made a study of the frustrations of the American university teacher. Presumably some of them, too, are weary of having "everything laid on"—though it is possible that there are others who are vexed at not having enough "laid on." (The long slow climb from teaching assistant through the various ranks of professorship, though not really unpleasant at any one of its stages, must be tedious in its entirety.) At any rate, once the junior faculty took the leadership, even nominally, there had to be an unambiguous political objective. Our Viet Nam policy, already under some criticism, and patently not working out as the Government desired, was conveniently at hand. And since most academics are instinctively "anti-war" and "anti-imperialist" to begin with, they could seize this issue in good conscience.

The so-called "teach-in" was introduced—an ingenious device whereby the faculty could absolve itself of the accusation of "indoctrinating" the students. A "teach-in" is supposed to be a debate and discussion between various points of view. It rarely is that. A speaker who is at least partially sympathetic to the Administration's point of view is invariably invited. But the preponderance of speakers is just as invariably on the other side—and a good part of

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the meeting (which can go on for thirty-six hours) will be devoted to impromptu harangues on "the power structure" from leaders of different left-wing groups, folk-singing with a pacifist slant, the reading of articles and reports from the foreign press on the American presence in Viet Nam, etc.

It has been most interesting to observe the kinds of faculty men and women who have been active in "teach-ins." Not only are they usually junior in rank; they are also usually in professions that have precious little to do with Viet Nam. The psychologists have been especially keen: the idea that an engagement in international conflict is nothing more than a species of infantile aggression seems finally to have struck deep root among members of that discipline. The mathematicians, chemists, and philosophers have also been highly visible, I can't imagine why. Notable by their relative absence have been scholars who could claim to know more about Viet Nam, or Asia, or Communism, or international politics than might be gleaned from a reading of *The New York Times*. There are many such in universities in the United States, and not all of them agree with what the Administration is doing in Viet Nam or with the way it is doing it. But they have too great an appreciation of the complexity of the mess we are in to adopt a simplistic "anti" position. Besides, practically all of them have contacts in Washington and they know that, had they a new, good idea about Viet Nam, they would get a prompt and respectful hearing. If they lack such ideas, they are more likely to blame themselves than the Pentagon.

THE "TEACH-IN" movement reached its climax in a national "teach-in" in Washington, in mid-May, which was televised and broadcast throughout the nation. It was an excellent meeting—but an obvious disappointment to its sponsors. For one thing, McGeorge Bundy didn't show up: it was subsequently revealed that he was in Santo Domingo, trying to establish a government of the people, for the people, which would be acceptable to the State Department. His absence removed the possibility of "Administration-baiting," which a great many of the participants had looked forward to. Without Bundy to act as a catalyst, the "teach-in" really became a debate—one, moreover, in which those professors who defended the Administration (notably Joseph Scalapino and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.) made as cogent a case as those who were opposed; and in which those who were opposed (notably Hans J. Morgenthau and George Kahin) were quite unrepresentative of their left-wing constituency. It was educational television at its best; but the "Inter-University Committee on Viet Nam," which organised the affair, had not thought particularly of improving the quality of educational television. It had wanted a protest meeting with an "educational" veneer; and in the lobbies of the Sheraton Hotel hundreds of students and faculty members wandered about in high political frustration.

It is not likely that the same mistake will be repeated in the future. After the summer vacation, assuming the situation in Viet Nam is not too different from what it is now, one may expect the "teach-ins" to shed their educational clothes entirely and become an outright movement of political agitation. This could create all sorts of serious problems. For one thing, it would put University administrations in a most difficult position. In view of the fact that the "teach-in" movement is centred in a handful of state universities whose budgets are controlled by the state legislatures, there has been a remarkable degree of official permissiveness so far. After all, it is generally agreed that it *is* a breach of professional ethics for professors to organise their students *on the campus* for political purposes. To the extent that a "teach-in" could pass itself off as a debate, with the aim of education rather than agitation, university administrators and state legislators could turn a blind eye towards what was actually happening. But should it become too apparent that faculty members are using their position to shape a political constituency among their students—well, all kinds of hell could then break loose. The memories of McCarthyism have faded so rapidly, and the prestige of the academic profession has risen so sharply in recent years, that many of the younger professors seem oblivious of the risks they are running. Most of them may even think that political agitation among their students is a part of "academic freedom" in the United States. Conceivably it will be, one day—as it now is in most of Latin America. But that day is not going to come soon, and it is bound to be preceded by a considerable turbulence in the civic atmosphere.

More important, there could be a nasty reaction among the non-academic citizenry—who are still, one must always remind oneself, the overwhelming majority. The new turn in American policy, which will involve tens of thousands—eventually perhaps hundreds of thousands—of GIs in a jungle war in Viet Nam, makes such a reaction ever more likely. It is one thing to denounce the government's policy when what is involved is political direction, diplomatic posture, or unopposed air strikes. It is quite another thing when the casualty lists start mounting, and when an honest-to-goodness war is going on, in fact if not in form. Ameri-

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cans are not the most tolerant people under the best of circumstances: they are inclined to believe, especially in times of crisis, that the will of the majority is itself a kind of *union sacré*. No doubt there will be little bother about "reasonable" criticism; no doubt, too, many will revert to an isolationism hostile to costly involvement in so remote a place as Viet Nam. But within the "teach-in" movement there are many unreasonable, ideological types—pro-Castro, pro-Viet Cong, pro-Mao, anti-American. They number, at most, a few thousand; but they are energetic and vocal and tend to colour the "teach-in" movement as a whole. And with such as these, the public as a whole is not likely to have much patience. Already one hears chilling mutterings about Americans who stab other Americans in the back—and wounded veterans haven't even yet begun to return.

As for the debate itself, it seems to have reached an impasse. President Johnson, by offering to negotiate unconditionally with either North Viet Nam or China (or both) has gone about as far as he is likely to go, and further than many expected him to go. This offer having been unconditionally rejected, the only alternatives are (a) greater military involvement, or (b) turning South Viet Nam over to the Viet Cong. The latter has been bluntly advocated by only a few critics to date. Presumably they will be joined by others who see no other way out and feel that a way out *must* be found, at whatever temporary cost. But "appeasement" is still very much a dirty word in this country, and an unconditional American withdrawal must rank among the lowest of probable outcomes.

Greater military involvement, on the other hand, with an American army fighting in the jungles of Viet Nam, has been advocated by no one, and rejected by everyone from the Pentagon down to the picketing student. Nevertheless, this seems to be precisely the direction in which American policy is heading. It would seem that even great powers, in the modern world, are not exactly masters of their fate.

Irving Kristol

Letter from Oxford

"Wo das Gelehrte beginnt, hört das Politische auf": "Where the learned begins, the political ceases." Goethe had never seen a "teach-in," but his epigram conveys well enough the ambivalence of the new institution which is now in our midst. The original American "teach-in" derived from the "sit-in" of demonstrators for civil rights. In Britain the aura of protest has remained with it, but the spiritual ancestor of this aspect is a CND "sit-down" in Trafalgar Square. The word "teach," on the other hand, suggests quite a different atmosphere, implying a sort of marathon seminar from which masters and pupils alike are to emerge satiated with a rapidly matured wisdom. Allowing the two sets of impressions to react on each other, one arrives at a final definition of a political protest, whose objectivity is guaranteed by academic discussion, or an exchange of learned opinion, whose importance is enhanced by being placed in a political context. And since such a symbiosis both increases the importance of student politics and gives an academic cachet to disagreement with the policies of the American and British governments, it is bound to provide great consumer satisfaction.

The organisers of the Oxford University "teach-in" on Viet Nam clearly had no doubts about the nature of the occasion. It was apparent from the start that political protest was intended to take precedence over scholarly examination of the evidence. Indeed, I do not suppose that the organisers would deny this. David Caute, one of them and a Fellow of All Souls, has written:

> ... we were anxious that the truth about Viet Nam should prevail in conditions of perfect dialectical conflict. The impartiality of our programme has been challenged and will be challenged.

But presumably it was his own opinion as to what the "truth" was which led him to organise the thing at all.

In fact, it is not so much the "impartiality" of Mr. Caute's programme that needs challenging as the presence on the floor of the Union debating hall of a vociferous claque which included most of the stewards and was a clear enough indication that someone or other was not prepared to leave the outcome to mere chance. This small group (two or three individuals in each row), always ready with rhythmic applause for an anti-American philippic or clamorous heckling for supporters of British policy, seemed to include people who had come some way for their pleasure. The organisers at times tried to quieten the claque, but it was unwise of them to let the non-Oxonian hecklers be planted in the first place and the dervish-like antics of the stewards were something of a give-away.[1]

[1] Cf. Professor Max Beloff's letter in the *Guardian* of June 29th: "[As chairman for the first two and a half hours] I was ... in a position to note the extreme hostility of a large part of the assembly to the point of view of the Government, and their unwillingness to hear that side of the argument stated. Indeed, when I made the rather mild suggestion that the cause of peace might be assisted if similar open discussions of the question of Viet Nam could be held in Moscow and Peking, this was enough to evoke hisses from the floor and protests from some (not all) of the organisers."

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As the evening wore on, it became increasingly clear that the object of the operation was to place American and British policy firmly in the dock, and the failure to achieve this, due to the intervention of Michael Stewart, was the climax of an inordinately long day's journey into night. Before that, while outside the rain poured down and inside the steam rose from wool shirts, pullovers, and PVC oilskins, it had seemed as if the difficulty of representing the extraordinary complexity of the Vietnamese situation were going to leave the field to the phoney simplicity of propaganda. Here Mr. Lodge, with his vision of smiling oriental faces turned towards beaming American benefactors, was as bad as the horrific portentousness of Mr. Warbey or Commander Edgar Young's portrait of an East German doctor "with tears literally in his eyes" (*sic*) over the generosity of DDR aid to North Viet Nam. There were some more factual speakers in the earlier part of the debate, and their approach seemed to have greater effect on the uncommitted majority of the audience than the heavily theatrical manner of Ralph Miliband or Eldon Griffiths. The most effective moderate critic of American policy was Evan Luard, and the Far Eastern expertise of Ian Adie, Geoffrey Hudson, and Saul Rose was listened to in silence. On the other side of the question Malcolm Caldwell ended a rousing speech by informing the meeting that the Viet Cong were democrats and should be supported. He did not, I think, actually pronounce the words "agrarian reformers," but one could hear the beating of their wings.

At last came Mr. Lodge.... He obviously did not know how to speak to a student audience, and was apparently surprised at being heckled and hurt at the laughter that greeted his misplaced references to "British courage." The list of thirteen occasions (fourteen now!) on which Hanoi and Peking had refused to negotiate could have had its effect, but it was given too wearily, and Mr. Lodge's confession that he personally did not see much point in negotiating just now was the clanger of the evening. No doubt, American policy in the Far East might have been justified more tellingly in terms of power politics than through the rather elementary moralising that was the order of the day, but to confess a reluctance to negotiate after a speech whose main theme was the refusal of the other side to come to the conference table was disastrously inept. Why, one wondered, had Americans not sent us one of their quick-firing intellectuals, schooled in dialectic and the intricacies of the left-wing conscience? As it was, Mr. Lodge might have spared himself the trouble of coming all the way from Boston.

Mr. Stewart, therefore, rose to speak at the end of a day that needed saving and, without fuss, did what was required to save it. Mr. Caute has objected to a statement by Ian Trethowan on the B.B.C.'s *Gallery* that the "teach-in" had resulted in "a triumph for the Foreign Secretary," but no journalist present could imagine that there was any other verdict possible. Mr. Stewart dominated an audience that included an implacably hostile minority and a majority which, at the outset, was by no means sympathetic to him or his views. Gradually, as he put the onus for the present situation in Viet Nam on Peking and Hanoi, as he conveyed his own passionate desire for peace and concern for international law, he began to carry this majority with him. By the time he came to sketch the broad lines of a solution he had turned the tide of hostility into admiration. The applause he received at the end was a tribute to a demonstration of real moral authority as well as political skill. Throughout he remained calm and courteous, neither talking down to his audience nor blinding them with science. Perhaps he was helped by his experience as a schoolmaster. Certainly, he did a most effective job of political education.

After Mr. Stewart's speech it was almost all over. Questions were answered as comprehensively as was compatible with the excitable state of the questioners and the length and confusion of their preliminary speeches. Brains trusts talked on and on, but they failed to grip, and the Union main building seemed the place to tear up Labour Party membership cards after three vain attempts by a young man to do so in the presence of the Foreign Secretary. As Mr. Caute put it, the truth about Viet Nam had prevailed—not quite the truth that the organisers had expected, but one recognisable enough to anyone who had concerned himself with the problem.

Tactically, the Oxford "teach-in" was a defeat for opponents of American action in South-East Asia. But perhaps it was also a defeat in a more profound sense. Watching it from the gallery of the Union debating hall, one had no sense of being in at the birth of a new movement of radical dissent or even of a brave lost cause on the scale of CND. There were the same ideas expressed in the same language by the same faces as had been present at meetings to protest against germ warfare in Korea, German "revanchism," or the British bomb. The element of protest in the "teach-in" sounded stale and tired. And this is hardly surprising. We are at the end of a decade of proliferating "causes" culminating in the flood-tide of CND, and the disillusion that has attended the failure of that movement is inhibitive. Moreover, it has become crystal-clear over the last fifteen years that the British Government has little power to influence the Government of the United States on a vital issue like Viet Nam in which American in-

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terests are deeply engaged. It was to be expected that protest in Britain over Viet Nam should be muted. Lethargy is inevitably the consequence of impotence, and the very nature of a "teach-in" represents a retreat from the ambition of organising a mass movement.

Even in the arguments put forward by speakers something of the same atmosphere of unreality prevailed. It is now quite clear that what is at stake for the U.S.A. in Viet Nam is America's continued influence on the Asian continent, and that, as a great power, it intends to use all possible means to maintain its position. Peking and Hanoi are essentially engaged in an operation which Mr. Khrushchev recognised as impossibly risky: that of forcing an unacceptable humiliation on the strongest country in the world. It is strange that those who constantly represent the American Government as fierce imperialists should apparently also believe that it will tamely allow itself to be shown the door of South Viet Nam. The anti-American side at the "teach-in" never once got to grips with the realities of power or even recognised that the U.S.A. might conceive itself to have legitimate interests in South-East Asia. Yet the whole possibility of co-existence is based on mutual recognition by the two world blocs that caution should be exercised in areas where one side or the other deems itself to be vitally committed. Nobody expects China to love America, but it would be prudent on Peking's part to fear it a little more.

If the basic power struggle underlying the present Vietnamese crisis was largely overlooked, so were the complexities surrounding it, despite the efforts of the Asian experts. Left-wing speakers tended to ignore the differences in policy between Russia and China as well as the existence of conflicting factions within the North Vietnamese Communist Party. The whole diplomatic issue was presented as if it were a question of American willingness or unwillingness to negotiate. But the one power that might have a chance of using its influence to produce a settlement is Russia which, at present, appears to be washing its hands of the whole business.

One is forced to the conclusion that a "teach-in," though perhaps a more rational affair than sitting down in Trafalgar Square, is not a terribly good way of throwing light on a highly complicated international crisis.[2] No doubt, we shall have sit-downs in Trafalgar Square too, and it will all have little effect on the course of events. For the moment the cards have been dealt in Viet Nam, and it is up to President Johnson and his advisers to play their hand as best they can. It would be more realistic if opinion in Britain made up its mind that we have reached a dangerous corner in international affairs—as dangerous as the Berlin blockade or the Korean war—and that no amount of protests, sit-downs, preach-ins or teach-ins can get rid of the unpleasant fact that the chips are down in some way or other, or change the inconvenient question "Whose side are you on?"

Anthony Hartley

[2] Nor was this opinion modified by the "National Teach-in" at Westminster on June 30th. Despite the sophisticated objections of Dr. Hans Morgenthau to American policy, it is hard not to agree with the *Times* that this was a " 'Preach-in' for the converted." Dr. Morgenthau's finer distinctions seemed to pass over the heads of many of the audience. What they liked was hissing at the mention of Malaysia! No wonder Dr. Morgenthau described the occasion as "a *débâcle*." (See the *Observer* of July 4.)

Newspeak, 1965

EVERY STABLE society imposes on the majority of its members the social and economic attitudes of its beneficiaries. A corollary to this obvious, but seldom applied, law is that a society is constantly evolving a new language of automatic self-justification. This language is to be found in its most polished and accomplished form on the leader-pages of all those newspapers which defend the existing social system. The British in particular are a moralising nation, and it is by scarcely disguised moral arguments that we are constantly urged to accept the present structure of our society. The purpose of this note is to throw a few simple-minded moral doubts on some of our current presuppositions.

"If the unions do not feel bound yet by our emergent incomes policy, it may well be asked why business men should act differently in their pricing." This quotation from a leader in *The Guardian* propounds in its simplest form the current Myth of the Two Giants. This is the widely-shared assumption that we live in a community which is largely, though perhaps re-

WHY *not a poet on economic affairs? After Andrew Shonfield* [ENCOUNTER, *June and August*], *John Kenneth Galbraith* (*January*), *and Robert Lekachman* (*November 1964*), *Philip Toynbee, poet, critic, and novelist, takes a look at current socialist* (*and capitalist*) *problems.*

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grettably, controlled by two huge and similar social forces. These powers are sometimes referred to by those supremely abstract terms, "Labour and Capital": more often, perhaps, because the earlier terms still have a Marxist ring, by the words "Unions and Management." These abstractions are always presented by the acquiescent politician or leader-writer as twin though disputing giants; and the conventional regret which follows is that they cannot "get together and work out a common policy for the good of 'the country'."

But what do these terms really mean? "The Unions" are organisations which include and represent *a very large number of*—by our domestic standards[1]—*poor* people: "Management" consists of *a very few well-to-do or rich* people. And what *The Guardian* is really saying, in full accordance with the presuppositions of current Newspeak, is that if the poor try to make themselves less poor it is morally fitting that the rich should try to make themselves richer.

"For modernisation is as much a question of attitudes as of measures. At home it means (for the Labour Government) moving away from the sterilities and stereotypes of class politics."

Here, alas, it is *The Observer* which follows the current fashion, of using a "tough" and "forward-looking" language in order to insist that society is what it is and cannot be fundamentally otherwise. One of the most notable achievements of our current Newspeak is to have joined the word "socialist" to the epithet "old-fashioned," and thus to have suggested that to be really "contemporary" newspapers and politicians must begin by accepting the existing social system. The system must, of course, be "modernised"; but this piece of Newspeak simply means, "made more efficient without alteration of structure."

"The stereotypes of class politics" is a phrase which wearily condemns all those who believe that the present division of wealth is unjust and that it ought to be altered in the direction of greater economic equality.

"Production" and "Exports." It is generally held by now that the industrialist who produces a great deal is not simply an efficient manufacturer but a benefactor of "the country," and therefore a man of outstanding virtue. And if he is also a successful *exporter* he may even be inscribed on the *Daily Express* "Roll of Honour" where his feat will read like something which deserves the Victoria Cross.

But, whatever the incidental consequences of their successes may be to our present society, the motive which induces business men to produce and export more is the profit motive. And it is neither noble nor patriotic to try to make more money.

"Incentives" and "Braindrain." It is important to treat all members of the managerial and professional classes with great consideration or else the economic "incentive" in this country may prove insufficiently powerful. If, for example, surtax were to be increased some of "our most valuable human assets" might be tempted to leave the country and seek their fortunes elsewhere. Their patriotism has already been severely tried by the high rate of taxation in Britain. If life is made even more difficult for these people we shall lose them—and deserve to lose them.

But if a man is in the surtax class this means that he is already receiving at least five times as much as his poorest wage-earning compatriot. Is it morally *indisputable* that the disproportion ought to be higher still? And is it, in the simplest sense, patriotic for a rich man to threaten to abandon his country whenever the government proposes to make him a little less rich; or to prevent him from becoming still richer?

"A Disincentive to Expansion." This is the description of the proposed Corporation Tax offered by Mr. W. J. Keswick, chairman of the Hudson's Bay Company. The implication is that prosperous companies will not try so hard to make profits if more of these profits are taken away by the Government. It might be argued, with at least as much sense, that if the Government reduces a company's profits the company will try even harder, in order to make up their losses.

"The Interests of the Shareholders must Come First." This is the most superb formula of the lot, for it implies that when a board of directors are engaged in dubious practices in order to maintain or increase profits they are doing so in fulfilment of a sacred trust to the small and innocent investor. Those words are another direct quotation from the irrepressible Mr. Keswick—he who once instructed his Hong Kong subsidiary to sell gilt-edged although he recognised that this action was "anti-British and derogatory to sterling":—"it makes sense to me." In the present case he is justifying the proposal to move the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay

[1] By world standards, of course, even our old-age pensioners are well-off. Another article could be written to show how, by another branch of Newspeak, we manage to conceal from our normal view the comparative luxury in which we *all* live.

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Company out of England in order to avoid the proposed Corporation Tax. Anti-British, perhaps, but....

"Legitimate Business Interests." These were being served when British business men sold sterling during last year's crisis, in spite of the known fact that this action increased the possibility of a sterling devaluation. It was generally held to be legitimate that these men should protect themselves against a possible devaluation, even at the cost of making such a devaluation more probable.

Try to imagine the reaction of the leader-writers if a union struck for higher wages on the grounds, not that prices *had* gone up but that *they might go up in the future*! It would be instantly pointed out that this "wickedly irresponsible action" had itself contributed to the very eventuality against which the union was proposing to protect its members. Why, then, were the businessmen who protected their profits at the country's expense acting "legitimately"?

"Public Expenditure." A phrase which instantly evokes shocked disapproval, and a vision of tea-swilling bureaucrats proliferating in public offices. But what the Rich mean by their constant demand that public expenditure should be reduced is, quite simply, that less money should be spent on the Poor. They are not, on the whole, anxious that defence costs should be cut, but they are persuaded that "we cannot afford" higher pensions, better schools and more hospital beds. These luxuries are all very well when the economy is "healthy" but inexcusable when times are bad. Yet it is just when times are bad, of course, that profits become more untouchable than ever, and "disincentives" more deplorable.

"The Cloth-Cap Image must Go." The implication of this demand by the young go-aheads of the Labour Party is that because the working-classes are better dressed than they used to be there is no longer any such thing as a working-class. But it is still the case that a boy from a well-to-do or rich home has *six times* as good a chance of getting to a university as a boy *of equal intelligence* from a poor home. So long as this monstrous but constantly-disregarded injustice remains it will be equally monstrous to suggest that classes have somehow ceased to exist because most people are better off than they used to be.

"Holding up the Public to Ransom." This is what the postmen were doing, according to *The Times*, when they demanded an increase on a basic wage of £11 10s. 0d. a week. This is what the dockers were doing when they announced that they would prefer to have their week-ends off, like everybody else. And on the day when *The Times* was rebuking the postmen for exhausting its patience an article appeared on the same page which made a spirited defence of land speculators. It seemed that these enterprising men were not "holding up the public to ransom" but simply taking legitimate risks and making legitimate profits. Profits, for example, of two hundred per cent, made at the expense of local authorities and would-be householders.

"The Country cannot Afford...." What "the country" can seldom if ever afford is to pay its poorer members higher wages or to increase the pensions of its poorest members. When the new Labour Government announced a future increase in pensions *The Times* was scandalised by the sheer *inappropriateness* of this measure. This, again, was a luxury which the country could not afford and which would do nothing whatever to solve our grave economic difficulties. But what is this "country" whose interests must always be protected? In this case it is clearly an entity which would have prospered more if its pensioners had prospered less; and what the word must never be allowed to mean is "the majority of the people who live in this country." For it is precisely the poor majority of the country who are always being told to stay poor in the interests of... the country!

"The Spiral of Wages and Prices." A Newspeak abbreviation for the Newspeak quotation from *The Guardian*. If wages rise then prices *must* rise also—by the ineluctable logic of economic cause and effect.

But what is really meant is that if wages rise and there has been no change in methods of production, then prices must rise also *if profits are to be maintained at their previous level*. In fact what is often meant is that prices must follow wages *if profits are to go on increasing at their previous rate of increase*.

But perhaps it would be more equitable if wages were to rise while prices remained stationary and profits diminished. Perhaps there is, after all, nothing magically right about the present distribution of wealth in Britain. Perhaps it is unfair that some people should have incomes a hundred times greater than some other people.

"The City is Losing Confidence in the Government." In a *Labour* Government, of course; and by this instrument of precarious confidence bankers and investors have proved that they can

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instantly force the government to take measures which will *restore* their confidence in it.

It is well known that the Trade Unions seldom feel any confidence whatever in the intentions of a Conservative Government. But though the unions have acted as a brake on Conservative policies it is inconceivable that they could ever impose their will as the City imposed its will on the Labour Government in December.

"Wage Demands" and "A Healthy Balance-Sheet." Contrast the reverberations of these two Newspeak phrases. The first sends a shudder down the back, and then a suffusion of purple blood to the face. Just as *The Times* finds that its patience is often exhausted, so do the majority of people in the country; even those working-class people whose wage-demand this one doesn't happen to be. (So powerful are the effects of current jargon!)

"A Healthy Balance-Sheet," on the other hand, has a very sweet sound and instantly conjures up a vision of success, accomplishment, progress, happy faces round an enormous board-table. Triumphant figures are published in the newspapers. Congratulations are in order, and not least from the Government of the day.

Why, then, do the Unions never make public boasts of how much *they* have won for their members during the years? Because it is generally felt that this is something not to be proud of but to be ashamed of. (And when it is reported that the workers in some factory are going to work in their cars the general reaction, under the influence of Newspeak, is a sense of the anomalous and improper; even of the monstrous.)

Yet what "A Healthy Balance-Sheet" means is that a firm has contrived to make large profits, most of which go into the pockets of people who are already well-to-do or rich, at the expense, in higher-than-necessary prices, of the community. And what "Wage-Demands" mean, if they are successful, is that poor people have become a little less poor.

"*4%!*" If this rate of increased production can be achieved it may be possible to increase wages and "benefits."

But why should a budget no longer be regarded as a means of redistributing *existing* resources? Why is it assumed—to ask a very old-fashioned question indeed—that the poor can never be made less poor by making the rich less rich? Why should it be laid down that the poor shall be allowed to benefit only in the event of a future increase in available resources?

"The Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs." This is the businessman's description of business; and we are continually being warned that if we do anything to reduce profits we shall kill the goose, and ourselves with it.

In fact the answer to nearly all the unanswered questions in this article is that "the country's" prosperity means the prosperity of the businessmen. Business is like that sacred king of the anthropologists on whose health and sickness the health and sickness of the whole community depended. "What's good for General Motors is good for America." What's bad for English businessmen is bad for England.

But this is no more than a tautology which states that *if* a community allows itself to depend for its health and sickness on the size of the profits made by its capitalists then this is, indeed, the case.

IT CAN BE ARGUED, of course, that any socialist system would also involve moral anomalies and hypocrisies. It can certainly be argued that few people in the Britain of 1965 *want* to make any fundamental changes in the existing social system. But this social conservatism is quite consistent with a widespread sense of injustice. A poor man does not have to be a socialist to feel that there is something ludicrous about the doctrine that if he gets more his boss must get more as well. And if we do feel obliged to accept our present system—which I do not—then let's at least get rid of the hypocrisies by which the accidental is defended as if it were the inevitable, and the unjust as if it were the sacrosanct.

The truth is that there is always a tendency to be mesmerised by what *is*—to regard the *status quo* as scratch, so to speak, and any alteration of it as a tilting of some quite imaginary moral balance. But when a sensible newspaper can quite seriously suggest that it would be unfair for wages to go up unless prices are allowed to go up as well a point of sheer lunacy seems to have been reached. It is arguable that this kind of naïve acceptance of the *status quo* will seem as preposterous and insufferable a hundred years from now as the acceptance by virtuous Victorians of the "necessity" for small children to work in the mines. The simple moral fact is that it is not virtuous of a rich man to try to make himself richer: it is greedy. And it is not envious or grasping of a poor man to try to make more money: it is natural that he should do so. The haphazard and perpetuated inequalities of our society were not given by God; nor will any "incomes-policy"—Newspeak for keeping things as they are—ever succeed in disguising that what is being demanded from the "two sides" is not an equivalent act of renunciation.

Philip Toynbee

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A Camberwell Beauty

By Naomi Lewis

GENIUS, as all of these books[1] remind us here and there, lodges itself in some curious human houses. To think though that it attaches itself only to the "good" or likeable human qualities is to step aside from the facts. Take Kipling. Or Goethe. Or Lawrence. The screams, the rage, the frightful views, the vanities or prolixities—can they really be cut away from the whole? Ruskin, re-presented to us in two of these books, is a particular case of the kind. It is even possible to demonstrate that the traits which make him dislikeable as a man were an integral part of his writing and critical gift. Sir Kenneth Clark, in *Ruskin Today*, performs such a demonstration.

Ruskin, as reputation goes, has had no luck at all in our time. His works are almost wholly unread; but books on his unfortunate private life (his marriage to Effie Gray, his other few strange unavailing loves) abound. Well, since this is so, let us welcome *Effie in Venice*, a large collection of letters, all but a few of them new to the press, giving an almost daily first-hand account of the only time in the marriage (two long sojourns in Venice between 1849 and 1852) when husband and wife were out of parental sight. Effie and John, we may recall, were married in 1848. She was 19; he was 29. Six years later the marriage came to an end; it was, as every library reader knows, never consummated. This was, perhaps, the one thing not spoken of or advised upon in the letters that busily flew to and fro between daughter or son and parents Ruskin and Gray. But there is more than private news to engage us in Effie's vivacious lines. Unlike so many professional writers, she could lightly carry her life at the tip of her racing quill. Moreover, in her words, we can see the daily marriage relationship set down for once without selection or *parti-pris*. There were oddities (which enraged her later, in retrospect); but, as the letters show, there were matters to please her too.

IN SPITE OF ALL the attacks and "vindications," no one can say how Ruskin *envisaged* the longed-for marriage to Effie. He had known her first when she was a girl of twelve; a year later, when she stayed in Herne Hill again between school and home, he wrote her *The King of the Golden River*. She was several years older (about seventeen) when Ruskin fell seriously in love; significantly, though, he thought her somewhat younger than she then was. One need only look at her face, however, in all those portraits, to know that fairy tales were never really her diet. For Effie, indeed, so gay and pretty and capable, so quick to learn, so *sensible*, day-dreams had always a way of turning into practical reality. It was her suggestion to move to Venice in the autumn of 1849. And in that Austrian-occupied town, full of high-born military gentlemen with time on their hands, Effie shone. Unlike the Brownings living not so far away, she was not plagued with romantic scruples about political loyalties.

As a family, the Grays themselves deserve a note. Of the first nine offspring, only Effie, the oldest (born 1829), and her brother, George, survived. Thereafter, Mrs. Gray gave birth to six more children, mostly around the time of her daughter's marriage to Ruskin. The youngest, little Everett, was born in 1855, not long after the annulment. He was named for Millais. If they lived at all, however, the Grays lived long. George, who never married, was 95 when he died. Melville (born in the year of Effie's marriage) survived the Second World War, married for the first time at 91, and lived to be 98.

By Victorian standards, Effie herself could hardly be called conventional. She could design and make her own clothes, dress, if she had to, without a maid (the Austrians thought this charmingly whimsical), row her own gondola through the Grand Canal. About this practice Mr. Ruskin senior testily wrote that, though it may have been health-giving, "the Exertion" seemed to him neither feminine nor beautiful. "I only do shrink a little, & ventured to say others would, from seeing the Loveliest part of Creation ever unsex itself." At the same time,

[1] *Effie in Venice*. Edited by MARY LUTYENS. John Murray, 40s. *Ruskin Today*. Chosen and Annotated by KENNETH CLARK. John Murray, 35s. *A Sultry Month*. By ALETHEA HAYTER. Faber, 30s.

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however much she enjoyed her power to turn the hearts of susceptible Counts and lieutenants, her Scottish caution lay very near to the surface. Thus we find her complacently trouncing "the present Continental infidelity and the perfect want of consideration of anything like an after-state."

> I am a strange person and Charlotte thinks I have a perfect heart of ice, for she sees him [Lieut. Paulizza] speaking to me until the tears come into his eyes and I looking and answering without the slightest discomposure, but I really feel none. I never could love anybody else in the world but John and the way these Italian women go on is so perfectly disgusting to me that it even removes from me any desire to coquetry which John declares I possess very highly, but he thinks it charming, so do not I. . . .

Unlike the Catholic Austrians, she was a punctilious Sabbatarian. She would go to the German church—"her knowledge of that very disagreeable dialect," Ruskin commented sourly, "enabling her to get a Protestant service from which I am debarred." He himself conducted household prayers every morning at ten.

What Effie's letters catch, outside these personal matters, is the chit-chat of the scene: the menus (the modern eye halts for a moment at those roasted blackbirds and larks): the mournful political undertones (a desperate Italian, his life's work gone, stabs an Austrian official); the enchantment of one or another Military Ball. As for the clothes she wore or saw, a museum could be constructed from her descriptions. Here, for instance, is the Baroness Gras du Barry, in a dress of

> rose silk with frills to the waist of shaded Lace from white to red, put in waves all round the skirt at intervals, and berthe to correspond with two frills of the same, hanging loose in a point behind and before, no ornaments but a pearl necklace and a white Feather on each side of her head, a mode which is very fashionable just now and extremely becoming. Two or three Ladies had them last night of colours to suit their dresses and all looked well; the ends of the feathers are placed in the plait behind and hang down gracefully on each side of the face.

And how does Ruskin himself appear in these lively pages, that handsome, indulgent, mysterious husband, working away (if we didn't know it was *Stones of Venice*) on some vaguely aesthetic or scholarly ploy out of sight? Perhaps in as cheerful a guise as we are ever likely to find him. Effie's praise for his qualities is constant if sometimes odd. He is, she writes, "like all men of genius, very peculiar, but he is very good and considerate in little things." "I

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never saw any person so free from petty faults and narrow-mindedness although peculiar in many ways. His gallantry of behaviour is most charming, and he is so considerate and thoughtful for me." "I never saw anybody like him, so perfectly devoid of jealousy."

This want of jealousy must strike the reader too. Pleasure at her success, amusement at the thought of how shocked opinion would be in England—these would seem his main response when attention is paid to his wife. There was that curious episode when, for the task of applying leeches "just inside the waist" (a remedy for her recurring sore throat) some competition arose between Lieutenant Paulizza, "our handsome friend with his long curling moustaches and striking dress" and the Dominican Friar with "meek deportment and sparkling eyes." "John and I could hardly help smiling...." "John only laughed and seemed highly delighted with the novelty of the thing." Effie's John was, it is clear, no Mr. Casaubon. He would take her to the Opera whenever she wished to go—even if, like the Webbs, he might use the time for writing a chapter on "chamfered edges." Then, there was a reckless Carnival night when the two went out with masks "to have some fun," and had it too. (Ruskin said nothing of this, though, in his next letter home.) He even let himself be persuaded to pay a duty visit to see his cousin Mary's recent child. "He likes it a little," Effie reports, "because he says it is not like a baby at all and has eyes like rat's fur and a black face like a mouldy walnut, which is a great deal for him."

Indeed, so long as they stayed in the heightened Continental atmosphere, the marriage, such as it was, bounced along. The return to a dull suburban house in Herne Hill, bought and even furnished by the Ruskin parents, must inevitably have brought disaster.

> As for poor Effie [wrote John] ... her London society will be out of her reach—and though we have worthy people in our neighbourhood—there is a wide difference between the society of the gentry in Camberwell and the kind of companions she has had ... who—however frivolous they might be—yet could hardly say anything even in its frivolity—which was not interesting owing to its large bearings. Last Sunday we had for instance—two generals and a commandant of a city—side by side on our sofa.... After being made a pet of by Marmont—and able to run in whenever she likes in the evening to the drawing-rooms of women of the highest rank in Austria, I don't wonder at her beginning to look a little melancholy....

Effie in Venice does lighten the picture of a marriage best known through the frightful acrimonies of its legal dissolution. But to see this episode in perspective, to read, without dusty labour, what Ruskin actually wrote on art and politics and himself, to recall and understand the vast extent of his influence, what better, easier guide is to hand than Sir Kenneth Clark's persuasive *Ruskin Today*? In design this is a selection of extracts on the main Ruskinian themes, cunningly pointed, one might think, to make the idle reader search out *Fors Clavigera* or *Unto this Last*; it is prefaced by a lucid analysis of Ruskin's achievement, and includes, appropriately, some of Ruskin's own drawings and paintings. If anyone doubts that a water-colour called "Oak Spray in Winter" can represent just that and yet be disturbing, he should glance at this careful yet passionate little sketch.

Why do we not read Ruskin? Because, Sir Kenneth suggests, he was a moralist and preacher. He thought of too many things at once. He was self-indulgent and arrogant in his studies. We should read him, says Sir Kenneth, "for the very quality of his mind which, when abused, makes him unreadable: his refusal to consider any human faculty in isolation." Not that Ruskin did not know and deplore his own indisciplines. Look at the striking letter (p. 60) written to his father just before the old man's death. Consider, too, as a brilliant, mordant comment on the Ruskin story, the letter he wrote just after that death to his life-long friend Acland, then Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford (and owner of the controversial painting of Ruskin—neat and black, on the edge of a stream—by Millais).

> You have never had—nor with all your medical experience have you ever, probably, seen—the loss of a father who would have sacrificed his life for his son, and yet forced his son to sacrifice his life to him and to sacrifice it in vain. It is an exquisite piece of tragedy altogether—very much like Lear, in a ludicrous commercial way—Cordelia remaining unchanged and her friends writing to her afterwards—wasn't she sorry for the pain she had given her father by not speaking when she should?

First-hand evidence (letters, records, diaries), are the basis of *A Sultry Month*—a narrative reconstruction, brilliantly done, of the interlinking lives of a group of literary and political figures in the burning summer of 1846: the Brownings' marriage year; the year of Benjamin Haydon's death. That June there were fires, sewerage problems, wherrymen dying of sunstroke. Browning and Miss Barrett had reached a point of crisis in their engagement; the Carlyles one of many such in their domestic life. Peel was putting an end to the Corn Laws and facing his own defeat. Old Wordsworth was deploring Peel—Miss Hayter's analysis of

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Wordsworth's position provides one of the most striking passages in the book.

But Haydon, in anguished contact with each, is the undisputed central figure of the piece, a furious, hopeful, urgent, preposterous man, forever painting his huge unsaleable historical-allegorical canvases while the bailiffs took their familiar place at the door. Portraits (which he did not do at all badly) would have earned his family—the many children, the beautiful enigmatic wife—a surer living. But "What work! Miserable, namby stuff!—small—spiritless." He could write, to be sure; his Journals today get the praise, not his pictures. (He would not have cared for that.) Even his practice of making nude studies of figures in his painting and draping them afterwards strikes oddly on the mind when we realise who some of these figures were. There is in the British Museum, for example, a drawing of a "bald, thickset, slightly paunchy" male nude (Miss Hayter's words) entitled *Study for Wordsworth in Jerusalem*. But this June was to be his last month in the human world. Miss Hayter traces the careful steps to his suicide; tells us what happened thereafter. Those journals, for instance, lodged at Miss Barrett's home; the Will....

Haydon at sixty was almost the only *active* survivor from the legendary days of Keats. Keats had drawn his face (the sketches, noble, eagle-like, visionary, are reproduced in this book); had called him "great spirit" in a sonnet. The urgency of these early days had never been tamed. Haydon's lifelong pursuit of genius may seem to us very much like the chase of the Hound of Heaven, in reverse. Sometimes he seemed to catch up with whatever he was seeking: it would not be Haydon that suffered exhaustion first. Certainly, next to him, most other characters pale; their pace seems slow, their aspirations lacking in drive. Then, the familiar focus returns. Absurd! And so the tragic figure of Haydon seems cast in a comedy.

Miss Barrett, in her curiously appropriate style, justly summed up the matter.

> Poor Haydon! Think what an agony life was to him, so constituted!—his own genius a clinging curse! the fire and the clay in him seething and quenching one another!—the man seeing maniacally in all men the assassins of his fame! ... struggling, stifling in the conflict for which there was no victory though he could not choose but fight for it.

But we also read in Miss Hayter's text that three weeks after Haydon's death, Browning dreamt that he was in a gallery of Haydon's pictures, and that Haydon was alive and working still. Browning's mother, who slept next door, heard him crying out in his sleep "Bravo! Bravo!" over and over again, with bursts of laughter.

Wasp & Liberal

The Protestant Establishment: Aristocracy and Caste in America. By E. Digby Baltzell, New York. *Random House*, $5.95, 53s. 6d.

Oswald Garrison Villard, Pacifist at War. By Michael Wreszin. *Indiana University Press*, $6.95.

These books, superficially dissimilar, are yet linked, for the second is a kind of case history of the first. The life of Oswald Garrison Villard can be taken as an example of the creation and limitations of the "Protestant Establishment"—or as an example of what was open a generation ago and is not so open to-day. Professor Baltzell's thesis is now deservedly famous in America. He was not the first American scholar (or American) to notice the closing of American society, the withdrawal within themselves of the "Wasps," the "White, Anglo-Saxon Protestants," with consequent impoverishment of their lives and of the national life. But no one has combined sociological knowledge, and what may be called non-academic *nous*, on this theme, which has been either dealt with by what I think rather mechanical means, more tables than insight, or by highly impressionistic studies of which Mr. Cleveland Amory's *Proper Bostonians* is probably the best. And, of course, themes studied with acuteness and systematic learning by Professor Baltzell have been the subject of much fiction; the "Wasp" world has found its most persuasive chronicler in Mr. Louis Auchincloss and its most aggressive defender in Mr. James Gould Cozzens.

Professor Baltzell takes his thesis from Tocqueville. The English ruling class remained an aristocracy; the French descended into being a mere *noblesse*, conscious of its privileges and tenacious of them, losing what political talents it ever had, more and more isolated from the real growing forces in France and bringing itself (and much more important) that "great work of time," the French monarchy, to ruin. And as Professor Baltzell's thesis is that things in America are getting worse not better, he might have strengthened his case by recalling the disastrous results of the "aristocratic reaction" whose nefarious influence has been emphasised by Georges Lefebvre and Robert Palmer.

Professor Baltzell's methods are both historical and sociological. His main frame of reference is Philadelphia and for a complete statement of the thesis, one should perhaps read his *Philadelphia Gentleman* (1958), as well as this more general sequel. There are some drawbacks to using Philadelphia as a model. It is not —one may risk the meiosis—a normative society for the rest of the United States. People remote from Philadelphia know about "the Main

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Line," but are vague and inaccurate about it. (Thus many newspapers talked of Miss Grace Kelly, when she became Princess of Monaco, as "from the Main Line," which was wrong. So much the worse for the Main Line, but the mistake is revealing.)

On the other hand, Philadelphia is a more manageable field of study than New York; and it has no alternative source of distinction such as Harvard is in the Boston area. It has been written about on the whole extremely well by insiders; in fiction by Messrs. Biddle and Bullitt; in social chronicles by the Burts, father and son. It has also been written about, effectively, from the outside, notably in Christopher Morley's *Kitty Foyle*, and no matter how many mistakes Morley may have made, his picture of Philadelphia society is the one that sticks.

The various historians and novelists tell much the same story. Philadelphia was, in the 18th century, one of the most important cities of the Enlightenment, not a London or Paris, but a Glasgow, Edinburgh, Florence, or Leyden. And Philadelphia was a great political centre. Here the best statement of the Enlightenment political theory was first published "to a candid world." Here the successor to the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, was drafted. Here (apart from a brief interlude in New York) was the first capital of the United States. (The mint is a relic of those days.)

By the time of the Civil War, that was over. Washington, Boston, New York had, in different ways, replaced Philadelphia. It remained rich, formally decorous, in a quiet way powerful, but dull if not dead. To-day, it has awakened from its undogmatic slumbers but it is late in the day and, in any case, it serves as a paradigm of what is wrong with New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, etc. For in each of these cities, there has been an increasing exclusiveness. Jews, some Jews, were accepted in Philadelphia "before the war," but those who were accepted have now "passed." Some old Catholics are still part of the Main Line *"gratin,"* but some old Catholic families like the Meades are now Episcopalians, some, like the Drexels, are divided. Yet much of the power, wealth, promise is in the hands of the newcomers, the Kellys and Greenfields, to choose outstanding examples. The old Philadelphians have abandoned the city as they have abandoned Rittenhouse Square. They send their sons to Princeton not to the University of Pennsylvania. They keep their daughters away from college. They "hunt" in the English sense of the term. They are self-contained, unenterprising, dull. They still cling to their old social rituals like so many *Kuge* nobles in Kyoto long after the power had begun to pass to the equivalent of Tokio. And the Main Line and its sister closed societies are a public danger, since they prevent the growth of a really effective "Establishment" that is open to talents and careerists as the English Establishment was and to a large extent still is. (Look, each year, at the sons of *novi homines* accepted at Eton!)

The sociological thesis is made convincing by a most elaborate and most entertaining analysis of schools, colleges, balls, games, clubs. Admission to the "Assembly" is in the eyes, if not of all the beholders, but of most of the insiders, as important as the exclusions and admissions of Versailles. It may not matter that young women have to put up with Catholic and Jewish inferior versions of the Assembly, but it does matter that the brothers and fathers are annoyed by that—and by their own exclusion from clubs. It was the denial to Lazare Carnot of his probably fictitious claims to nobility that blocked his hopes of promotion in the French army. This was more important than the social resentments of the future Madame Roland! A fascinating and (since I think that Professor Baltzell's main thesis is right) an important theme.

When we turn to the case history of Oswald Garrison Villard we are in a partially different world. It is not that this inheritor of millions was for long a saint of the Left. The leaders in the renewal of Philadelphia, its only effective political leaders, have been Biddles, Clarks, Dilworths. It is that the young Villard was accepted, at once, although he was a grandson on his mother's side of William Lloyd Garrison, a very dangerous radical indeed, of very obscure origin, hated and feared by proper Boston, and of a first-generation German immigrant of obscure origin. I say obscure deliberately, since Professor Wreszin tells us hardly anything of Henry Hilgard who changed his name to Villard on arrival in America. What information we are given is misleading. Henry Hilgard is described as "the son of a prominent Bavarian judge." This is misleading, as the Hilgard family were not, in the ordinary sense of the term, Bavarians at all, although Henry Hilgard was born in the Bavarian Palatinate. He might, as a Rhinelander, have been brought up as a Catholic (like Carl Schurz), but he was a descendant of generations of Lutheran pastors, surely not an unimportant point to be made? A reader of a biography ought not, I suggest, to have to look these things up!

But Professor Wreszin has written a useful book. In the not very long run, Villard was not an intrinsically important figure. He was a competent but not brilliant journalist. His heart was in the right place but his head was often muddled. As Professor Wreszin candidly but

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kindly points out, he got himself into a complete moral and intellectual muddle in the last years of his life from which he never emerged. Some of the reasons for that muddle were creditable. Some were not.

It is often forgotten how late Villard became what is called in modern America a "liberal." He was brought up in the shadow of his father and of the formidable Irish editor of *The Nation* and later of *The Evening Post*, Edwin Lawrence Godkin; and that meant being brought up in the straitest sect of *laissez-faire* economics. It was not totally unjustly that a critical poet wrote of:

Godkin the righteous, known of old,
Priest of the nation's moral health,
Within whose Post *we nightly read,*
The Gospel of the rights of wealth.

The young Villard was an enemy of vulgar graft, a devotee of free trade, with an inherited and genuine passion for "the advancement of coloured people" to quote from the title of the celebrated society of which he was one of the ornaments. But he was hostile to "social reform," no believer in any "social gospel," in spirit, if not in tough-mindedeness, a brother of William Graham Sumner. And, at this time, he was deeply interested in military matters; that was, in fact, his speciality in his early days as a journalist.

His conversion came slowly, and his evolution to a "liberal" position might have been made more intelligible if his biographer had harked back to the career of William Lloyd Garrison who was just as ambivalent in his attitude to the Civil War as Villard was to the rise of Hitler. Slavery was an intolerable evil; so was Hitlerism. But grandfather and grandson were more anxious to clean their skirts of the stains of these great sins than to do anything about it —except express moral disapproval. Garrison did come round to the support of Lincoln, but Villard could never bring himself to approve of American military effort against the Third Reich. His position was made more complicated by the fact that he had no objection to England and France fighting Hitler. Indeed, it was their *duty* to stand up to the *Führer*. "Let George Do It," was Villard's not very proud motto.

This ambiguity was, in part, due to Villard's inherited German patriotism. He asserted, and no doubt believed, that the German people were not "behind" Hitler. And as more and more people doubted this, Villard became righteously indignant. His indignation was not totally unjustified. He had seen, though in a muddled way, the "double-think" of the period of the Popular Front ruin (from his point of view), his beloved *Nation*. It was his moral probity rather than his intelligence that saved him from

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the *"trahison des clercs"* of the 'thirties. (I have always assumed that he was the bewildered, admirable old liberal editor of Miss Mary McCarthy's first novel, *The Company She Keeps*.) As many of the "intellectuals" who fell for the Communist line and wanted a popular front against Hitler were Jews, Villard came to the conclusion that what animated them was not an ideology but ethnic loyalty. So he became anti-Semitic and bitterly disillusioned. It was not such a proof of perspicacity in 1945 to have wept over the sorrows of the Germans in 1919. (Professor Wreszin gives good reasons for doubting Villard's total commitment to the open mind in 1918–19.) So Villard found himself keeping odder company than he had had to keep on Miss Freda Kirchwey's *Nation*. It is a sad story of an honest man who had influence beyond his intrinsic intellectual power because he bore a great name and was a rich man. He looked on the poets, novelists, polemical writers he had to employ with wonder and distaste. These were not the people he *really* liked associating with. He was in many ways an admirable man. In most ways, not all, his influence was good, but of no first-class import. It is perhaps symbolic that the frontispiece shows Villard proudly wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key since we learn from the text that he did not win it at Harvard. It was honorary. There are more ways than one of belonging to the Protestant Establishment!

D. W. Brogan

Periodical Culture

IT USED to be said—perhaps still is—that there was no intellectual *milieu* in New York, or in any other American city, comparable with that of London or Paris or other European capitals. There were intellectuals in the United States but they did not know one another. Their careers were ruined through isolation, or through the wrong kind of popularity. Either way they went to pot. They were especially likely to go to pot, according to Hemingway, if they let themselves be trapped in New York. Faulkner would seem to have agreed.

The existence of good periodicals is thought to be an index of the vitality of an intellectual centre. The absence of these in the United States was commonly cited as a proof of the lack of any properly concentrated metropolitan culture. Why was there no weekly magazine of the quality of the *Economist*, the *Listener*, the *Spectator* or *New Statesman*? Why should their American equivalents, the *Nation* and *New Republic*, have to struggle along so meagrely? Why was there nothing to set beside the *Times Literary Supplement*? The nearest things to it were the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *New York Times Book Review*. But the *Saturday Review* quite long ago shed the last two words of its title and began to concern itself with gramophone records and information about holiday resorts. As for the *Times Book Review*, its reviews were largely entrusted, in the words of Norman Podhoretz, to "cheerful mediocrities, claustrophobic specialists, and crippled hacks." Though there were a few lively *avant-garde* periodicals, most of these were produced in university enclaves. Only *Partisan Review* came out of New York and it too was thought to be struggling along.

THIS WAS the usual report on American periodicals. Is it true now, in 1965? Or indeed was it ever true—a true index, that is, of the state of American culture? Henry James, reviewing a representative batch in 1898, described them as "great galleons." He had in mind a certain opulence of production— an abundance of illustrations. But he was struck by a more important aspect. The American magazines of that time, said James, testified "punctually, for ideas and interests"; they were "committed to an immense energy" and conducted "with intelligence and liberality." In some elusive way, James implied, they both represented and created a public; they *mattered*.

Perhaps we should not attach much weight to these remarks from a casual review. The bland courtliness of such journeyman work by James makes it hard to tell whether he had really thought about the question in hand or was just bluffing. Even so, there is plenty of evidence from recent history to suggest that American magazines are at least no worse than those of 1898. The weekly periodical of modest circulation could perhaps hardly be expected to thrive in so large a country. Only a giant system of distribution could give its issues the necessary element of timeliness. Fortnightlies make a better showing; the *New Leader* is a commendable example and the *Reporter*, another fortnightly, is not without merit. Moreover the United States does now have a publication to set beside the *TLS*. This (yet another fortnightly) is the *New York Review of Books*, launched a couple of years ago during the newspaper strike. It prints fewer reviews than the *TLS*, but its pieces are longer and of a generally higher standard. It has some "documentary" articles, for example a brilliantly harsh account of Alabama by Elizabeth Hardwick. The *New York Review*, which deserves to be more widely known in Europe, has had a healthy effect upon its rivals. At any rate the *New York Times*

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Book Review is considerably improved. *Book Week*, a similar Sunday supplement of the *Herald Tribune*, has also been transformed.

AMONG THE MONTHLY MAGAZINES too there are grounds for optimism. The *Atlantic* and *Harper's* look shiny and advertisement-ridden but their format varnishes over some admirable as well as some mediocre writing. Fringe periodicals like *Esquire* are written for by intellectuals though not read by them. They are a factor if only because they pay the grocery bills of Norman Mailer and others. A more interesting, "only-in-America" phenomenon is *Commentary*, edited by Norman Podhoretz. I call it an "only-in-America" publication because to Europeans it sounds an unlikely and unpromising affair, thought in fact it has been in existence for nearly twenty years and is firmly established. *Commentary* is sponsored by the American Jewish Committee in the hope of meeting "the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues." The Committee has a wider intent, likewise declared on the masthead of *Commentary*, "to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America." If *Commentary* had not been blessed with extraordinarily good editors I suppose it would have turned into a worthy but lopsided publication, written by Jews and/or about Jews and/or about subjects of interest to Jews. Judaism is, and rightly, its central theme; yet again rightly, Podhoretz and his predecessors have given the theme the largest possible application. *Commentary* is concerned with all minorities, not least the Negro minority in the United States; with the Nazis and other forms of totalitarianism; with the pathology of the American South; with the politics, sociology and culture of urban life—in short, with most of the problems of our world. *Commentary* has become a remarkably good magazine because to a considerable degree American urban culture *is* Jewish. This is more than a matter of noting that most of the best novelists and critics in the United States are Jewish. American Jewry has provided Podhoretz with a quantity of talent to call upon; and in the non-conspiratorial sense that there is such a thing as "international" Jewry it has supplied him with able contributors—David Daiches, Dan Jacobson—from other countries. More broadly than this, Jewishness has proved inclusive rather than exclusive. It has supplied the focus for a New York intellectual *milieu*, and in addition a whole range of ways of looking at modern times. We suffer from being, yet desire to be,

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minorities. At odds with society, we fall back upon private and kin loyalties and stubborn old codes and dissident traditions. We are all in some way, or so we feel, dangling men, victims, new-lifers, American-Dreamers.

But then the doubts arise. If the state of magazines in the United States is an index of the state of culture, it could be regarded in a bleaker light, as a symptom of cultural blight. In his book of essays, *Doings and Undoings*,[1] all of them reprinted from magazines, Norman Podhoretz argues ("The Article As Art") that the "discursive writing" to be found in magazines is often of a very high level. Writers who think of themselves as novelists are often better as critics of society: "what the novel has abdicated has been taken over by discursive writers." The orthodox, opposite view is put with charm and authority in another book of essays by Randall Jarrell.[2] Playing on words, he says: "Our culture is essentially periodical: we believe that all that is deserves to perish and to have something else put in its place.... Our age is the age of articles: we buy articles in stores, read articles in magazines, exist among the interstices of articles...."

One sees the force of Jarrell's view. New York intellectual life sometimes strikes the observer as waspish, ingrown and frenetic. *Avant-garde* reviewing, as Podhoretz notes, can be severe to the point of mania: books are treated as guilty until proved innocent. Intellectuals are sharp about one another and one another's magazines. The young are horrible to the middle-aged, as if coexistence were unthinkable. Much linen is washed in public, and the degree of dirt is the crucial question. There are spiteful accusations as to shades of commitment. The *soi-disant* free spirits—Radicals, Hipsters, ex-Hipsters—are charged with irresponsibility. The *soi-disant* "responsibles" are charged with having sold out, gone soft, become prigs or kept men.

THE WEAKNESSES are discernible in some of Podhoretz's articles (and in Jarrell's, though less so), and in parts of a third collection of articles, by Diana Trilling.[3] *Pièces d'occasion* frequently take on the air of *ventes d'occasion* —secondhand goods, bargain sales. The writer makes up his mind too quickly, and is then exposed in the act of having changed it. Or at the other extreme—this is the fault of Diana Trilling's essay on Marilyn Monroe—the piece is somehow over-important for the occasion, and within a couple of years seems both dated and portentous. And then magazinists who attempt to interpret the contemporary scene are apt to appear officious. Like drill-sergeants they sort everyone out for size, align them in squads, and make of the *Zeitgeist* a parade in which some trend is always marching off as another marches on. The individual voice, for which Jarrell pleads, is dismissed as insignificant.

These are the weaknesses. But of course they are in part the price we pay for intellectual *milieux*. All metropolitan centres are to an extent malicious and narrow. New York malice is the other side of its intellectual firmness and extensiveness. The really striking feature is the intelligence, the seriousness and the width of reference of people like Norman Podhoretz or Mrs. Trilling; and the *relevance* of their preoccupation with the recent and the contemporary. Mrs. Trilling dwells upon the Hiss and Oppenheimer cases because they were of terrible importance. British ex-radicals have had a quieter time with their consciences. Was this because they were more mature, or because like their country as a whole they have preferred to dodge hard thought? Mrs. Trilling evokes the name of Freud: this too has been a huge influence upon the American intellect. We may think that Britain has been lucky to avoid so complete a commitment to Freud and the neo-Freudians: how many of us know enough about the subject to be sure?

Podhoretz and Mrs. Trilling talk a good deal about "society." Some would say that they are compromisers; that there *is* no society, and so no point in trying to come to terms with it. In their best essays, which are very good indeed, these two magazinists show a splendid alertness to the present moment. Instead of merely categorising, they expose the limitations of current intellectual *clichés*. Podhoretz displays the highest combination of candour and insight in "My Negro Problem—And Ours." In discussing *Who's Afraid of Virgina Woolf?* Mrs. Trilling seizes the opportunity to challenge the conventional *avant-garde* version of the individual-versus-society. This writing is up-to-the-moment in the soberest, most original way. We might say that it rises to the occasion. In the full sense of Henry James' word, it *testifies*.

Marcus Cunliffe

[1] Rupert Hart-Davis, 35s.
[2] *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket*. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.
[3] *Claremont Essays*. Secker & Warburg, 30s.

At the Hustings

The British General Election of 1964. By D. E. BUTLER and ANTHONY KING. *Macmillan*, 45s.

BEING A PARLIAMENTARY candidate is rather like being a prize bull—or perhaps

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a sacred cow. You are decked out in ribbons and paraded around to be prodded and stared at; if you are honest with yourself you soon realise that your functions are essentially ritualistic, and of little felt relevance to the everyday needs, hopes and fears of the people with whom you come in contact and whom you hope to represent. The ritual is of ancient lineage and undoubted symbolic power; from the look of slightly constipated solemnity on the faces of the participants at the climactic moment, when they queue up outside the polling booths towards the end of the day, it is clear that the whole process yields an obscure sense of gratification. But that does not alter the fact that, for most people, the ritual remains a ritual: something remote from ordinary life, something produced and performed by others, over whom they have no control and little influence. The candidates who appear mysteriously on their doorsteps are chosen in ways they do not understand by people they do not know; the leaflets pushed through their letter boxes are written by people they have never heard of, and the policies advocated in them emerge from processes in which they take no part. The party leaders whose faces flicker on their television screens claim to be their servants, and are in fact paid out of their money. But they do not behave like servants; and few of the employers have had any hand in hiring them.

This is not to say that fighting a parliamentary election is unpleasant, or boring, or sordid, as an alarmingly high proportion of one's non-political friends seem to assume it must be. On the contrary, the whole experience is quite astonishingly good for one's ego—and even better for one's soul. In Fleet Street, politics are a matter of personal manoeuvring and tactics: what Harold said to Dick at 3.15 on Thursday, whether George is up or down, whether Alec's back is ready for Reggie's knife. In academic common rooms they are a matter of dry, impersonal institutions, functions, processes, systems. Political journalists and academic students of politics are both right, of course: politics *are* about what Harold said to Dick, and they are also about the functions of House of Commons' standing committees, the aggregation of interests and the voting behaviour of the skilled working class. But it takes a genius, a Bagehot among journalists or a Graham Wallas among political scientists, to penetrate behind the personal manoeuvring and the impersonal abstractions to Mrs. Jones living on a widow's pension in a slum house without a bathroom or Mr. Jones trying to meet the payments on his car and wondering whether his children will pass the 11-plus. Most people are not geniuses; and for a non-genius, the quickest way to realise that Mr. and Mrs. Jones are there and are what politics are ultimately all about is to knock on their front doors and ask for their votes. I'm not saying that fighting a parliamentary election enables you to convey your sense of Mr. and Mrs. Jones to other people, any more than watching a sunset turns you into a great painter. But you do at least have a better chance of understanding what painters are trying to do if you've seen a sunset than if you haven't.

But that is only one reason why fighting an election is good for the soul. The other main reason, to my mind an even more important one, is that it brings you into contact with an element in the British political system to which current modes of thinking and writing about politics seem to me not to do justice: the element of belief. The idea that politics are something people *care* about, that people take part in them not because they hope to gain materially or even psychologically by doing so but simply in order to do good, seems either hopelessly old-fashioned or ridiculously novel. Most journalistic writing about politics (and a good deal of academic writing as well) seems to be based on a confused amalgam of bastardised Machiavellianism, bastardised Marxism and bastardised Freudianism, according to which politics are about power, or economic interests or unconscious motivations —but never about ideas. Partly as a result of this, the attitudes and aspirations of the party militants in the constituencies are apt to be seriously misunderstood, or even caricatured. The ordinary member of a political party, as he is depicted in the press, is a very odd fish indeed: a compulsive flogger and hanger if he is a Conservative, an extremist malcontent forever trying to leave NATO and nationalise the means of production if he belongs to the Labour Party. The fact that he is prepared to work extremely hard at disagreeable tasks for no obvious reward, simply because he believes in something and thinks it his duty to work for it, is rarely brought to public notice. But if you are a Parliamentary candidate that fact is brought to your notice extremely rapidly. You very soon realise that, but for the quite unselfish devotion of a small but crucial band of people who are actually prepared to do something for nothing, you would have to shut up shop and go home. You also realise that rather few of the pundits who pontificate about politics in the newspapers or on TV would be prepared to do anything of the kind. And although it sounds sanctimonious to say so, realising this is a humbling and enriching experience.

Yet fighting a parliamentary election is a disturbing experience in some ways, as well as an enriching one. The whole process, after all,

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is supposed to have something to do with words like "democracy" and "representation." Exactly what these words mean is a philosophical question which I'm not equipped to answer. But in a rough-and-ready sort of way it seems clear that somewhere or other in our system there is an assumption that Members of Parliament act, at least in some ways, for or on behalf of their constituents; and *a fortiori* that a parliamentary election provides one way in which the wishes and preferences of the elector can be fed into the governmental machine. But in that case it seems to follow that there should be a two-way relationship between the parliamentary candidate and the voters. The candidate, in other words, should be more than a mysterious figure who suddenly materialises on your doorstep with outstretched hand, or a voice you hear reverberating through a loudspeaker. Somehow or other he should be listening to you as well as talking at you; at one level or another he should be registering and taking account of your wishes.

To some extent, of course, he does. He wants your vote, after all, and he therefore has an obvious interest in finding out what you believe and what your preferences are. But in spite of this, if I had to pick out one overriding impression from the mass of impressions left by nursing a constituency and fighting an election, it would be one of a curious sense of isolation—or perhaps of insulation—from the voters. Not from the party members; and not from the tiny minority of leading citizens who run the community, or the slightly larger minority who come to political meetings, who listen to visiting speakers at the Rotary Club or the Townswomen's Guild, and who write letters to the local paper. You meet this active minority constantly, wearing a thousand different disguises. At one moment, they are the governors of a local school; at another, they are running a Road Safety Campaign. Then you meet them at the Mayor's Lunch; and after the election is over, there they are again at the count. But the active minority is, by definition, untypical. It is the inactive majority you most need to meet; and with them, genuine two-way communication is enormously difficult. The reason is simple enough. Your main task as a parliamentary candidate is to make yourself known. You cannot do that by appearing in the constituency incognito. Hence, you only come into contact with the "average," non-political voter in contrived situations, the whole purpose of which is that he should know who you are. But in these contrived situations, neither of you can behave naturally; and genuine communication depends on both parties being at their ease. The people whose doors you knock treat you with astonishing tolerance and forebearance. No one slams his door in your face or turns his dogs on you. The worst that happens is a thin-lipped half-smile, and a "sorry, we're all Conservatives here." But however nice they are, you cannot, in ten minutes, discover what they think; and still less what they feel, and hope and fear. You can guess, of course; and you have to. But it is like trying to find your way across Hampstead Heath by candle-light.

IT IS PROBABLY because of this impression that I found the latest Nuffield College election study so much more satisfactory than its predecessors. For in *The British General Election of 1964* David Butler and Anthony King have included, along with the usual blow-by-blow account of the campaign and the usual statistical appendices on the results, a new section on the "making of party strategy." In this they have tried to analyse, not just what the strategists did, but why they did it: what assumptions they made about the probable behaviour of the electorate, and how those assumptions were arrived at. The result is a valuable contribution to recent British history, and a potentially still more valuable contribution to the study of British political behaviour. At both levels it reinforced my existing impression of a gulf between the politicians and the voters—and created a new impression that many politicians, at least, subconsciously want that gulf to remain in existence and actually prefer the candle-light of guesswork and hunch to more accurate, if more prosaic, methods of illumination.

These impressions were found in two ways. In the first place, they are based on the authors' own generalisations about the ways in which the politicians they interviewed gathered their information:

> Most of them seem to prefer the concrete and personal to the abstract and impersonal. Even those who had access to their parties' private poll data tended to emphasise evidence of a more face-to-face kind. A Conservative official said that, although he took note of the private polls, he was guided mainly by his own instincts and by what his neighbours told him. Another Conservative tried hard not to draw inferences from his social contacts but admitted to being especially affected by the correspondence which crossed his desk. A senior minister picked up his cues chiefly from the press; asked about polls and the party's intelligence network, he replied cheerfully, "I wouldn't believe either." A member of the Labour NEC saw research reports regularly but admitted that ultimately he relied on hunch and what he heard from talking to people. A Labour party official with access to the polls made a point of mixing socially with non-Labour supporters. Several politicians in all parties sampled opinion by talking to as many

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strangers of all sorts as possible: railway porters, taxi drivers, barbers, and news vendors.

Few of the politicians interviewed by Messrs. Butler and King seemed ever to have considered the problems of electoral behaviour seriously, or even to have read any of the academic research which has been carried out in this field. They had ideas about what moved the electorate—necessarily, because it would be impossible to make any kind of strategic decisions otherwise—but "for the most part their ideas were unformed and imprecise." Politicians as a class, the authors conclude, "were often projecting their own categories, attitudes, and conceptions on to the electorate."

The force of these generalisations is increased by the authors' account of what actually happened before and during the election campaign. In the pre-election period, particularly in the Labour Party, reasonably systematic attempts were made to explore public opinion by the methods of survey research rather than by casual conversations with "railway porters, taxi drivers, barbers, and news vendors." With the help of Dr. Mark Abrams, the Labour Party identified a group of "target voters" (uncommitted electors in uncommitted constituencies); and by careful investigation it discovered a great deal about them. But this, of course, is not news. As the authors themselves point out, the Labour Party's conversion to survey research leaked out to the press; and in fact it was reasonably well known before this book was published. The really interesting and revealing point made by Messrs. Butler and King is not that the Labour Party used survey methods before the election, but that once the campaign had started it "reverted to the methods of its earlier, pre-scientific era." According to them "there was in fact no Labour campaign, no central directive or plan. One man decided tactics from day to day, essentially on his own, playing by ear and not according to a premeditated score." Mr. Wilson's personal effort was outstanding and brilliantly successful. But "his triumph was that of an actor-manager winning admiration for his own performance, not that of a general getting the best out of a national army."

IT WOULD BE FOOLISH to accept this analysis uncritically. It may be true that the Labour Party's campaign was, in a sense, "pre-scientific"; but it is not at all clear that it could have been anything else. It may well be that the only realistic alternative to one man playing by ear would have been a group of men playing by ear; and it is at least arguable that during the three short weeks of a British election campaign it is wiser to concentrate control in a single pair of hands than to risk the possible confusions and indecisions of collective leadership.

But this is a minor point. On the central point at issue, it seems to me clear that the authors are right in thinking that British politicians, on the whole, know little about the attitudes and aspirations of the people who elect them—and that the most probable reason is that they do not believe that they ought to know. The explanation for this almost certainly has something to do with the hierarchical nature of British society and the widespread assumption that it is the job of a Government to "govern" or to "lead," rather than to represent: an assumption which is aristocratic in origin, but which is almost as common on the political Left as on the Right. For myself I doubt whether such assumptions will disappear without a more fundamental change in British society than the mere growth of a more "scientific" approach at the party headquarters. Indeed, the growth of a more scientific approach, if unaccompanied by more fundamental changes, might lead only to more successful techniques of manipulation by the "leaders" rather than to a change in the whole relationship between leaders and led. But this is a subject for a different book.

David Marquand

An Encounter Book

RUSSIA & GERMANY

WALTER LAQUEUR

'Offers insights helpful to all who wish to understand twentieth-century totalitarianism. The book begins with the love-hate relationship between Germans and Russians in the nineteenth century: I have seen no better treatment in so short a space' *Hugh Seton-Watson, Spectator.* 'Opens new windows on to an important area of knowledge' *Richard Gott, Guardian.* 'He is well equipped to tackle the subject. His book is a study of the interchange of ideas, but above all of illusions, between Russia and Germany, loving and hating each other as they have . . . This book should do much to liberate historical fact from the ideologists' *Elisabeth Wiskemann, The Listener*

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PRESS

On the Importance of Being Free

WE ALL KNOW that the opportunity to speak and to print with even a modicum of freedom is by itself a satisfying and enjoyable thing to do. But the fundamental principle of a free press cannot be merely that men have a right to express themselves. No journalist can be satisfied to print a newspaper that has no readers. Journalism must be something more than singing in the shower bath or uttering soliloquies, however magnificent, to the desert air. For while philosophers may argue whether a painting exists if no human eye beholds it, there can be no argument that journalists write in order to be read, and that they are like Nietzsche who exclaimed that he had to have ears.

Thus, journalism is not a soliloquy without an audience. Moreover, and this has some practical bearing in the world as it is today, free journalism is not a monologue delivered to a captive audience which must at least pretend to be listening. As a matter of fact, since journalists and editors and publishers are men, and therefore human, and therefore liable to error and prejudice and to stupidity, a free press exists only where newspaper readers have access to other newspapers which are competitors and rivals, so that editorial comment and news reports can regularly and promptly be compared, verified, and validated. A press monopoly is incompatible with a free press, and one can proceed with this principle, if there is a monopoly of the means of communication—of radio, television, magazines, books, public meetings—it follows that this society is by definition and in fact deprived of freedom.

A free press is not a privilege but an organic necessity in a great society. I use the term "great society" in its original sense, as it was used in passing by Adam Smith himself and made current in this century by Graham Wallas, who taught in this city at the London School of Economics. As Wallas used the term, a great society is not necessarily the good society which President Johnson, for example, hopes to make it. A great society is simply a big and complicated urban society.

WALTER LIPPMANN'S *remarks were made to the International Press Institute's conference in London recently. Mr. Lippmann is the distinguished American journalist and political analyst, whose books include* The Method of Freedom (*1934*), The Good Society (*1937*) *and* The Public Philosophy (*1955*).

In such a great society the environment in which individuals act and react is not the visible world of their homes and their neighbourhoods and their communities. It is an invisible environment which has to be reported to them. For this reason, a great society cannot be governed, its inhabitants cannot conduct the business of their lives, unless they have access to the services of information and of argument and of criticism which are provided by a free press.

Without criticism and reliable and intelligible reporting, the government cannot govern. For there is no adequate way in which it can keep itself informed about what the people of the country are thinking and doing and wanting. The most elaborate government intelligence service is an insufficient provider of the knowledge which the government must have in order to legislate well and to administer public affairs.

Where there is a turbulent, pluralistic electorate, the rulers, the official bureaucracy, and the legislature will be in the dark, they will not know where they are and what they are doing, if they are deprived of the competitive reporting and the competing editorial commentaries and also the forum in which the spokesman of the various shades of opinion can say their say. This is what a free press is supposed to provide.

In a great society, controversial laws cannot be enforced successfully, innovating policy cannot be administered, unless and until the government can find among the people of the country a reasonably high degree of consent. No government is able for long, except under the extreme, abnormal pressures of war, to impose its rule and its opinions and its policies without public consent.

IN MY COUNTRY we use a rough rule of thumb. It is that for controversial measures, the government should aim to rally a consensus, which in practical terms means a majority big enough to include from 60 to 75 per cent of the voters. Only then will those who observe the law willingly and support the policy actively be numerous enough to persuade and induce the recalcitrant and dissident minority, leaving only a marginal minimum where legal coercion is needed.

To create such a consensus requires a considerable period of public education and debate. The consensus must not be confused with the plebiscites conducted by tyrannical governments where the government majority is 99.9 per cent of the voters. In a society where there is such a superficial appearance of unanimity and conformity, there will always be at least a minority, it may even be a majority, who, though silenced, remain unconverted and unconvinced. The government of the tyrannical state will be forced to rely on secret agents who, because they operate in the dark, can never be wholly relied

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upon, being subject to intrigue and corruption and other hidden influences. Thus, there is raised up between the people and the government an impenetrable curtain through which there is no dependable communication.

It is evident that the interests of a great society extend far beyond the business of governing it. An essential characteristic of a great society is that it is not monolithic and cannot be planned or directed centrally. It is too complex for that. It has too many functions. Its needs are too varied, and there are no men who have the minds, even if they are assisted by computers, capable of grasping all the data and all the variables which are needed for the central planning and direction of a great society.

Inevitably, therefore, by the very nature of things, a great society is a pluralist society, with local and regional interests and activities and organisations. They are bound to have a certain autonomy, and some degree of self-determination, and in some significant sense they are bound to have freedom of initiative and of enterprise.

In order for such a pluralist society to work, there must be available a great mass of data: the current state of the markets for labour, for goods, for services, for money—what is and was for sale and at what price—what can be seen in the theatre, what is coming on radio and television, what games are being played and how they were played and who won them, what is visible in the art shows, where one can go to church and what was preached there, and what is in the lecture halls, in the shops and department stores, where one can travel and enjoy life, who has been born, who has been married, and who has died. The list is as endless as the activities of a great society. Experience shows, too, that the naked data are not enough. The naked data are unintelligible and so have to be interpreted and cross-interpreted by political analysts, financial analysts, drama critics, book reviewers, and the like. There has to be criticism of plays and books and concerts and television and magazines and newspapers themselves. There has to be advocacy and there has to be rebuttal.

I MUST NOW talk about some of the key problems which present themselves when the freedom of the press has been established by law and when sufficient private financial resources have become available to support the publication of separate and competing newspapers. These are the preliminary problems. They consist of getting rid of the censor and the domination of the advertiser and of financial groups. Then come the problems of maturity. They become crucial when the preliminary problems have in some substantial measure been solved.

I have in mind, to begin with, the conflict between, on the one hand, the public's right to know, or it may be the public's curiosity to know, and, on the other hand, the right and the need of the government to be able to deliberate confidentially before announcing a conclusion, and in certain circumstances, especially in its foreign relations, the government's right to a measure of secrecy and dispatch.

This conflict is, I am inclined to believe, perennial in the sense that there is no abstract principle which resolves it. The right of the press to know and the right of the responsible authority to withhold must coexist. In my country, we have a continual tension between public officials and reporters about the disclosure of coming events, what is going to be announced, what policy is going to be adopted, who is going to be appointed, what will be said to a foreign government. There is also a conflict about what has happened and why it happened and who was responsible for its happening.

The tension is between vigilant, ingenious, and suspicious reporters who haunt and pursue officials, causing these officials never to be allowed to forget that they are withholding information at their peril, at the risk of being scalped in the newspapers. It is not a neat or an elegant relationship, but a *modus vivendi* which works tolerably well, at least in time of peace.

An important aspect of this problem is in the field of crime and punishment. Here the press is often in conflict with those whose business it is to catch the guilty man and to spare the innocent man, and then to give the man who has been arrested a fair trial. The trouble with crime and punishment as it concerns the press is that it is too interesting and too absorbing, and too convincing because it comes out of real life. Thus, the reporting of the news of crime and punishment often runs athwart the administration of justice.

This conflict is nowhere near to being resolved, and consequently, we should at least avoid the sin of complacency when we contemplate the real achievements of even the greatest of our newspapers.

AS THE FUNCTION of a free press in a great society becomes more and more demanding, we are moving towards professionalisation. A few generations ago journalism was a minor craft which could be learned by serving an apprenticeship to a practising newspaper editor. Journalism is still far behind established professions like medicine and law in that there does not exist an organised body of knowledge and a discipline which must be learned and absorbed before the young journalist can prac-

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tise. There are, moreover, only the first beginnings of the equivalent of bar associations and medical societies which set intellectual and ethical standards for the practice of the profession.

Journalism, we might say, is still an underdeveloped profession, and, accordingly, newspapermen are quite often regarded, as were surgeons and musicians a hundred years ago, as having the rank, roughly speaking, of barbers and riding masters. But the concept of a free press today has evolved far beyond the rather simple abstractions of the 18th century. We recognise to-day that the press as a whole must be capable of reporting and explaining, interpreting and criticising, all the activities of mankind. To be sure, not every reader of every newspaper cares to know about or could understand all the activities of mankind. But there are some readers, specialised in some subject, who have to be alerted to important new developments of even the most specialised activities, be it in the remote reaches of astrophysics, or microbiology or paleontology, or in the game of chess.

For this, the profession of journalism is becoming specialised, and the editor who presides over large staffs of local and national and international specialists, of political, commercial, financial, legal, medical, theatrical, musical, and cooking specialists, art critics and fashion writers, has to meet the specifications, which were current when I was at college, that an educated man should know everything about something and something about everything.

Just as the profession of journalism is the consequence of the organic need for it in a great society, so a direct consequence follows from this professionalisation. The journalist is becoming subject to the compulsion to respect and observe the intellectual disciplines and the organised body of knowledge which the specialist in any field possesses.

THIS GROWING PROFESSIONALISM IS, I believe, the most radical innovation since the press became free of government control and censorship. For it introduces into the conscience of the working journalist a commitment to seek the truth which is independent of and superior to all his other commitments—his commitment to publish newspapers that will sell, his commitment to his political party, his commitment even to promote the policies of his government.

As the press becomes securely free because it is increasingly indispensable in a great society, the crude forms of corruption which belonged to the infancy of journalism tend to give way to the temptations of maturity and power. It is with these temptations that the modern journalist has to wrestle, and the unending conflicts between his duty to seek the truth and his human desire to get on in the world are the inner drama of the modern journalist's experience.

THE FIRST and most evident of the conflicts is that between choosing, on the one hand, to publish whatever most easily interests the largest number of readers most quickly—that is to say, yellow journalism—and, on the other hand, to provide, even at a commercial loss, an adequate supply of what the public will in the longer run need to know. This is responsible journalism. It is journalism responsible in the last analysis to the editor's own convicviction of what, whether interesting or only important, is in the public interest.

A second drama, in which contemporary journalists are involved, consists in the conflict between their pursuit of the truth and their need and their desire to be on good terms with the powerful. For the powerful are perhaps the chief source of the news. They are also the dispensers of many kinds of favour, privilege, honour and self-esteem. The most important forms of corruption in the modern journalist's world are the many guises and disguises of social-climbing on the pyramids of power. The temptations are many; some are simple, some are refined, and often they are yielded to without the consciousness of yielding. Only a constant awareness of them offers protection.

Another drama arises in foreign affairs from the conflict between the journalist's duty to seek the truth and his loyalty to his country's government—between his duty to report and explain the truth as he sees it and his natural and human desire to say "my country right or wrong." These conflicts are trying, and for the journalist striving to do his work there are two rules which can help him. One is to remember President Truman's advice that if you do not like the heat, stay out of the kitchen. It is always possible to retreat into less hotly contested subject matter. The other rule is that if you believe you must go into the kitchen, keep an eye on yourself, keep asking yourself: are you sure you are still seeking the truth and not merely trying to win the argument?

This brings me to my final point which is that as the free press develops, as the great society evolves, the paramount point is whether, like a scientist or a scholar, the journalist puts truth in the first place or in the second. If he puts it in the second place, he is a worshipper of the bitch goddess Success. Or he is a conceited man trying to win an argument.

In so far as he puts truth in the first place, he rises towards—I will not say into, but towards—the company of those who taste and enjoy the best things in life.

Walter Lippmann

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LETTERS

Galbraith & Economics

It will not require much comment on my part to convince anyone who has read my article [Encounter, May] that Professor Galbraith's reply [June] indicates a pridefulness which appears to relieve him of responsibility to read or reflect upon what has been said about his views, to meet the standards of intelligent discussion in contrast with name-calling, or to evidence a fair regard for the discernment of the readership of Encounter.

Galbraith says that I believe that the increase in Gross National Product is the primary test of public policy, and that my preoccupation with this dulls my concern about unemployment, poverty, and a wide range of public needs, including education, etc. Aside from the impossibility of anyone reading my Encounter article and really reaching this conclusion about my views, I should point out that my concern about these other matters has been at the core of my public services, writings, and speeches for more than three decades. Only one other point should be mentioned: on page 190 of *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith cited one sentence from the summary of one of my published studies (1957) in support of his theme that I was preoccupied with production for its own sake. This study, in fact, was mostly a quantification of targets for the very types of programmes to which Galbraith claims devotion, and this very summary said:

> The number of multiple-person families living in poverty at incomes of less than $2,000 a year can be cut by 1960 by more than three-fourths, and single-person families barely subsisting on incomes below $1,000 can be cut almost in half. ... The consumption which flows directly from essential public programmes—education and health services, natural resource development and publicly-aided housing, public assistance, and social security—has failed grossly to measure up to our capabilities and needs. ... We need also by 1960 to double total educational outlays from all sources, to expand health facilities and services greatly, to build an average of 2¼ million new homes a year, to lift natural resource development programmes to 50 per cent above the current level, to create a fully prosperous agriculture, and to expand greatly economic and technical assistance to strengthen the free world.

One of the three sub-titles of this study was "Basic Public Services."

Leon H. Keyserling

Washington, D.C.

Marx & "Alienation"

Professor Richard Pipes is, of course, perfectly right in maintaining [Encounter, August] that it was not Marx who had introduced "alienation" into social psychology and economic thought. He is, however, mistaken in attributing its introduction to the "True Socialists" in general and Moses Hess in particular.

The "True Socialists" did use the term, and Hess certainly used it a year or so before Marx wrote his *Economic-Philosophical Manuscripts*. But the term did not originate with the "True Socialists" any more than it originated with Marx. Both were drawing on the legacy of Hegel's philosophy.

It was Hegel who was the first to use this term in application to socio-psychological levels of discussion. In his *Phenomenology of Mind* (1806) Hegel devotes a whole section to "Spirit in self-estrangement" (*Selbstentfremdung*) (cf. pp. 507–610 of Baillie's English translation). It goes without saying that Hegel's philosophical position differs quite widely from that of Marx. Yet Marx worked out his own idea of "alienation" in arguing with the original Hegelian concept. This is mainly done in the last section of the *1844 Manuscripts*, and the crux of the philosophical argument is that Marx distinguishes between "Objectification" (*Vergegenständlichung*) and "Alienation" (*Entfremdung*), while Hegel in his *Phenomenology* considers both as identical. This may be a rather obscure point, but it shows that Marx actually started developing his own materialistic philosophy in the *1844 Manuscripts* by way of polemics against Hegel's view about "alienation."

Further, Hegel himself refers to the living conditions of the lower classes (*Pöbel*) in civil society in terms which are quite similar to the later Marxian description of the alienation of the worker in capitalist society (paragraphs 241–246 of Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*).

It is clear that Marx considerably modified his position about alienation in his later writings; but he never actually went back on it. Professor Pipes himself refers to the chapter on the "Fetishism of Commodities" in Volume I of *Capital*; though I have to admit that I am completely at a loss to understand how Professor Pipes is able to call this a "rather special case." Can evidence which does not fit into a preconceived pattern be so easily dismissed?

The point is that this is not the only reference in Marx's later writings to alienation. Just two examples. In his *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Oekonomie* (written by Marx during 1857–58 but published for the first time only in 1939), a whole chapter is entitled: "Alienation of the conditions of labour in the development of capital" (pp. 715–717 of Moscow's German edition). As this work has not yet been translated into any other language and is rather unknown, Professor Pipes might be unaware of the striking similarity between this passage and the *1844 Manuscripts*, and any notion about the "young" *vs.* the "older" Marx does not hold water when the *Grundrisse* are taken into account. It becomes quite clear from this manuscript that Marx never really thought that his analysis of "alienation" was *passé*.

Secondly, the description of communist society in the *Critique of the Gotha Programme* (1875),

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without directly referring to the term "alienation," is really depicting a society which has overcome alienation, and this description has the same traits as the communist society Marx envisaged in 1844. Even the two so-called "phases" are strictly parallel to those described by Marx in the *Manuscripts*; actually it might be said that they make sense *only* if compared with the more extensive analysis of the *Manuscripts*.

WHY, THEN, did Marx heap so much ridicule on the "True Socialists" (and other Young Hegelians) for the way they had been using the term "alienation"? One reason surely is because of the difference in the connotation given to the term. Though Marx was certainly indebted to Hess (though it was hardly his style to acknowledge it), he was using the term "alienation" in relation to a given *historical* situation. Hess, on the other hand, and his colleagues were, so to speak, using it in an "existentialist," a-historical sense.

Furthermore, some of the "True Socialists" had been using "alienation" *ad nauseam*, so that it lost eventually any analytical meaning it might have had and Marx wished to save his socio-economic insight from the rather unqualified *Weltschmerz* the "True Socialists" were putting into the term. Much of the *German Ideology* is intended as a polemic against a school of thought so dangerously near, yet totally different, as to be sometimes indistinguishable from Marx's own ideas.

It seems to me that the present "existentialist" vogue of "alienation," though owing so much to Marx, distorts the term in a way which Marx would have found objectionable as an abstraction from the historical process.

SHLOMO AVINERI

The Hebrew University,
Jerusalem

MR. AVINERI points to two examples of Marx's post-1845 use of the concept of "alienation." It is significant, however, that one example is a book which Marx never published, and the other a work which he did publish but in which he did not employ the term.

Of course, even after he had broken with the "True Socialists" Marx did not and could not erase from his mind all the philosophical and psychological elements of the doctrine which he had once shared with them. A historian takes it for granted that when a major thinker at any time in his life accepts certain ideas he does so for reasons which lie deeply imbedded in his whole personality—reasons which remain operative even after he no longer formally subscribes to these ideas. The mere fact that Marx in the mid-1840s enthusiastically embraced "True Socialism" indicates that its philosophy of "alienation" answered for him some deeply felt need. As such, it is an important biographical fact.

But to say this is by no means to concede that the concept of alienation, as formulated in the *Manuscripts of 1844*, is representative of Marx's mature social theory. The *Manuscripts*, from the point of view of intellectual history (as distinguished from the biographical point of view) belong to the Left Hegelian movement. They do not tell us anything meaningful about Marxism, except perhaps to throw a light on the general intellectual environment in which Marxism came into being.

What absurd results the vogue of "alienation," or "*Marx durch Freud*," can produce may be seen in the example of the recent student riots at the University of California in Berkeley. According to Lewis Feuer, writing in a recent issue of the *New Leader*, the spokesman of the rebellious students, Mario Savio, stated that "the most important concept for the understanding of the student movement is Marx's notion of alienation." By this, Savio explained, he meant "that somehow people are being separated off from things.... The students are frustrated; they can find no place in society where alienation does not exist, where they can do meaningful work."

Marxism?

RICHARD PIPES

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

Scorn

I CAN understand the slightly congested tone of David Holbrook's letter in the May number of ENCOUNTER. It is always inhibiting to find oneself in the position of a character out of Molière—*"Et moi, je vous soutiens que mes vers sont fort bons."* But I was a little puzzled by his last sentence. Surely the most frequent "gesture of depreciatory scorn" is made *de bas en haut*? I fear that it is precisely this traditional reaction which Mr. Holbrook's letter is likely to excite among those whom he is at liberty to consider "fashionable" or "prejudiced," but whom he will scarcely be able to accuse of lacking a concern for negatives.

ANTHONY HARTLEY

London

"Are Opinion Polls Inadequate?"

THE majority of Professor H. J. Eysenck's points have been answered by the correspondence in subsequent issues of ENCOUNTER, but a number of loose ends remain. These notes represent an attempt to tie them up.

1. Accuracy. Dr. Durant has told us that the American Gallup Poll has cut its margin of error by half since 1948: what of the polls in Britain? The Gallup Poll's average error, in estimating the gap between the two leading parties in the five general elections since 1950, is 1·6 per cent.[1] The

[1] The margin of error expressed in this way tends to exaggerate the inaccuracy of the polls, as the error involved in forecasting the gap between two parties is exactly double the average error in the estimate of each party's vote. Nevertheless, it has been followed throughout in this letter, as the gap between the two leading parties is normally the most significant feature of a poll forecast.

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Moscow

THERE WAS *a time when Moscow had a Writers' Club and a park amusingly called the No Boredom Gardens ("Ne Skuchny Sad"). Now the same places bear the grandiloquent titles Central House of Litterateurs and Central Park of Culture and Rest. Commenting on the changed appellation of a place that Muscovites ordinarily refer to simply as "the park,"* Literaturnaya Gazeta *pointed out that the new name was not only clumsy but senseless. The Central Park of Culture and Rest was not in the centre of town and administratively it had no parks subordinated to it. And what other purpose could it possibly have, apart from rest and culture? Work? Study?*

According to the newspaper, it is terribly important in Russia to be Central. The Writers' Club just had to be upgraded, and Central House sounds more substantial than a mere club. Unfortunately, the writers' club which became a central house (to keep up with other institutions) is accommodated in a flat. Concluding the article —headed "Not Such a Trifling Matter"—the journal of the Soviet Union of Writers called for a more serious effort to combat clumsy nomenclature.

Led by some brilliant philologists like Mr. Kornei Chukovsky, a campaign is being waged in the Soviet Union to rid the Russian language of some of the worst aspects of what George Orwell called Newspeak.

Another aspect of the same problem is the unimaginative naming and re-naming of streets. In Moscow alone there are twenty Kommunism Streets, eighteen Soviet Streets, and five other Gorky Streets apart from the capital's principal thoroughfare. THE TIMES

London

THE ORIGINAL *Puck turned milk sour [A. J. P. Taylor writes]. Lord Beaverbrook turns sour milk into cream. Read his newspapers, and you feel more cheerful. Listen to his talk, and you are more cheerful. Read his incomparable books, and you are quite exhausted by the political gaiety in those far-off days. Lord Beaverbrook has believed in life, rich and full, for himself and for others. His central decisive quality is: Zest.*

He has scattered this Zest broadcast. It is thanks to this Zest that our country is a brighter, more lively place. People often ask: What good has Lord Beaverbrook done? The answer is simple: He has done good as the sun does. He has shone. SUNDAY EXPRESS

Washington

PRESIDENT *Johnson is going into the big battle with Congress like a football coach going into the big game.*

The other day, walking around his ranch in Texas, he said, "The best fertiliser for a piece of land is the footprints of its owner," and he applies this doctrine not only to the LBJ ranch but to the conduct of the Presidency.

President Kennedy's eloquence was designed to make men think; President Johnson's hammer blows are designed to make men act. He is not concerned with the fastidious refinements of speech. He is a vivid, earthy talker who either persuades or stuns his hearers.

The preparation of a Kennedy budget or speech was a calm and sophisticated debate; the preparation of a Johnson budget is a wrestling match. Intellectual Europe and America preferred the Kennedy style, not because it was typically American, but because it wasn't.

NEW YORK TIMES

Rio de Janeiro

DARK AND DEVIOUS *are the ways of Latin-American politics. The latest blow against Western values has occurred in Brazil, where a Bill was introduced to nationalise comic-strips. The decree lays down that 300 per cent of the comic-strips published in any newspaper, or produced by any one publisher, should be "of Brazilian origin and on Brazilian themes." The following year the percentage goes up to 40. And on January 1, 1966, the aim is 60 per cent.*

The objectives are apparently two-fold. The principal aim is to protect the nation's youth from "foreign influence and foreign ideology." As for this aim, irate Americans point out that, in view of the fact that the Brazilian Press seems totally devoid of Russian or Chinese strip-cartoons, the foreign ideology that they are bent on curbing is "the American way of life and anti-Communism"—in the outraged words of the American Editor & Publisher.

One thing is certain. If the Bill becomes law Brazil's artists are in for a rich time. And—ask any editor about the difficulty of procuring even one good new strip—Brazil's newspaper readers are in for a very, very poor one.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

London

A WOMAN *who wrote to Norwich Publicity Association for a copy of the city guide book received a shock when a copy of* Fanny Hill *in Swedish dropped out of the envelope. "It was not our fault," said an embarrassed official at the association's office. The association received a letter from the woman who lives in Enfield, Middlesex, with the book. She wrote: "I know there must be a mistake somewhere. Please send me the guide." The Official said: "The envelope we sent with the guide in had burst open and the guide must have fallen out. The* Fanny Hill *copy must have come adrift and been put in our envelope by mistake."*

He said that they had not yet decided what to do with the book. DAILY TELEGRAPH

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N.O.P., established in 1958, has so far covered only two general elections: its average error has been 0·8 per cent. Neither poll has failed to pick the winning party at a general election, but Gallup has had luck on its side. In 1951 it erroneously forecast that the Tories would gain more votes than Labour, but as they won 26 more seats, though securing 231,067 fewer votes, the Gallup Poll could still claim to have picked the winner.

The degree of accuracy of the British polls in predicting the results of recent general elections is comparable to that of the principal polling organisations in the United States, Germany, France and other countries, in forecasting the results of major elections. The *usual* margin of error is well under 2 per cent. Not surprisingly, the most accurate predictions are normally made in countries using a party list system where the whole electorate polls as a single constituency. In the last Norwegian election, in 1963, the Gallup Poll was 0·5 per cent out, a degree of accuracy to which the Norwegians had already grown accustomed.

Professor Lipset points out that in party primary elections in the United States the margin of error is considerably wider. This is also true of by-elections in Britain. Since 1959 the Gallup Poll has covered 11 by-elections; its average error has been 7·1 per cent and it has picked the wrong winner twice. In the same period N.O.P. has done 22 by-election polls, with an average error of 6·7 per cent, and has put the wrong party in front on three occasions. Indeed, with such large margins of error it is perhaps surprising that the polls have not failed more often to pick the winner.

There are good reasons why it is more difficult to get an accurate result in by-elections than in a national sample. A scratch organisation must be set up on each occasion, and there are no previous poll results for the constituency, against which to check trends. Furthermore, in a national poll errors in one area tend to be cancelled out by others, in the opposite direction, elsewhere. While general election predictions have tended to become progressively more accurate, this is not true of by-elections. The margin of error at the latest one to be covered—Leyton—was 22·6 per cent—much the biggest error ever made in a British poll.

The Leyton by-election was held on an electoral register 15 months old and this was undoubtedly one reason why the poll was so far out. In fact all poll predictions tend to become less accurate as the year progresses and the register becomes more out-of-date. This is corroborated by the experience of the Gallup Poll: in the 1950 election, held in February, they were 1·1 per cent out and, in 1955, when the election was in May, their error was as little as 0·2 per cent. The other three general elections since 1950 have all been held in October, and the minimum Gallup error has been 1·7 per cent.

2. *The Disparity.* This still remains a puzzle. It is true that the polls were not strictly comparable, as their period of interviewing did not coincide. During last summer, when the disparity was at its greatest, the N.O.P. was polling once a fortnight and Gallup every week but averaging out its results over a three-week period, to reduce the possibility of chance fluctuations. It seems probable, however, that the different sampling systems used by the polls are the major source of their divergence. Gallup deny this, asserting that when they have used random polls the results have shown no significant difference from their normal quota samples. The N.O.P. has found some evidence, however, that quota samples are more favourable to Labour. Most authorities are now convinced that random samples, though more expensive, are superior to quotas.

An intriguing development since the election is that N.O.P. polls have now become more favourable to Labour than those of the Gallup Poll. This suggests that both polls may have over-compensated their sampling errors. Occasional marked variations between the polls should not cause concern; indeed, it would be more suspicious if they were always in agreement. When there are consistent differences, it is probably safer to be guided by the *average* of the two polls rather than to depend exclusively on either one of them. This has always seemed to me to be the merest commonsense, but when I suggested it in an article in *Socialist Commentary* last September, it was immediately seized on by *The Times*, *Economist*, and *Evening Standard* as though I had made a major discovery!

Both the major polls could effect improvements in their methods which should ensure a higher degree of accuracy. Such improvements (notably the employment of full-time trained interviewers in place of untrained part-timers) would be expensive, and it is unrealistic to criticise the polls for failing to implement them. The blame should rather attach to their clients, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail*, who seem quite happy to receive poll findings on the cheap (their joint annual expenditure is probably less than £100,000) rather than to pay extra for more reliable results. This cheese-paring attitude is less in evidence in the *Daily Mail*, which did at least agree to the N.O.P. going over to random sampling when it was represented that this would be more accurate. But neither newspaper appears to have much understanding of the significance of the polls whose results they publish, nor to show much concern about their mechanics. This is unfortunate, as nobody else is in a position to take a continuous interest in their affairs and to provide a check on their activities. Much the greatest stimulus to the polls to improve their methods is the fact that there are *two* of them (apart from organisations such as Mark Abrams' Research Services Ltd. and, even, the *Daily Express* Poll, which carry out occasional surveys). Competition keeps both polls on their toes; this is one field where monopoly could be dangerous.

3. *The Bandwagon.* Dr. Durant has denied categorically that there is a bandwagon effect. The usual case quoted in Britain is the Orpington by-election, where the N.O.P predicted a Liberal majority of nearly 4 per cent, which in fact proved to be nearly 18 per cent. There does seem to be *prima facie* evidence that Labour voters swung heavily to the Liberals when they saw that their own candidate had no chance. In this case, how-

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ever, there were other influences at work than the public opinion polls. On the eve of the poll the result of the Blackpool North by-election was announced, in which the Liberals came, totally unexpectedly, within an ace of victory. It is at least arguable that this had a more profound effect upon the Orpington electors than the N.O.P. forecast.

Moreover, in the West Derbyshire by-election, three months later, when the Liberals expected and the Conservatives feared that Labour voters would switch to the Liberals when they saw that their candidate could not win, no such switch occurred.

There is no evidence at all that the polls cause any switch in votes between Labour and Conservative. They probably do have a marginal effect on the numbers voting Liberal, particularly in by-elections.

4. *Political Influence.* If the polls have little influence on voters they have a great deal on politicians. The whole rhythm of last October's campaign was dominated by the periodic poll findings and their ability to cause gloom or elation in the Wilson and Home camps. It is here that the danger of erroneous findings really lies, for ill-considered actions might easily be prompted by an alarming poll prediction. Conversely, complacency can be fostered by a mistakenly favourable prophecy. Thus the *Daily Mail* headline GORDON WALKER TO WIN, on the morning of the Leyton by-election, reinforced the Labour Party's conviction that it was fighting a safe seat. Had the headline read GORDON WALKER IN DANGER, it is probable that the sleepy Labour organisation would have been galvanised into action and it might easily have got out the extra 200 or so voters needed to get their hapless candidate home.

The most important person influenced by polls is the Prime Minister. It is his prerogative to decide the date of a general election and the regular poll findings enable him to avoid times when his party is unpopular in the country. This knowledge was used most effectively by successive Tory Prime Ministers who maintained themselves in power for 13 years during which, according to Gallup, Labour was in the lead for almost two-thirds of the time. This gives an enormous advantage to the Government and it seems to mean that the Opposition party has to keep its nose in front for three successive years if it is to have any chance of winning a general election. This the Labour Party just succeeded in doing in the last Parliament, overtaking the Tories in August 1961 and just hanging on to its lead until it all but disappeared at the very last moment.

It is now a Labour Prime Minister who possesses the inestimable advantage of firing the starting gun. He has less freedom of manoeuvre than his Conservative predecessors, because of his precarious Parliamentary majority, and, after Leyton, he must be aware of the fact that the polls can sometimes get it wrong. But if both polls were to agree in indicating a favourable opportunity, and were to remain reasonably consistent in their findings over several weeks, the chances of defeat would be small. This is the reason why Labour must still be regarded as favourites to win the next general election and, should they be successful, the one after that.

R. L. LEONARD

London

Arguing with Kingsley Martin

MR. LEOPOLD LABEDZ [July] does not withdraw, much less apologise for, simple falsehoods such as that I have hidden my editorial views or that I always supported the Soviet purges and did not support Churchill's campaign for collective security. The columns of the *N.S. & N.* are, as he says, available for inspection.

The truth is that we were "pro-Soviet," though always critical of Soviet methods, and that it was not till January 1937 that I became convinced that the trials were fraudulent. (See my leader Jan. 30, 1937 and comment by Keynes, "I thought your leader *'Will Stalin explain?'* absolutely perfect. The argument convincing, the arrangement beyond criticism, and the style perfectly lucid, severe and to the purpose.") On May 1st, in the same year, I wrote a review of Gide's famous attack on the U.S.S.R. endorsing his criticisms. As Mr. Labedz believes I was always pro-Soviet, he might read my unsparing article on Stalinism in December 1939.

All this has nothing to do with foreign policy. From 1935 onwards we vehemently supported collective security, holding, as Winston Churchill did, that the Soviet alliance was essential. After Britain had repudiated that alliance, I no longer believed it useful to support Eastern European alliances and we sought for peace conferences when they were no longer possible. Our doubts were resolved when Winston became Prime Minister. Mr. Labedz thinks my references to other papers favouring appeasement irrelevant; I only referred to them in reply to the ludicrous statement that we were the first appeasers. I do not know why he says we did not comment on the Nazi-Soviet pact when it was announced on August 23rd; we did so on the 26th in a leading article entitled "Ribbentrop in the Kremlin." I have just re-read it and find it not bad.

Mr. Labedz is, I am sure, sincere, but he is a very simple fellow. He regards any deviation from unrelenting hatred of the Soviet Union and anything but wholehearted preparation for war as a crime for which one should stand in sackcloth and ashes. Actually the situation was not like that. The desire for peace was overwhelming in all parties and all serious writers sought for ways of avoiding war. Mr. Labedz really understands nothing about the 'thirties. In a future volume of autobiography I shall do my best honestly to examine the currents of thought and the mistakes we all made in that disastrous period. I don't expect to make any impression on Mr. Labedz, but others may find some interest in our futile struggle to defeat fascism without war.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London

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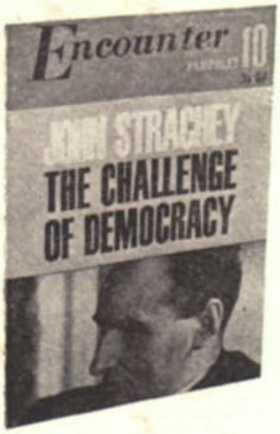

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